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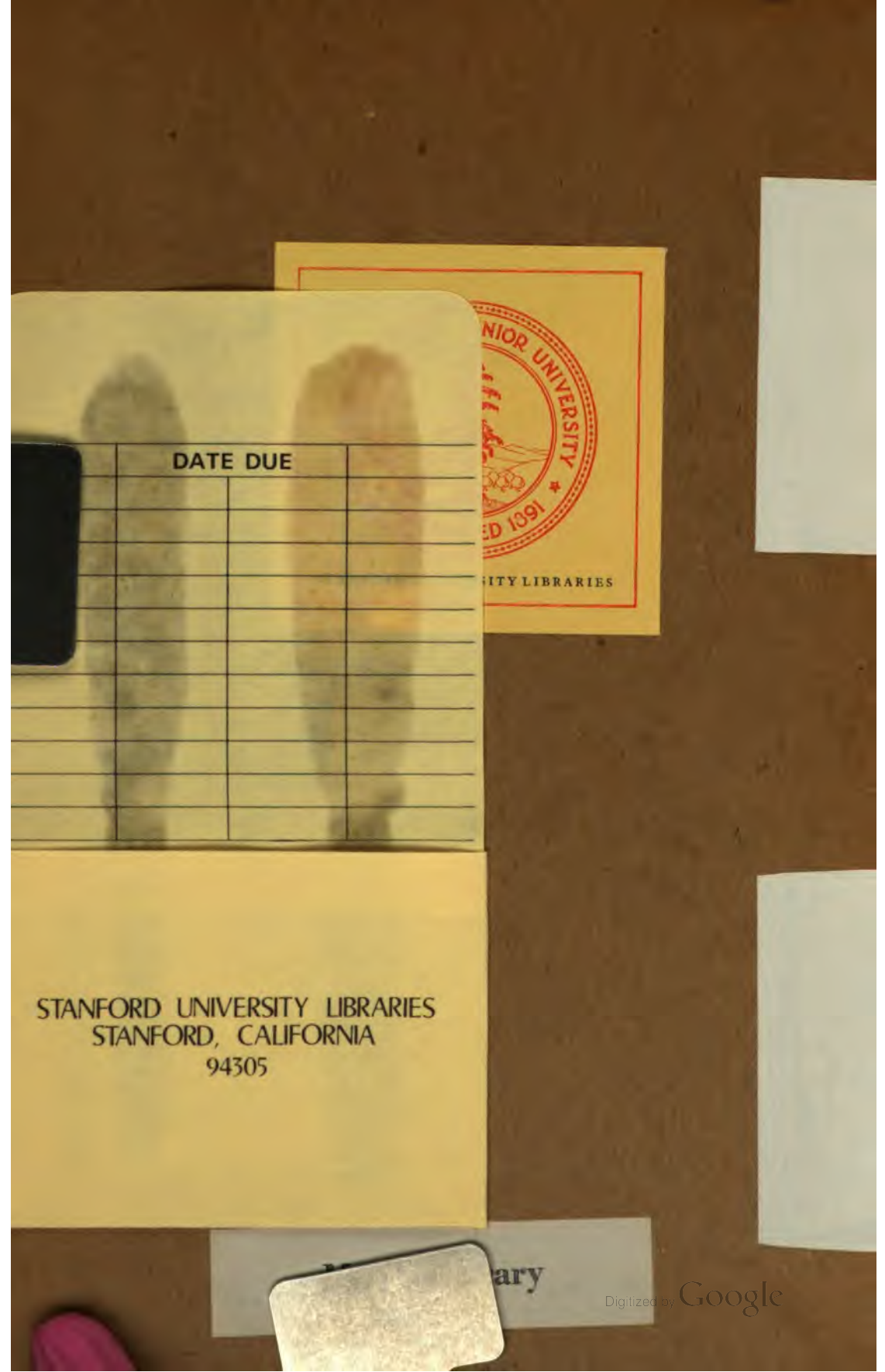
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DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, *Editor.*

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JULY, 1898.

INGEBORG VON BRONSART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO. BY MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

It is extremely difficult to describe, within restricted limits, an active, artistic life in its development, its progression, its struggles, its final results. It is as if one were obliged to cut down the edges of a picture in order to fit it in too small a frame. Any such description can be but an attempt to awaken a universal interest in a rich musical talent; and the works of a woman who so truly understands the art of composing.

When I first saw and heard Ingeborg von Bronsart in Hanover, about twenty years ago, I was not less taken with her rich northern beauty than with the characteristic touch of this pupil of Liszt's. She looked then as one might imagine the Ingeborg of the Frithjof legend, with a falcon on her shoulder, accompanying, with her thoughts, the Frithjof far away across the sea. Blooming, strong, with beaming eyes, luxuriant blond hair and regular features, slight and tall, so she appeared before me, and such an impression remains. As she said good-bye to me, here in Hanover, only a few months ago, when she left me to go to Weimar, where Herr von Bronsart had been called to the position of general manager—there, beside that earnest, womanly figure, I seemed to see the Ingeborg of former times, in a rose silk dress, at the piano, charming me and every one else with her beautiful playing. A lovely, musically-gifted daughter, and a stately lieutenant, her son—stand now at her side, and in the course of time the brilliant vir-

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tuoso has become what is more seldom seen in art—a woman composer.

It is a picture of interesting, as well as charming artistic development of musical talent, which we see in the family of Ingeborg Starck, at her early home in St. Petersburg on the Neva.

At the piano stands the youngest daughter of William Starck, a Swede, who belonged to the Russian Merchants' Guild, eagerly searching on the piano with her tiny fingers for the melody which her mother, a fair Finland woman, is bringing out of the violin. And this mother must have had a wonderful musical talent, for she played entirely by ear on that most difficult of instruments, the violin (which she had only seen played by her father), after having been shown the positions, and without even being able to read the notes.

And then every evening, after both the small Starck sisters —Olivia, the elder (now married to a Russian colonel of Swedish descent, the Count Cronhjehn) and Ingeborg—were already tucked in their little beds, their housekeeper, a Swede, sang to them, accompanied by her guitar, songs of her native country, which later Jenny Lind sang here for us. Who could have slept, hearing all those words and sounds? The praise of fair "Wermerland," the ballade of "Hillibrand," who in vain seeks for his little sister; the grief of little Hille for the lost friend, and the merry, dancing songs from Dalekarlein—those were lasting musical impressions which little Ingeborg received then. And, when later, Olivia took piano lessons, Ingeborg, with tears in her big, longing eyes, stood by and begged that she might take at the same time, and her wish was granted, although unwillingly, on account of her extreme youth. The sunny atmosphere in which she lived soon matured the bud of this unusual talent, and it could, in a musical sense, be said of her, as of the commencement of spring, "The blossoming will not end."

Ingeborg Starck studied harmony diligently with the distinguished pianist and composer, Ernst Deeker; on the piano she was taught by the genial musical dilettante of the Petersburg aristocracy, Nicolo von Martinoff, the friend of Liszt, Thalberg and Henselt. She showed a surprising comprehen-

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sion of the most difficult compositions, and she was also gifted in other directions, which she manifested by learning and mastering five languages with ease. Meanwhile the little fingers became so at home on the piano that the twelve-year-old girl courageously attempted to give her first concert. So one evening the hall of Count Kuschellef, in Petersburg, was filled with a most distinguished audience. The names of Mendelssohn, Moşcheles, Henselt and Carl Meyer were on the program, and at the piano sat a fair child, self-possessed, and as beautiful as a picture, who showed no fear because she felt that her hearers were all friends and that she was sure of what she was to play for them. She was not disappointed, for all went capitally; applause, and most favorable public criticism, which prophesied a great musical future for the young debutante, were not wanting.

Her great presence of mind as an artist was shown a little later in a concert incident, which happened in her fourteenth year, in the Michael Theater. She played the Chopin E minor concerto, with orchestra, from memory, of course—her musical memory always wonderful—when suddenly a string in the piano broke and fell upon the others, which, by their unwilling vibration, tried to defend themselves from this attack. In spite of the alarming jar, no one thought of hastening to her relief by removing the cause of the disturbance, which so distressed the player. An interruption of the playing was, on account of the orchestra, as impossible as a continuation with the improvised accompaniment of the jarring strings; so with her energetic little right hand, the young player pulled out the "corpus delicti" with a quick jerk and threw it on the floor, without at all interrupting her left hand, and then, unhindered, continued bravely with the playing. But then the audience broke in with enthusiastic cheers, for the brave self-defence, and at the end a profusion of flowers fell at her feet. The most brilliant performance could not have been more admired than was this little incident.

When Ingeborg was only ten years old she met the artist, Anton Rubinstein, and often speaks with sparkling eyes of the enthusiasm she felt when listening to him. He remained evermore a true friend. Moreover, he once said: "You, in-

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deed, play very beautifully, but what especially interests me is your talent for composing." It remained a constant surprise to all musicians and music lovers, that a girl scarcely sixteen years old, petted and spoiled in the midst of the distracting life of Petersburg, was beginning to write, not merely earnest sonatas, but strict fugues, for which she had an especial fondness.

Her teacher and musical protector, Martinoff, was careful of her welfare, and saw that she did not do too much work, and Ingeborg was every summer a welcome guest at his estate on the shore of the Neva, at Schüsselburg. Then music stepped into the background, on strict orders, and every day there was gay swimming, riding and billiard playing, unaccompanied by music, and the indulgence of every desire for intense musical activity was entirely forbidden, on pain of punishment.

When the dark shadow of the Crimean War fell on St. Petersburg and its gay society, Martinoff was found in the front ranks, and the celebrated, elegant pianist, Adolph Henselt, became, in his absence, the teacher of the rising young artist.

For two years she studied with him, and during this time two women of the nobility showed a warm interest in her artistic development—the beautiful Grandduchess Constantin, the daughter of Altenberg and the enthusiastic admirer of Mendelssohn, and the protectress of all artists, the Grandduchess Helene.

One evening there gathered at the home of Prince Galitzen a brilliant, distinguished company. In the exquisitely furnished, fairy-like hall of the palace the spirited little operetta, "Arlequin prestidigateur," by Count Sollohub, music by Carl Levy, was given. Ingeborg Starck played and sang "Columbine," and later was announced also a young German pianist, Hans von Bronsart, who had just come to Petersburg to give some concerts. He was a pupil of Liszt, from whom he brought the warmest recommendations to influential musicians, and after a few moments he played a Chopin nocturne. A general interest being felt for the stranger, all listened expectantly, and, when he had ended, were rapturously enthusi-

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astic. A wonderful touch, great technique, and a charmingly poetical expression, quite took the hearer by storm. Behind his chair stood the blond pet of the party—charmed!

FRAU INGEBORG VON BRONSART.

Afterwards the two young artists were seen engaged in lively conversation, and then Hans von Bronsart, in eloquent

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words, told them about his German home, and above all, of the master of masters, Franz Liszt, who was then living in Weimar, "the city of violets."

From that hour on Ingeborg dreamed of distant lands and people, and prayed her father and musical friend, Martinoff, with tearful eyes, "Let me go; I must go to Liszt in the 'city of violets.'" And as, till then, all of her wishes had been granted, so it was with this. In the spring of the year, 1858, the young artist really spread her wings and flew to the German city, which was once the home of the greatest of German poets. Mother and sister accompanied her, but the former, who was an invalid, remained in Carlsbad for a course of medical treatment, and left her beloved daughters to go on their way alone.

Taking with them the best of recommendations, the two young ladies knocked at the door of Altenburg, where Liszt and his royal friend lived. The master received them with irresistible kindness, and after giving the fair young artist a short examination, took her as his pupil. She showed him her various compositions, in which he took a lively interest, although he joked at the idea of a young girl's occupying herself over dusty fugues, hinting that in this case, as in many a painting by girls' hands, some master behind the scenes had done the work. On this account he requested his new pupil, in a friendly way, immediately after the first lesson, to write, there in Weimar, a fugue expressly for him, and to bring it to him as soon as it was finished.

The master's wish was, of course, immediately fulfilled. Liszt sat down before the piano with the severe fugue handed him to play the composition. Then followed a significant "Hem!" and turning to the charming young composer, he said, with his benevolent smile, and a roguish twinkle in his eyes, "But you really do not look at all like that!" With glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes the answer was given in German, but with a foreign accent, "Nun, ich bin sehr froh, dass ich nicht wie eine fuga aussehe—(Well, I am very glad that I do not look like a fugue!)" Ingeborg Starck in the "city of violets" experienced, at the beginning of her public career as an artist, an unlimited amount of encouragement and kindness, which she never forgot. The Court of Weimar interested itself in the kindest way for her, and she grew quite unwill-

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ing to leave. However, it became imperative that she should try her wings in every direction. After Liszt had dismissed her with the characteristic testimonial, "Vous êtes quelqú-un! (You are some one now!)" she went first to Paris, and everywhere she was an honor to her master, having unusual success in concert playing. And yet she who never rested was irresistibly drawn back to the "city of violets," and especially its genial inhabitant, the incomparable Liszt. And then began, in Weimar, a new course of study, which by the student was ever considered as the most enjoyable of her life.

In the beautiful month of May Hans von Bronsart found it necessary to visit again the "city of violets," and his great teacher Liszt. Everywhere the songs of Goethe,

"Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die natur,
Wie lacht die Sonne, wie glaüzt die Flur,"

with the refrain, "O Mädchen, O Mädchen wie lieb ich dich," and then the passionate question,

"Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben,
Was bedrauget sich so sehr,"

were floating through the air, until it finally happened

"An diesem Zauberfactchen,
Das sich nicht zerreissen lasst,"

that the fair Ingeborg upon this classic ground won the heart of the German artist and, in the month of roses, became engaged to him.

It can be seen that Herr von Bronsart, one of the most sensitive of artists, and at the same time an intellectual and noble composer, would necessarily exercise the greatest influence upon the further musical development of his future wife, as far as her entirely independent and energetic character as a woman would admit. Certain it is that from then on in her compositions, and especially in her later interesting operatic works, she asked his advice.

However, before her marriage, which followed in 1861, Ingeborg Starck undertook to go on several extensive concert tours, and she also gave a number of concerts in Paris, where she came in contact with Rossini and Auber, and where Richard Wagner, who was at that time preparing "Tannhauser" for representation, crossed her path. She became a great favorite among the musical critics of that time, and the power,

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the brilliancy and the clearness of her playing, were always especially spoken of.

When Frau von Bronsart was obliged, by existing circumstances, to put the virtuoso in the background, the picture of composer shone in a clearer light. The new home afforded a most restful place for quiet, earnest work, but next to this, she enjoyed writing cradle songs and duets for children, compositions, which later the mother sang with her daughters. The young pair, in the first year of their married life, led a wandering artist life, giving concerts, directing and inspiring all wherever they went. In Lowenberg with the art-loving Prince von Hohenzollern, in Leipzig, Dresden and Berlin, the warmest interest was felt for the elegant, poetical player and gifted director, and everywhere his wife won rich laurels as a virtuoso.

After the Austrian war Herr von Bronsart received from the King the much-coveted position of Director of the Court Theater at Hanover, which he exchanged in 1887 for that of General Director in Weimar, at the especial wish of the patron of all poets and artists—the most warm-hearted, broad-minded of artists and singers—the Grand Duke Alexander.

The soirees given at the Bronsart home in Hanover became a rendezvous for local and foreign artists, as well as for polite society. I remember meeting there various highly interesting people, especially the beautiful and genial pianist, Frau von Voigts-Rhetz, who was no longer an amateur, but an artist; the brilliant singer, Aglaja Orgenie, the warmest of music lovers, and later the Russian minister, Maybach, and his quiet wife, now dead, and the never-to-be-forgotten Max Stägamann, present theater director in Munich, and his charming wife, and a number of soldiers who disappeared in the war of 1870, were also guests there. After 1870 these delightful musicales unfortunately ceased, and the two artists began to lead a very retired life. The public cares of Frau von Bronsart, as virtuoso, had come to a close. As wife of the director-general she was not allowed to play except for charity, consequently she spent more time in composing.

Ingeborg von Bronsart's playing of the Beethoven sonatas and concertos, as well as the Bach preludes and fugues, im-

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pressed me as fulfilling their utmost possibilities. With the classical repose, wonderful skill, clearness and beauty, these creations of German genius were brought forth by these womanly hands; they are as memorable to me as they were classical, through the rendering of this pet pupil of Liszt.

In the spring of '71 and '72, Goethe's poem, "Jerry and Betty," first saw the light of the world as an opera, at the Bronsart home; and in '73 this musical infant, under the management of the Capellmeister, Lassen, tried, with much success, to take its first steps on the stage at Weimar. In Hanover, the role of "Thomas" was brilliantly taken by Max Stägemann.

In the same year Friedrich von Bodenstedt came into the Bronsart household, and with him poems of all descriptions, which Frau von Bronsart set to music. One of these compositions has for me an especial charm when sung with feeling,

"Nachtigall, O Nachtigall,
Sangesreiche Nachtigall."

The famous poet also promised to this ever-restless composer the text of an opera, having heard of a former opera, "Die Gottin Sais," which she had composed from a text of Meyer. It was given at the court theater with a four-hand accompaniment for the piano, Herr and Frau von Bronsart themselves at the piano; the solos and choruses were sung by members of the court. It was an evening full of credit for the composer, and was patronized by her majesty the Empress and the art-loving Princess Friedrich Carl.

For a long time Friedrich von Bodenstedt sought for fitting material. Finally Herr von Bronsart produced from his sketch-book a manuscript, written for himself, a dramatic rendition of the old Danish legend "King Hiarne"—by which Marschner was also enticed. In spite of Bodenstedt's opinion that the composition was excellent and should be represented unchanged, Herr von Bronsart modestly insisted, as its author, upon its version by Schaffy, which was finally completed. The dramatic work in four acts, and a prelude, remained unchanged; the text was merely partially revised and shortened. The whole libretto appeared later in Bodenstedt's "Einkehr and Umschau." Frau von Bronsart at once entered enthusiastically upon the work of composition, designing the prin-

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cipal role for the heroic tenor Schott, then on the Hanover stage. The opera is now finished and being played at various theaters, among which is the Royal Opera House, in Berlin.

As a recreation and rest from her severe work, Fau von Bonsart wrote light songs, piano compositions, nocturnes, a waltz caprice, violin and 'cello compositions, etc.

It is interesting that in 1870 the musician and director, Herr von Bronsart, in spite of a slight affection of the hand, which had for a number of years incapacitated him, entered the army. We see then the plain officer of the Fifty-seventh Infantry on the way to his beloved colonel, Herr von Kranach, sitting at my Blüthner piano one evening in Minden, playing in a charming manner the same Chopin nocturne which he had played "long, long ago" on that evening in the Galitzen Palace, when he first saw the fair Ingeborg.

During this momentous time patriotic songs, men's choruses, and the stirring "Kaiser Wilhelm" march, which was played in '71 at the festival in the Berlin Opera House for the returned troops, came from the studio of the solitary composer, Frau von Bronsart.

It is in every respect an honorable and stimulating twofold artist life, which I have tried to merely sketch here, but it seems to me a wonderfully poetical coincidence that Frau von Bronsart should have returned to that "city of violets," where once, in the springtide of her life, she received her highest artistic impulses.

Her letters from there breathe only joy and thankfulness for this turn in her history, and are truly enthusiastic over this asylum of peace and inspiration; and are likewise filled with a happiness which is unhindered by the form of her present life, and tell of the heartfelt gratitude of the new general director toward their kind patron and his house.

It is truly a happy change to classical ground, full of delightful memories of their former study under the eyes of one never-to-be-forgotten, which has befallen the two artists.

May many new works come to us from the studio of Frau Ingeborg in that new home which is to be built for the two artists in Goethe's beloved "City of Violets."

(Note.—Frau von Bronsart was born August 24, 1840.)

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GLINKA — THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN MUSIC.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. POUGIN.

Michel Ivanovitch Glinka, who, for half a century back, has been considered as the first musician of Russia, the national composer par excellence, belonged to a noble family of wealthy proprietors residing in the village of Novospasskoie, in the government of Smolensk. The estate was the property of his father, a retired captain. Born in this town the 20th of May, 1804, died at an early age, in 1857, he showed very early a passionate taste and a rare aptitude for music, which, however, his family did not desire him to enter.

Somewhat mystical in his temperament, he relates in his memoirs how the great religious ceremonies of the church of Novaspasskoie filled his childish heart with poetic enthusiasm and he was above everything ravished by the sound of the bells, to such a degree that he passed entire hours imitating the tones of the bell by pounding with all his force upon brass vessels. (Note.—The "Memoirs of Glinka," written by himself in Russia, were published after his death by his sister, Mme. Schestakow, who has maintained on behalf of the composer a veritable cult. At first printed in one of the important reviews of St. Petersburg, it was later on reprinted in a small number of copies.)

Presently, however, he was destined to find for his love of music a nourishment more substantial. One of his French biographers, Octave Fouqué, has related the following facts: "At this epoch the father of Glinka became somewhat embarrassed in his fortune, so that at Novospasskoie the extravagant luxury was no longer to be seen which ordinarily surrounds the existence of the great Russian proprietors, but Mme. Glinka had a brother who was better situated, and who, with other advantages, happened to have a private orchestra. When the Glinkas gave a party they besought their relative to send them musicians to give concerts and to play for the

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dancing. One evening this orchestra played a quartette by Crusel, for clarinet, violin, alto and bass. The little Michel was then ten or eleven years of age; he was extraordinarily struck by this performance. During two days he thought of nothing else, wholly given up to the poetic combination of instruments he lived as if in an ecstatic dream, and only gave to his studies a partial attention. The professor of drawing perceived this and reproved his pupil upon the musical passion of which he discovered him possessed. 'What would you,' replied the child; 'music, it is my life."

"The orchestra of this uncle became for the young Glinka the source of most lively enjoyment. After the hour of supper he heard them perform an octette consisting of two flutes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, which played original Russian pieces. This sweet and veiled sonority, the melancholy of the songs themselves, combined to give a very poetic impression. In a few years, when Glinka became a man, at the moment when he was about to enter his career as a composer, he remembered these national songs which had filled his childhood with so sweet and musical an atmosphere; he vowed that he would become the founder of a new school which should take its roots in the native soil of his country."

When Glinka was thirteen years of age his father placed him at St. Petersburg in a boarding school attached to the Pedagogic Institute, then recently founded for the children of the nobles. There he showed himself very studious and particularly apt in foreign languages with a facility natural to the Russians, acquiring Latin, French, German, English and Italian; but these studies in no way hindered his putting in practice the art which he cherished above everything. He practiced with ardor upon the piano and violin, piano above all, for which he received lessons from John Field and from Carl Mayer. Later on he became at Berlin the pupil of Dehn in harmony.

We shall see in what fashion he approached his love for music and in how intelligent a manner he pursued it. Before he was twenty years of age his health had become precarious and he was an invalid all his life. He made a short journey

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into the Caucassus to take the waters, after which he returned to Novospasskoie and in his memoirs gives the following account of his musical occupation: "The nervous excitement produced by the use of sulphur waters, and also the multitude of new impressions which crowded one another in my head, put the spark to my imagination. I took up again the study of music with a new ardor. Twice every week we received our friends and the orchestra was heard. I prepared its performances in the manner following: I commenced by rehearsing each player separately, except a few good ones, so that there was not one single note false or doubtful. I went to work to study from the foundation the duties of a director of orchestra, and I presided over the general execution, directing the performance myself with my violin in my hand. When the piece began to go pretty well I stepped back to some distance in order to judge it from that point of view. Among the principal pieces which composed the repertory were the overtures of 'Medèe,' 'Lodoiska,' 'Faniska' and 'Les Deux Journees,' of Cherubini; and several by Méhul, Mozart and especially the 'Leonore' overture of Beethoven, in E major. Later the symphonies of Mozart, Haydn and of Beethoven. As yet we did not play the overtures of Rossini."

This practical method of studying instrumentation was not so badly conceived and later on it bore good fruits. At the same time Glinka began composition by writing a few pieces for the piano and some romances. As soon as his studies were ended, Glinka was assigned a position in the administration in the Department of Communications, but he maintained this only a short time. As soon as his family was in better circumstances he resumed his liberty and commenced to devote himself exclusively to music.

In spite of his timidity, his almost awkward boyishness, he made it a point to mix in the world, and found himself in the midst of a society of young gentlemen very rich, well instructed, and very artistic; the Prince Galitzin, the Count Wielhorski, the brothers Tolstoi, and so forth, taking every opportunity to make music or to compose it, organizing and directing great artistic festivals and appearing himself as a singer or as an actor in lyric representations, he rose presently to a sort of distinguished dilettantism.

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The Prince Michel Galitzin, it may be proper to explain, was a great lover of music and a distinguished 'cellist, and he acquired a reputation in this line. He had for a son the Prince Georges Galitzin, who ought to be counted among the number of the most interesting musicians of Russia. It is the Prince Georges Galitzin who, exiled by the Emperor on account of his advanced political opinions, traveled through Germany, England and France, giving everywhere great concerts which he directed himself, in which he made it a point to introduce Russian music, and particularly that of Glinka, as well as some of his own. So, finding himself at Paris, in 1861, he assisted at the early concerts and successes of the popular concerts founded by Pasdeloup; and in 1865, authorized to return to Russia, he organized upon the same model at Moscow concerts of classical music with places at twenty kopeks (about 15 cents). Prince Georges Galitzin is known as the composer of two masses, two phantasies for orchestra, a large number of pieces for song and dance, two methods of singing, etc. He died in the month of September, 1872. The Count Michel Yourievitch Wielhorski was also a remarkable amateur of music; a pupil of Kiesewetter, who had been a friend of Beethoven, he was the soul of the concerts of amateurs in St. Petersburg, and with his uncle, the Count Mathieu Wielhorski, directed sacred concerts. We owe to him a very large number of compositions, among them a symphony, a quartette for stringed instruments, choruses without accompaniment and one opera, "The Gypsies," upon the poem of Pouschine, the latter interrupted unfortunately by the death of the composer. Born the 31st of October, 1787, the Prince Michel Wielhorski died the 9th of September, 1856. He had a brother, the Count Joseph Wielhorski, also an amateur and a distinguished performer upon the piano, who has published numberless compositions for this instrument. But to return to Glinka.

A new and curious passage of his memoirs may be quoted to show in what fashion Glinka distinguished himself. He says: "At the end of August, 1828, Galitzin, Tolstoi and other young gentlemen and myself had the idea of giving a public serenade upon the water. We took two boats, which we

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trimmed with Venetian lanterns. In one we placed the organizers of the festival; in the other the trumpets of the regiment of guards. Upon the quarter-deck of the first was a piano, by the aid of which I accompanied and directed the chorus. I remember an excellent effect produced by the tenor voice of Tolstoi in the romances. The chorus from 'The White Woman' of Boieldieu, 'Sonnez, sonnez,' was very well performed. After each song the trumpets sounded from the second barge. At that time the instruments with keys and valves had not been invented and the ear was not disturbed by the false and discordant sounds which we are so apt to hear nowadays. A mazourka, by Count Michel Wielhorski, written especially for trumpets, produced upon me a very strong impression. Later in the concert I composed the Slavsia for 'A Life for the Tzar,' to be played by the trumpets alone, and if it was possible to-day to form an orchestra like that which assisted at our serenade we are certain that it would have a most astonishing effect. They spoke of our serenade in the papers, and this success encouraged us to try another thing. We gave a representation at the residence of Prince Kotchoubey, president of the Council of the Empire. We were sixteen young gentlemen, among them Bachoutski, Steritch, Protassof; we had an orchestra with Mayer at the piano. Dressed as a woman, I played the role of Donna Anna in a translation of 'Don Juan,' of Mozart; afterwards I improvised upon the piano. We gave another representation at the palace of Tsarkoe-Selo. On this a serenade of mine was sung and some couplets for chorus, which I composed upon the poem by Galitzin. Ivanof sang the songs, the chorus was confided to the singers of the Imperial Chapel, to which Ivanof himself belonged. At a later representation I played Figaro in the 'Barber of Seville.'" (Note.—Ivanof was the Russian singer who made such a great fame in Italy as an Italian singer and became a friend of Rossini. He made his debut in Paris for the first time in 1833.)

But this life of simple artistic pleasures could not endure forever. Glinka recognized this fact and recalled his project of laboring in a more serious fashion. It was then that he formed the plan of a journey to Italy in order to put himself

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in contact with the musical life of that country, a project which at first his father opposed but afterwards assisted. In the spring of 1830, on the 25th of April, Glinka set out in company with his friend Ivanof, to take the waters in Germany and to proceed to Italy. They arrived at Milan, where Glinka remained a year, and where he took some lessons of Basili, the director of the Conservatory. He frequented the theaters, was present at the first representation of "La Sonnambula" of Bellini, and formed associations with some of the artists and even composed and published some pieces for the piano, which were nothing else than arrangements and fantasies upon themes by Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti. Afterwards he spent some months at Naples, returning again to Milan, and in 1832 set out for Berlin. The singular thing was that it was during his residence in Italy the idea occurred to him for the first time that he ought to do something for the glory of Russian music.

He mentions this in his Memoirs: "As to my compositions at this time," he says, "I consider them as having been sufficiently unfortunate. I had many useful reflections upon this branch of my art, but all the pieces I wrote in order to give pleasure to my friends at Milan (obligingly published by Giovanni Ricordi) only served to prove to me that I had not yet found my life and that it would never be possible for me to be sincerely Italian. The heredity of my country led me little by little to write Russian music." This idea he never afterwards abandoned. At Berlin, Glinka for several months took lessons of Dehn, the excellent theorist, who was librarian of the Royal Musical Library, and correspondent of the Musical Journal at Leipsic. He studied with him fugue and the art of development, and at the same time composed a number of pieces and recurred over and over again to his project of creating Russian music, which he said haunted him. This may be seen by a fragment of a letter which he addressed at that time to one of his friends at St. Petersburg: "I shall not remain here long, and I have a most pressing desire to come and see you and to embrace you. I have a project in my head—an idea. This is perhaps not the moment fully to explain it, and maybe if I said everything I should see upon your coun-

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tenance the signs of incredulity. Is it necessary to say it? I feel that I have to create for our theater a work of large proportions. That it might not be a master work I am the first to admit, but still it might not be so bad. What do you say? The important thing is to choose a good subject, and it will be absolutely national—not alone the subject but the music. I wish that my dear compatriots shall find it at home and that of the stranger no one may take me for an inglorious and presumptuous person who appears in the plumes of another."

All this he accomplished, and he found above all, in returning to his country, young, ardent spirits prepared to comprehend him, to aid him and to push the project in which he wished to engage. Upon returning to St. Petersburg, where he lived from that time on, he was immediately introduced into a society of men of letters, poets, artists, whose intellectual preoccupations afforded many points of contact with his own ideas. Such as Pouschine, Gogol, Koukilnok, Pletnef and Joukovski, and still others. Especially was he intimate with the latter, who in his quality of tutor to the Czarovitch (afterwards Alexander II.), lived at the Winter Palace. There, as has been said, they discussed literary problems and breathed a spirit of renaissance, whose ambition it was to find expression in the drama, the romance, the plays, and that the costumes, the beliefs and traditions of Russia should furnish the characteristic traits. Glinka assisted at the birth of national poetry and among all the men of talent animated by an idea similar to his own, he never forgot to speak of his desire to found a Russian opera. It can easily be imagined with what cordiality Glinka was received. The circle of reforming poets made a festival for this musician, so young and full of spirits, whose talent was appreciated and who had resolved to throw off the yoke of the stranger and with native flowers to decorate the altar of his country.

Among the words of Glinka may be remembered: "The important thing is to choose the subject." In order to write music of a national character it was necessary to have a national subject. Joukovski suggested that of "Ivan Soussanine," which recalled one of the most dark and dramatic episodes in the history of the Russian people and of the strife

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against the Poles, at that time all powerful, and Glinka instantly comprehended what a part he could take in an action so suggestive. It was in 1613 that the Poles, after the death of the Czar Boris Godounof, had invaded the Russian empire and advanced as far as Moscow. The entire nation perceived the danger which threatened its independence and rallied around the young Mikhail-Fedorovitch Romanof, who was elected Czar, and, according to the chronicles of the Poles, they had formed the project of abducting the person of the new sovereign. Certain of their chiefs in trying to find a suitable confederate, addressed themselves to a peasant, Ivan Soussanine, and concealing their true character, ordered him to lead them before his master. Ivan, who suspected a treason, bravely made the sacrifice of his life to save his sovereign and his country; he made a feint of obeying, and after sending Vania, his adopted son, to notify the Czar of the danger which menaced him, he led the Poles into the depths of the almost impenetrable forest, whence he knew it would be impossible for them to recover their road. Afterwards, when they perceived that they had been deceived, the unhappy peasant was slain by them, an obscure hero, a victim to his devotion.

Glinka was very much taken by the grandeur, the color, the pathos, and above all, the national character which such an action put upon the stage would afford him, and comprehended rapidly the part which he could take from a musical standpoint of view. He himself sketched a plan of the drama, and when this had been established, he applied to the Baron de Rosen, secretary of the Czarovitch, to write the text; who, although German, consented without difficulty to become his collaborateur. It is easy to see that such a subject well put upon the stage and augmented with characteristic incidents, such as attended the brilliant festival at the camp of the Poles, constituting the second act, and the magnificent denouement, so full of grandeur, showing the solemn entrance of the Czar into his capital, was of a nature to excite the inspiration of the composer at the same time that it excited the enthusiasm of the public, each one knowing himself that patriotism is not a vain word. So the powerful interest of the drama, the high

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value of the music, the splendid originality of the scene, and the entirely new character which the work took in its completeness—all these combined to secure an immense triumph for "A Life for the Czar," which was the title definitely adopted, when this work was brought out for the first time at the Imperial Theater in St. Petersburg, September 27th (the 9th of October), 1836, played by the great singer, Petrof, and others.

Despite the astonishment and almost hostility of some who distrusted the new character of the work, the appearance of "A Life for the Czar" was the signal of a brilliant success which took the character of a veritable national event. Not that the entire work was exclusively that of a reformer and characterized by complete nationality. There were here and there many souvenirs of the Italian influence which Glinka wished to combat, principally in the great vocal ensembles which were voluntarily written in the manner of Bellini and Donizetti. But, alongside of these, what a trace of melancholy in the different pieces; among others in the romance of Vania and in the scene in the cabin of Soussanine preceding the arrival of the Poles! Later, what a dramatic sentiment in all the pictures of the forest, where the brave peasant heroically courts death in order to save his Emperor! It is here that we find a veritable originality and encounter strange and unforeseen rhythms (Glinka employed especially measures of five and seven beats), as well as in the epilogue of the entrance of the Czar to Moscow, which is truly of an epic splendor and grandeur. Moreover, from time to time the use of popular songs, introduced capably and treated with talent, gave the ensemble a color, a character, wholly peculiar. This proceeding, originated by Glinka, has become familiar through his successors, and it is one of those which gives to the actual Russian music its character and its personality and which differentiates it from other styles of other schools. In fact, if the score for "A Life for the Czar" was not truly a master work of the first rank, it was at least a work of very high order, both by its tendency and by its real musical value.

With regard to its subject, observe the opinion of M. Caesar Cui, who speaks in the following terms in his book upon "Mu-

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sic in Russia": "The music of 'A Life for the Czar' is wholly permeated by Russian and Polish nationality. In all the opera it is impossible to find perhaps a single phrase having more affinity with the music of western Europe than with that of Slavs. An accent so marked with nationality, reunited to most high conditions of art, is not found, it seems to us, in any other work except 'Freyschütz.' Moreover, Glinka has not availed himself of anything more than a very small number of national themes for indicating the essentially Russian character of the music; a melodist so fertile had no need to seek ideas outside of himself. His melodies carry the profound spirit of the Russian character; one might say as much of the harmonies to which they are adapted. The Polish expression was reproduced with less verity, in a manner one might say more exterior and superficial. Glinka represents them only by the strongly cadenced rhythms of the polonaise and mazourka, which we suddenly hear when the Poles appear upon the scene. It is an easy means of satisfying a listener not too particular, but it is insufficient in the dramatic episodes. One might be a Pole without constantly singing mazourkas and polonaises".

"By this work, where inspiration is so cleverly united to technical ability, Glinka has created the school of Russian opera. 'The Life for the Czar' was born as Minerva, wholly armed, and its author at the first stroke has found a place among composers. Would it be possible for a musician to commence his career with more eclat? If 'Robert the Devil' had been the veritable debut of Meyerbeer, this entrance into his celebrity would not have been more striking and, on the whole, are there many operas where the action of the drama and the local color are strictly observed, in which one can count no more than four or five mediocre pieces against twenty-five others magnificent? The contrary of this happens too often without diminishing the reputation of composers, even of the most celebrity, whose scores, with the exception of two or three splendid pieces, abound in commonplaces."

It is perhaps not without interest to see how this appearance of his work before the public affected Glinka himself. Observe what he says in his memoirs: "It is impossible to de-

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scribe the sensations which I experienced that evening before the commencement of the representation. My wife and myself occupied a box of the second rank, all those of the first row being reserved for the principal functionaries of the state and of the court. The first act went well; the trio was vigorously applauded. The second act, that where the Poles had the scene, was played amidst profound silence. I had counted upon the polonaise and mazourka, so lively appreciated at the reading by the musicians of the orchestra. I was dismayed to see the glacial coolness with which these pieces were taken. I went upon the stage where the son of Cavos, to whom I mentioned these objections, said, 'How do you expect the Russians to applaud the Poles?' This remark only half reassured me and I remained a prey to a lively perplexity. But the entrance of the Vorobief dispelled all my doubts. The song of the orphan, his duet with Ivan, the scene in G major, produced an excellent effect. In the fourth act the chorus singers who represented the Poles fell upon Petrof with such enthusiasm that they tore his shirt and he had to defend himself in good earnest. As for the epilogue, the grandeur of the spectacle, the view of the Kremlin, the number of people upon the stage, the disposition of the groups, the animation of the scene, filled me myself with admiration. Mlle. Vorobief was admirable in the trio with chorus, as from one end to the other of her role."

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ON THE PRELIMINARY TRAINING OF PIANO PUPILS.

BY CARL FAELTON.

In reply to your request for clearer particulars of the elementary work with piano pupils, which, according to my ideas, ought to take precedence of the usual private lessons, I do not see my way clear to do better than to give a resume of our so-called "Fundamental Training," as worked out under my own supervision now for several years. I hope, therefore, I shall be pardoned anything in the form of expression which to the casual observer might appear like advertising my own system, in consideration of the fact that what I am here telling is not speculation and a priori reasoning, but an account of what has been actually worked out, tested by years of experience, and material for conducting the work published to the world. Referring the reader to these published works, if details more purely technical are desired, I shall here in compliance with your request give merely the subdivisions and general principles of this work.

Our fundamental training is taught principally in classes. It may be well to draw attention to this fact at the outset, as it is really one of the most essential characteristics of the course. If the study of music is to be popular, it must not be too expensive. On the other hand, people who are able to give good instruction must receive proper remuneration. Therefore, the only means by which good instruction can be furnished to the public, at a moderate cost, is by instruction in classes. The success of our experiments in Boston shows clearly that class instruction is eminently successful, provided the teacher knows how to adjust himself and his material to the purpose. He should be well aware of what is possible and what is not possible in class instruction; what its advantages are and what its disadvantages. Adverse criticism of class instruction is usually the result of a misconception of

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what class instruction really is. Placing three or four pupils in one room and teaching or hearing each of them from fourteen to twenty minutes, in the presence of the others, is not class instruction. Unless all the pupils join in the work, all the time, the "class" lesson becomes merely a series of three or four private lessons, each of them too short to be of much benefit, besides being disturbed instead of stimulated by the presence of the others. The class lessons as given in our course are so arranged as to interest and benefit each member of the class from the beginning to the end of the lesson.

"Fundamental training" aims at the creation and development of musical faculties and correct habits; at imparting knowledge required for the deeper study of pianoforte playing, and at practical playing of good pianoforte music. During the first year the following special points are taken up:

1. Establishing class discipline and attention as the first condition of any kind of instruction. The first lessons put a great deal of stress on exercise for this purpose. Rhythmical drills of various devices seem to be the best means of cultivating class discipline, besides forming the natural basis of musical education in general, and for pianoforte playing in particular, when combined with hand and finger culture. Some classes or individuals require more training in discipline and attention than others, but in all cases the exercises are continued until success is achieved.

2. Training the mental faculties to concentrate in subjects pertaining to music. Special exercises of this kind are indispensable. In spite of all public school education, there are many pupils who, although able to concentrate their minds on other subjects, are unable to do so with music. As a rule, class instruction removes all these difficulties more quickly and more completely than private instruction.

3. Training of quick perception through ear and eye.—The pupils have to solve, in the class and at home, simple musical and mechanical tasks within their reach and understanding. For instance, hand and finger motions, singing and playing of tones and rhythms, classifying tones as to their position

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in the scale and interval relation. All these points furnish sufficient variety and material for many exercises, which in the class are done by one member while the others observe and criticise, or vice versa.

4. Training of the memory.—The efforts in this direction are given due prominence throughout the course, as the writer believes that the ultimate success of musical instruction depends not only on what a pupil knows temporarily, but far more on how much he can retain permanently. Thus visitors to our classes will find the pupils engaged in memorizing systematically rhythms, scales, intervals, progressions, fingering problems, exercises, motives, phrases, periods, little pieces, under the guidance of the teacher. The success of such exercises in cultivating musical memory, with the great majority of pupils, has been surprising, even to the writer, who was always sanguine in his expectations regarding it.

5. Training of technical skill.—Pianoforte playing constitutes the practical test of the correctness of the player's understanding and reasoning. In our class work due attention is given to the development of technique, that is, placing fingers, hands and arms under the ready control of the mind. A characteristic feature, wherein our instruction differs from many other methods, is that the technical exercises are connected from the very beginning with essential musical problems. For instance, five-finger exercises are performed not only on the stationary tones c, d, e, f, g, and in a monotonous rhythm, but the pupils play the exercises on various degrees of any major and minor scale, and with an appropriate variety of rhythm.

6. Training in the correct use of staff notation.—The importance and difficulty of this phrase of musical instruction has so far been seriously underrated, the traditional methods of teaching the staff being extremely illogical and amateurish from a higher point of view in pedagogics. In our course the teaching of the staff is one of the most interesting features of instruction and is eminently fitted for class work. During the first year our pupils are intelligently and profitably occupied without the employment of music printed in the usual

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staff notation. When we finally bring them acquainted to the staff they have already acquired all rudimentary knowledge pertaining to rhythm and rhythmical notation, the composition of all major and minor keys, and the intervals. They have also mastered the rudiments of technique, and can play numerous pieces printed in a special notation. But even then we find it imperative to devote several months to special training in reading and writing staff notation before proceeding to the regular playing from staff. This special training consists in teaching the pianoforte staff system in its entirety. We develop a clear comprehension of the staff as the indicator of intervals, teach the use of ledger lines, clefs, accidentals and signatures, and, in short, place the pupil in such a condition that he is able to understand intelligently everything connected with the staff.

7. Primary training in interpretation.—True interpretation may be favorably influenced by cultivating logical reasoning, upon which it largely depends. It is evident that but little can be done in this direction during the first year of instruction, as neither the condition of the pupil nor the character of admissible music will give much opportunity, yet a beginning can well be made.

At the end of the preliminary course, that is, at the conclusion of one year's study, the successful pupil possesses sufficient knowledge and skill required to understand and play well music of the difficulty of the sonatinas by Clementi. If a pupil does not reach this point, and has not succeeded in laying the foundation which we consider necessary for the further study of music, he has either to go over the same ground again until the foundation is laid, or he is advised by us to abandon the study of music altogether.

We find that by imparting to pupils solid musical knowledge in proportion to their skill in playing, we are able to produce far more substantial and lasting results than is the case where they are taught to execute ideas which they do not comprehend.

As already stated, the greater part of the work detailed in this article is taught in classes, private teaching being re-

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served for assisting pupils who fall behind in the class. We find classes of eight or ten children to be of about the right size for the preliminary year. One or more pianofortes, a large blackboard and a metronome are the chief implements required. A good many of the younger children are accompanied by their mothers or older sisters. We encourage their presence at the lesson as much as possible, as they thus become valuable assistants in the daily home work of the pupils. If the right home influence is exerted on behalf of the pupil it will be found far more effective than expensive private lessons. The pupils themselves evidently prefer the class lessons, and manifest a healthy interest in their work, which greatly facilitates the success of the course.

Boston, May, 1898.

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A CHAPTER OF HUMAN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"I suppose he married her because of her beautiful voice." Prof. Minerva McKensie's mind, being of a scientific turn, always instinctively occupied itself with the reasons of human conduct. "But the McKensies as a family are not musical."

"Far from it!" The Hon. Hugh McKensie wagged his big head with an air that said plainly he was thankful and proud to say what he did. "The qualities, sister, that have —ah—well—made us what we are are not of the tiddle-diddle order. But I suppose, as you say, he married her because of her beautiful voice. There are young women quite as pretty in—ah—um—other spheres of life. But I accept her. I think the McKensies have always been philosophic."

Meanwhile on a vine-shaded back stoop another family were making criticisms. Butcher Robinson, as he was known in Tabor Weir, sat in a splint-backed rocker in his shirt-sleeves and slowly drew the bow across his big violoncello. He was not playing anything in particular, but sometimes the soft strains sounded like, "Power divine, oh send thy blessing!" and again they slid into "Jeanie's Far Away." Once in a while a deep sigh escaped him, and he blew his nose resoundingly. Little personal offices like that were never done "piano" in the circle in which he had been reared. Mrs. Robinson, a small, anxious person, rocked across a creaking board, and kept up a monotonous rill of talk. "I hope and pray she'll be happy," she said in a tone conveying an impression she believed quite the contrary. "I s'pose she married him because of his position. And he is smart."

"My God in heaven! Who can tell why she married him?" exclaimed Mr. Robinson distressfully. Then he bent over his big instrument and tears came in his blue eyes and dropped upon the strings while he played something like "Lift up thine earthly gaze," and then "The old man ain't himself

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no more." His repertoire was large, and despite the fact that his hands had for twenty-five years reduced meek-eyed cattle into steaks and roasts, and even shed the blood of lambs, he played in a musicianly way.

It was in the year 1879, and the marriage of Dr. Alexander McKensie to Gertrude Robinson that morning was the talk of all Tabor. The two most interested were speeding away to Newport. Had the doctor been compelled to name the supreme fascination his bride had for him he would have said it was the fact he believed himself her first and only lover. She was so young, so flower-like in her beauty, and she was all his. Her shell-like ears had never, he fancied, heard any love avowal. She on her part would have said her Alexander's nobility of character was what had engaged her affections. He would have scouted the idea that he could be inveigled into wedlock by so superficial a charm as a voice, and she would have repelled with tears and scorn the accusation that she had married for position. It was as it should be, a love match.

Time out of mind the McKensies had been the great folk of the county. There were other families as wise, as wealthy, as handsome, as gifted. But as there are voices of a peculiar leading quality which causes them to impress the hearer even above a great orchestra and chorus, so there are eminent personalities to whom the social pinnacle belongs as by divine right. The McKensies had repaid the public for its deference by bestowing upon it judges, senators and soldiers of distinction who each and all had made the name a synonym for honor. When, therefore, Alexander, the son of the Hon. Hugh, studied medicine and diverged still further out of the family track by marrying Gertrude Robinson of the Weir, not only Tabor Green, but East, West and South Tabor, and even Tabor High Falls felt moved to make remarks. Alexander's mother had been a Van Scoyoc, a family of great consequence westward in their own Hudson river country, but at Tabor other godlets reigned, and it was now felt the Van Scoyocs had a good deal to answer for.

Butcher Robinson was the son of a German mother and a

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Connecticut father, and was a curious blend of sensibility and sense. The money gained in business he had invested in western lands at a time when those remote money traps had seemed of gilt-edged value, and he had as shrewdly unloaded when the mirage produced by speculators was about to vanish and leave the occidental deserts revealed in all their real worthlessness. He had married a baker's daughter who possessed a clear soprano voice, and therefore sang in the Asbury meeting-house, where he led the choir with his 'cello. She was not in the least musical. Her consuming ambitions were social. Gertrude, the sole surviving child of five, had inherited her father's sensibility and musical intelligence along with her mother's voice, and when she went to Boston to study the wise ones raved over her gifts, and deplored the infatuation that took her back to Tabor to become the wife of a doctor. Old Stromberg and the rest did not understand Tabor values. Then, Gertrude could not quite escape her mother. It must be admitted that to marry a McKensie was, to a degree, for her, just what the acquisition of a set of mahogany upholstered in brocade had been to the older woman. She loved her Alexander. But he was a McKensie, and the McKensies were what they were.

Very soon after the wedding recorded, Butcher Robinson, and then his wife, departed to that place where we trust all longings are satisfied. "A Providence," the McKensies called it, and it certainly made life very pleasant for the doctor. That is, it would have been pleasant had he permitted. With a tact not to be described his wife had delicately separated herself from all her old Weir associations. She had left off being a Methodist-Episcopal, and become an Episcopal, and not the very grandest of the McKensies could outshine her socially. But she was more musical than ever, for hers was a gift to grow, and as the years effect us all, so time polished, and ground upon the doctor bringing out his grain, and a certain jealous knottiness not apparent in his earlier years. From being simply non-musical, he seemed for a time to grow anti-musical, yet let musical visitors come down from Boston and his patients might take care of themselves, if

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among those visitors were men. He would even mew himself up in the parlor when old Stromberg came, and Stromberg was sixty, with the figure of a tun, and a head so full of music it would hold nothing else. No skeleton lurked in the house unless the bones of a certain Patrick Flynn could be so counted. Patrick's earthly tabernacle had furnished the doctor with material the first year of his medical course, and his bones, neatly articulated, hung behind a blue curtain in the private office. But human inventiveness is never at a loss, and when a man has it in him to be miserable, if he have not inherited or acquired something about which his worries can center, he can usually find or invent something. So next to his wife's musical interests and friends, Mr. McKensie secretly fumed about quacks, men who concoct pills, powders and elixirs which they warrant will cure every ill flesh is heir to, from baldness to corns, magnetic healers, clairvoyants who, in popular phrase, "see right through you," and Christian scientists, so self-called, who declare all disease "a state of mind," one and all gave him mental spasms. When, therefor, after twelve years of wedded life, he discovered his wife was surreptitiously using Dobbs' Spring Bitters, and was also rubbing Jennifer's Brazilian Balm on the bald scar on little Hugh's head, indignation made him ill. It would have been better had he gone into an open rage. As it was, he silently confiscated the bottles, and had an acute bilious turn. Dr. Phipps was called in to prescribe. "Um—ah! A neat hepatic congestion," said the little man, cozily feeling the patient's pulse. "Been indulging in sweets? No? Ah—um! Been upset mentally then. The liver is really a mysterious organ. I have often wondered it is not believed to be the seat of sensibility instead of the heart. Speaking of the heart reminds me. That fat humbug of a Tubbs had an attack this morning that nearly made an end of him."

The blood surged into Dr. McKensie's freckled cheeks, and suddenly congested the vein in the middle of his forehead. "Ah," added Phipps quickly, "you have some head symptoms, I see," and he took out another vial.

"I was thinking of that clairvoyant Tubbs," said McKensie,

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with forced calmness. "It's an outrage he is permitted to come here once a month and fool the ignorant!"

"He isn't altogether a nuisance. He occupies the attention of the old chronics, and he's really a smart man. Droll name he's got—Cassius A. Tubbs. Parents ought to look out what initials they inflict upon their children."

Casually glancing at his wife, Dr. McKensie was surprised to see her face crimson, then pale, under his gaze. An instant later she left the room, and he soon heard her pony's hoofs clattering down the drive.

Left alone, Dr. McKensie found the back parlor dreary. Miss Piper was making a great clatter on the sewing machine in the next room. Nora Sullivan was making a noise in the kitchen with the dishes that suggested she was working in the interest of a china combine. To escape these sounds he went up to his own private bed-room. But it was over the office, and Billy Oldsapple, his student, who felt himself wise to bursting since he had read medicine three months and had dissected a cat and a puppy, was airing his knowledge to a friend, and the speaking tube brought up every inflection of his foolish voice. So the doctor went on into his wife's bedroom, which was comparatively quiet. A fire smouldered in the grate, and he sat down in the luxurious chair before it. He vaguely wondered why his wife had blushed at the name of the clairvoyant, and why she had gone out without as usual telling him where she was going. Most of the furnishings in the room were relics from the Robinson home. Near the window was the massive mahogany desk Butcher Robinson had bought the year before his death to hold his business affairs outside the meat shop. Before little Hugh's birth his wife had told him that the right side drawers of that desk contained her father's accounts and records, but the left-side held her own private correspondence. "I have kept the letters I care most for," she explained, "and please burn them just as you find them. They are all tied up ready." As he looked it weighed upon him that his wife should hoard interests in which he had no part. Of course all those letters were from musical people. All his wife's friends were musi-

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cal. He went over and began opening those drawers. The bottom drawer was full of his own epistles, packages of fat letters written before his marriage, and briefer messages written since, when away attending medical societies. Taking them out slowly he found two costly valentines, then two undated letters signed "C. A. Tubbs." One was of small moment, merely an announcement that he, C. A. Tubbs, had studied Longfellow's song, "Late, Late, So Late, and Dark the Night and Chill," arranged for a baritone voice, and had sung it at a church social, and that he was learning part of a duette which he hoped soon to sing with "his dear friend Sarah." But the second letter was a somewhat incoherent offer of marriage. "Dearest Angel," it began, "I cannot live without you. I know that you do not feel called to go to heathen, even cannibal, islands as I at one time was willing to, when I believed myself led by the Spirit so to dedicate myself. But I will give up Africa, and all my dreams of possible greatness, and go to Boston, and get a place in a store if you will only say yes. I think I could, too, get a fair income from my voice. You yourself have praised it. I wait with a trembling heart your reply. Ever yours, C. Alonzo Tubbs."

The feelings of the McKensies were usually too well in hand to find vent in the condensed form of expression known as swearing, but the mahogany desk heard some words I will not transcribe, and the desk knew those letters signed "Tubbs" were carried off into the doctor's bed-room and locked into a cabinet labeled "Poisons."

The week that followed was miserable for the whole household. Miss Piper confided to Mrs. Oldsapple, with whom "she made her home," that in her opinion Dr. McKensie was "growin' crabbeder and crabbeder every day he drew the breath of life." "I do s'pose," she added, thoughtfully, "that music folks are tryin'. Miss McKensie, she's nice enough to me, but when you're in a house so, you can't help seein' some things. An' she ain't like reg'lar Tabor folks." It was plain Miss Piper felt this was no compliment. "Why, on'y this mornin' I heard the doctor, the door bein' on the jar, say

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he'd about as soon Hughy'd be the clown to a circus as to play a fiddle. Miss McKensie she'd been a sayin' she'd have for to buy Hughy a fiddle. I call that strong language, though, to be sure, he's been turrible fractious all the blessed week."

"What's bred in th' bone's sure to come out, an' Hughy's own gran'son to Butcher Robinson, an' if ever a man enjoyed th' violonceller 'twas him, though I ain't one to say as he sold less good weight, or tougher meat because o' so doin'," replied Mrs. Oldsapple with some vindictiveness. She felt that Billy's parts were not appreciated by the McKensies, and resented it. "I said when the doctor married as he did, sez I, my husband was a livin' then, an' sez I, 'Nathaniel Oldsappel,' sez I, 'them as has walked on peoples' heads is a comin' down,' sez I, 'an' they're more'n liable to come down further. If that dear man was livin' he'd tell you I said them very words. Singin' folks may be necessary. I ain't one to say they ain't, but they are turrible flighty, as you said yourself, Miss Piper, an' if there ain't nothin' as yet happened between Dr. Alexander an' his wife, you can't feel to say there ain't never anythin' agoin' to happen."

Talk breeds talk. In no time Tabor Green, nay all Tabor, was whispering that there was trouble, just what variety unknown, but trouble, between Dr. McKensie and his wife. He watched her. He would not let her go out. He was gloomy and snappish, that is certain. But she took all these manifestations sweetly, believing they were part of her husband's illness, and then, the results of his illness. She had been reared in the fine old-fashioned tradition that "a man is different," and has "large affairs." There were plenty of excuses in her mind for Alexander. Then she was deeply interested in a new enterprise of which she had not spoken to him. The local Harmonic Society were studying "The Messiah" and hoped to give it Christmas.

We usually get what we look for, and a month after Dr. Phipps' first visit, the postman left, along with the Medical Record and four advertisements of "tablets," a whitey brown envelope conspicuously stamped "Dead Letter Office," and

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addressed to Mrs. Alexander McKensie. The doctor, being alone, opened it without ceremony. The white envelope it contained had written across it in red ink, "Recovered at the breaking up of postal car 56, New Colony R. R., Sept. 19, 189—, L. F. Pond, clerk." It was addressed to Cassius A. Tubbs, Barstow, Maine, and bore the Boston postmark. In one corner in lead pencil was the legend, "Not Found." There was a humming in the doctor's ears as he read the enclosure, which was as follows:

"My Dear Mr. Tubbs:

"I am sorry to receive your letter postmarked the 9th. I shall never forget the happy days when I attended school with you and your sister Amelia at Tabor Green, and the good times we have had at Asbury choir meetings. But I cannot marry you. I hope you will go to Africa as you intended. I think you would succeed well among heathen. With kindest wishes, I am ever your friend, SARAH.

"P. S.—I shall marry Dr. Alexander McKensie next June. We shall live in Tabor.

"P. S.—Always consider me your friend. I really hope you'll go to Africa, but to a healthy part. But if you go to Boston, be sure and study with Prof. Stromberg if you go in for music. His method of voice training is lovely."

"Always consider me your friend, indeed!" muttered the doctor wrathfully, but further reflection was cut short by his son, who burst in with great excitement, crying, "Oh, father, I guess something dreadful's happened. They are bringing a fat man into the office."

At that moment Mrs. McKensie was looking with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes into the little poison cabinet. She had gone to it for a certain bottle of chloroform which, quite unknown to the doctor, was her last resort for grease spots. Her first impulse was to take away and destroy the letters she saw secreted there. Second thought told her there was finer counsel in leaving them.

"I never expected to pity a quack," said Dr. McKensie that evening. His manner had suddenly softened. He was more than his accustomed self. He was almost lover-like.

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"But that man Tubbs they brought into the office to-day, and who died to-night, is a regular physician."

Mrs. McKensie was silent, and after a few moments he resumed. "Phipps has been telling me about him. He'd just graduated, and he had suddenly to assume the support of two old aunts, his mother and a crippled brother, or let them go to the poor-house. He went into this clairvoyant business because there was ready money in it, and instant practice. It seems he went all over the state, and made money. But he died poor. He put his savings into some Southwestern Land Company and was swindled."

"The family lived at the Weir when I was a girl. I knew Amelia Tubbs very well," said Mrs. McKensie, flushing. "I think this man used to sing in the Asbury choir."

The doctor's mental machinery instantly felt as if sanded. "Well, he was a humbug," he said, irritably, "and of the worst sort, for he was a calculating one. If there's anything I hate it's anything that's underhanded."

"What are you smiling at, mamma?" demanded Hugh, who, wearying of his arithmetic, had rested his eyes upon his mother's face.

"Nothing," was the quick answer. "I did not know I was smiling."

"Oh, but you was thinking of something. Not funny. No, but interesting. What was it?" persisted that young investigator.

Leopards are proverbially slow to change their spots, and character changes far less often than optimists would have us believe. Still there has been a subtle, suggestive shifting in Dr. McKensie's mental attitude in recent years. His wife goes to Boston alone now, and even sings there occasionally, and her musical friends note she has lost a certain anxious diffidence of manner toward her husband, and that he, in his turn, seems to have become musically "sympathetic." He still hates quacks, but the edge of his dislike is not so acute as it was before he secretly paid the funeral charges of Cassius A. Tubbs, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, and he has been heard to say that Augusta Barrett, the "Scientist," has helped

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some cases he was unable to. Most significant of all, however, was his recent purchase of a violin for his son.

"It is only the narrow and undereducated mind that insists all the world shall agree with it," he said firmly to his amazed aunt, Prof. Minerva McKensie, who was then visiting him. "I have come to believe that music has real culture-producing value."

Prof. Minerva had taught metaphysics for many years in a female college, but for the past decade had devoted the gray matter of her brain to evolving theories of social reform. "Oh—ah!" she exclaimed, looking at him meditatively, but fixedly, through her spectacles, and struggling to disentangle her attention from her latest specialty, "Domestic Service." "You don't tell me! Well, I suppose living with Gertrude has had a certain effect upon you." Her thoughts now became clearer, and she was her usual self, as destitute of imagination as a granite cliff. "But don't tell me you are turning musical. I know better. I know the McKensies. You are simply accepting a situation with graceful philosophy."

"Thank you, aunt," replied the doctor, with an abashed smile. "Perhaps I am just growing humaner."

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THE SINGING OF A SONG.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

In a previous article, "The Making of a Song," several propositions were advanced and developed, viz.: That a song is intended to be a work of art, and that art is representative, therefore a song is representative; that both text and music, which make the song, should be representative in character; that care should be exercised in the selection of the text to be used in conjunction with a musical setting, to the end that it correspond to the true conditions of poetry and that it be suitable for musical setting; that the text is to be studied with the purpose that the music shall be the direct equivalent of the text as to thought and expression; that this applies most directly to the instrumental portion of the song; that the voice part, or "melody," should grow out of the natural melody of the poem as indicative of the emotional states of the reader; that a song should display the same art principles as are demanded in other art products, unity, symmetry and contrast.

This essay will attempt to study some of the principles involved in the function of the executant who renders the song. The purpose of the song demands that it be presented to others by one qualified to be the medium for this presentation.

Following a line of thought taken from the previous essay we will start with this proposition, that "the language of poetry is an idealization of the language of common speech," or, using the words of another writer, "poetry is an artistic development of language." Hence it follows that the methods of expression used in the reading of a poem must be correspondingly elevated and rendered artistic. Conceptions or ideas —not reasoning—when presented in poetic form and dress, are more highly expressive than when offered to our understandings in the language of plain speech.

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But music is also highly expressive; many say that music is the most expressive of the arts. Robert Browning says:

> "There is no truer truth obtainable
> By man than comes of music.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> This were the prize and is the puzzle which
> Music essays to solve. . . .
> All arts endeavor this, and she the most
> Attains thereto."

Whether this claim be well-founded or not, there can be no doubt as to the fact that music as an art ranks equal to any other.

Certain kinds of sounds, produced by various means, are characterized as musical. Music may be defined as the artistic use of these sounds. The addition of a suitable musical setting to a truly poetical text should heighten the expressiveness of the latter. This suggests the thought that the prime intent of a song is to develop the highest potentialities in regard to expression, which may exist, latent, in a poetical text.

The material presentation of the original conception shows the following characteristics. The poet used words in combinations according to certain rules and principles, thus giving poetic form to the expression of his thought. The composer added certain signs or characters recognized by the science of music, which he arranged according to a definite system; the result being a representation of the poem in new material. The two being in correspondence, the original effect is heightened.

The executant's work is now to be considered. It is not necessary for us to discuss, at any length, the equipment of the singer. It is apparent that he should have ability to understand, appreciate and assimilate thoroughly the text; that he should have such knowledge of the art of music as to be able to develop the expressive qualities of the musical setting; lastly, that he should have such knowledge of the art of singing as may be necessary to execute the voice properly. A general demand is that the executant's work be of a standard corresponding to that of the poet and composer, or the final rep-

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resentation will fall below the true possibilities. It must be artistic.

Let me quote from Mr. Wm. Shakespeare's definition of singing: "Singing is a perfect [artistic] prolonged talking on a tune." Observe the word talking.

Join this to what was said about the language of poetry and its relation to the methods of ordinary speech, and we have in singing the artistic culmination of vocal expression. The "tune" given by the composer is intended to be the artistic development of the melody of the poem. The result of this combination of material representation of the original thought is to place great responsibility upon the singer.

Victor Maurel, the great French artist, says: "The results of phonation fall into two classes: modulated, pertaining to music, and significant, pertaining to language. The union of significant phonation (speech) with modulated phonation (solfege) produces song, which is both modulated and significant. Language, in turn, involves three requisites, accuracy, expressiveness and perceptibility; to which modulation adds two more, pitch and intensity."

This analysis of song agrees with what was said before and suggests two methods of using the voice.

The voice may be considered as a musical instrument, vocalization being accomplished with some chosen vowel, as in solfeggi, or scale practice. As a modification of this method the writer considers the common custom among singers to sing the notes rather than the words. In such a case the words seem to act merely as a medium to give rhythm and form to the melody. But the voice, as a musical instrument, can scarcely be classed with the violin, for example, which greatly surpasses any single voice in range, in variety of tone color, in rhythmic and dynamic effects; and in addition a violin does not tire and become impaired by continual use, but is improved.

The voice should be used with regard for its true capacities as suggested in the quotation from M. Maurel. Song is the "union of significant and modulated phonation." In the highest and best forms of the vocal art these elements are inseparable. It is the principal function of the voice to present

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words to the hearer, and thus effect the transference of thought from one mind to another, and the mere fact that in one instance a man talks, in another he sings, does not alter this function. The varying commentary which the mind and feelings make upon this thought reveal themselves through the quality of expressiveness which exists in the voice. Because of its power to give clear representation to thought, the voice is the most expressive of all instruments. It is degrading the voice to limit its powers.

What is expression? In his book, "The Voice and Spiritual Education," Prof. Carson, of Cornell University, says: "A poem is not truly a poem until it is voiced by an accomplished reader who has adequately assimilated it—in whom it has, to some extent, been born again, according to his individual spiritual constitution and experiences." To this I would add that the expressive qualities will be heightened when the poem has been set to fitting music and sung by an accomplished singer who fills the above requirements.

What Prof. Carson says, as above, intimates the function of expression and in what it consists. When the singer, under his two-fold obligation, to render text and music, has assimilated both, he really expresses his own feelings and should do this just as he would under such circumstances as may cause his utterances to be absolutely spontaneous.

The quality of motion, or at least the potentiality of motion, is in an idea when conceived in the mind. But motion can scarcely be expressed, at least definitely stated, in a single word. A series of words is required. But not every word in a phrase has equal significance as to indicating the movement of the idea; and equal prominence is not to be given to every word, or strength will be lacking, for we gain the idea of strength by comparison with weakness.

So expression seems to be indicative of relations existing between the several words which define an idea. These relations are conceived in the mind, and are varied in actual manifestations according to the individual.

There are several indications of these relations, as shown by an analysis of the methods of speech. This discloses two

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elements, pause and accent. In these are contained the following subdivisions—duration, force, pitch and quality.

These elements are present in speech, and must be present in singing, since the latter is a development of speech. The music will indicate relative duration and pitch; the remaining two elements are rather individual contributions of the singer, resulting from his study and assimilation of the text. Certain marks to which dynamic significance is attached render some aid to the singer in grasping the intent of the composer, but can give little or no aid in meeting the requirements of quality.

In discussing the subject of quality I base my remarks upon a chapter in "Poetry as a Representative Art," by Prof. Raymond, of Princeton University. This book is one of a series by the same author on the subject of Comparative Aesthetics, a subject of the greatest value to musicians, in fact to all who deal with art forms.

Quality is not physical energy. We pass from loud to soft tones, or vice versa, without altering that in our voices which is peculiarly individual. Quality does not represent mere intellectuality. A man can give utterance to words which represent mere mental phases without departing from an habitual nasal quality. But if we play upon his emotional nature, frighten him, anger him, soothe him, touch the well-springs of sympathy; in giving expression to these various emotions, the quality of his voice will correspondingly vary.

Quality, then, represents the feelings, the spiritual condition of the higher emotive nature. "It may be said that the quality of sound, therefore, represents the quality of feeling that vivifies the soul."

To give a physical statement—so popular in these days—I quote from Herbert Spencer. In his "Essay on the Origin and Function of Music" he says that the intonations furnish "the commentary of the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect." Then making a physical explanation, he continues: "The muscles that move the chest, larynx and vocal cords, contracting like other muscles in proportion to the intensity of the feelings, every different contraction of these muscles in-

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volving, as it does, a different adjustment of the vocal organs; every different adjustment of the vocal organs causing a change in the sound emitted; it follows that the variation of voice are the physiological results of the variation of feeling; it follows that each inflection or modulation is the natural outcome of some passing emotion or sensation; and it follows that the explanation of all kinds of vocal expression must be sought in this general relation between mental and muscular excitements."

Yet it is necessary that the singer's view be larger in scope than the limits of a phrase. Few phrases contain the complete statement of a thought. The idea of a poem is developed in a series of phrases which sustain an inter-relation similar to that existing between the words which constitute a phrase. A climax must be sought, and a plan outlined which will lead the expression of the poem up to the climax.

In reference to this and several cognate idea, I quote from a work called "Music Explained," by Fetis, a well-known French critic and writer. In discussing a celebrated singer of his time he says: "No singer was ever more happily organized than Garat, and no one ever had more comprehensive ideas of the art of singing. His thoughts were always ardent, but he knew how to regulate them by art and reason. An air or a duet, according to this great singer, did not consist in a succession of well performed or even well expressed phrases; he wanted a plan, a gradual progress, which led to great effects at proper moments, and when the excitement had reached its crisis. He was rarely understood, when, discussing his art, he spoke of the plan of a vocal piece, and musicians themselves were persuaded that his ideas on this subject were somewhat exaggerated; but when he joined example to precept and to demonstrate his theory, sang an air, with the different coloring he could give to it, they comprehended how much of reflection and study were necessary to arrive at perfection in an art which at the first view seems destined only to procure enjoyment for the ear."

But the singer sings not to himself, but to others. He furnishes in himself the medium for the transference of the

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thought of the poet and the added music to an indefinite number of hearers. The perfect representation of the song demands that its highest possible effect shall be accomplished, its full powers manifested. This consists in producing upon the hearer the same impressions as were produced first upon the poet, then upon the composer, and finally upon the singer; the ultimate results being the sum of all three.

It is essential to this complete rendering that the hearer understand the thought which gave rise to the poem, the added music, and the singer's interpretation of both. The hearer must, therefore, understand every word which contributes to the presentation of the thought. This demands perfect pronunciation as well as clearness of articulation.

Respecting this point, Fetis adds to what was quoted above of Garat. Speaking of the vocal art as exemplified at the opera he says: "It was, if you will, musical declamation, but those who limited their art to this declamation could not pass for singers. Garat alone could pronounce in a dramatic manner without departing from the beautiful traditions of the true school of vocal music, and could give to his singing a great dramatic expression without neglecting any of the resources of vocalization." This critique is applicable to much of the so-called dramatic singing of the present time. There is insufficient groundwork in the art of pure vocalization.

This suggests the need for vocal training, and the manner of it is suggested in the quotation from Herbert Spencer. Since the various characteristics of voice result from the general relation of mental and physical excitements, and since the physical activity is the material expression of the mind's activity, the muscles concerned must possess that strength and delicacy, that responsiveness to sensory excitement, and that quality which seems almost the same a special brain center, which is shown in all highly trained muscles, no matter for what purpose the training was first induced.

The function of the exercises given to pupils is to induce in the muscles a condition that will enable them to do what the feelings may indicate. This is the end that all technical practice should seek. The second is to secure a spiritual training

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by systematic attention to the higher mental powers, by such methods as carry our soul-life to higher planes and to loftier ideals.

There is one point upon which I lay great stress in the rendering of a song. It is the quality of repose, which forms the basis upon which all variations of feeling are displayed. On this point I make three quotations, one from a literary authority, one from a famous teacher of singing, a third from a successful singer.

Prof. Carson, to whom I referred before, says: "A reader must have a sub-consciousness of a dead level, by which, or from which, to graduate all his departures; and it is only by avoiding all non-significant departures that he imparts to his hearers a sub-consciousness of his own standard. There should never be, in reading, a non-significant departure from a pure monotony."

One of Mr. William Shakespeare's exercises is "for moving the tune, but leaving the throat and tongue in repose, which makes the tone." In another place he says: "A good singer is utterly unconscious of any fatigue, or, indeed, of singing at all."

Emma Eames says: "What is the most beautiful thing in the world? Why, equilibrium! Calm is a great thing for an artist to obtain. It is only where calm is that inspiration comes."

The great dramatic artist, Calve, in speaking of her work, intimates the necessity of repose before great effects can be exhibited or emotional succession take place.

Just as the various scenes from a stereopticon are projected upon a wall or canvas, so do I consider that the artist projects dramatic effects upon the repose which is the one absolute, unvarying condition of tone. It seems to me it might almost be said that repose of the vocal organs is tone absolute. "It is tone absolute, apart from vowel quality," to quote from an article read by the writer before the Pennsylvania State Music Teachers' Association—"dominated by emotion that touches and sways the human heart; for one may be moved by singing though a foreign language be used, when the words con-

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vey no thought to us as in our own familiar speech. Back of every vowel and consonant is tone absolute, which is also independent of pitch, since one may sing many different sounds on many different notes. Viewed thus, tone absolute is, of course, but an abstraction, but the idea is an important one; with pitch, a vowel or consonant, or quality added, it becomes concrete, an entity. One should feel that vowel quality and pitch are merely incidents of the tone and not the tone itself. Thus can one with some degree of certainty expect to make tone with repose and balance for tone absolute, lacking definiteness, but being, if the expression can be allowed, a mental condition, can be produced only by repose; by practice one can add to tone absolute, the product of repose, the incidents of vowel quality and pitch, of emotional quality which gives life and expression and still not disturb the basic repose of muscle which makes the tone and its purity."

As bearing on many of the thoughts in this essay, and illustrating Browning's view of music I quote from "Abt Vogler." It is supposed to represent his thoughts after he has been extemporizing at the organ:

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
  All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For, think, had I painted the whole,
  Why, there it had stood, to see, not the process so wonder-worth.
Had I written the same, made verse—still effect proceeds from cause,
  Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws
  Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
  Existent behind all laws that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
  That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well; each tone of our scale is naught;
  It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
  And, there! Ye have heard and seen; consider and bow the head.

* * * * * * * * *

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign;
  I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
  Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
  Surveying a while the heights I rolled from into the deep,
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting place is found,
  The C major of this life; so, now I will try to sleep.

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CULTIVATION OF THE PUBLIC TASTE.

BY MARIE BENEDICT.

Part First—Concerning Music Teaching.

While the power of appreciation of art, of discrimination between the real and the spurious, has undoubtedly greatly increased during recent years among the American people, it is equally certain that there is yet wide room for its further development; and that there are many ways in which active musicians, no matter how small their places of residence, may help to raise the artistic standard to something more nearly approaching its true level.

First, in the cultivation of higher ideals in the field of music teaching. There are many doors within reach of every one whose locks will respond to the key of earnest effort and inquiry through which the teacher might gain a broader view of his work and acquaintance with the inspiring lives and thoughts of other men, of both past and present, that would be of infinite value in his own life. Such doors are the summer music schools; when possible study during the winter with one of our first teachers (the keys of these locks sometimes seem hopelessly lost; but that is a mistake, they have only been put away and forgotten); summer and winter concert seasons; and the thousand and one storehouses of thought to be obtained from the book lover's Mecca, or, if not from thence, certainly from the public libraries. For it goes without saying that, to be the best teacher, one must not only be familiar with the best modes of technical development, and with the power and passion of the masterpieces of music when interpreted by genuine artists, but in all things must be broadly and roundly educated.

The individual who, after a desultory training, goes into the profession because it appears to him an easy and unquestionable means of obtaining a livelihood, and teaches music as he

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might teach mathematics, by rule and line, and with never a glance beneath the surface of tone and printed sign, is manifestly doing but little for the cause under discussion. As well might one expect a skeleton, attired in modern costume, to illustrate the power and attractiveness of a man or woman when animated by a high and noble soul, as that such teaching will develop in the pupil a love for and power to express the real and the beautiful in art.

Music teaching is more than a mechanical art, notwithstanding the superabundant mass of evidence to the contrary.

It seems almost superfluous to mention, among the requisites of a really successful teacher, belief in the importance of music as an art (with the complimentary belief in art as something more than the last dainty pattern of lace or embroidery), realization that every true composition has an inner meaning; a story to tell; no matter how far above the expressive power of language, as we commonly use that term, its message may be. That this story in tone is not to be given without comma, colon, period or pause of any kind from beginning to end of its sections, but that there are sentences and paragraphs in music just as really as in literature of another sort; and that the recognition or neglect of these forms and their subdivisions may give the true meaning of the composition, or something utterly foreign to its thought.

It seems a self-evident truth that the product of a mind of high order, the picture of certain of its moods and phases, of necessity contains many different thoughts; and that these thoughts should be interpreted, each with its own warmth and tenderness, with all the sympathetic intelligence at the player's command; not thrown at the listener in an indistinguishable mass, in which, if there be a division, it is as likely to occur midway a phrase as anywhere else. I have said that this seems self-evident; but in how many pupils do we find any idea of the artistic necessity of phrasing—any conception of the meaning of the music whose notes he walks or scampers through, as the case may be?

The reason for this woeful want is undoubtedly sometimes with the pupil; but in general, would not a more genuine

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sympathy, on the part of the teacher, with the spirit of the composition given, a keener appreciation of its coloring, of the magic of light and shade; in brief, of the reason for which it was written, do much toward opening to the pupil a vision of the true nature and influence of music?

There is a charm of color and shading in music, no less than in painting; and there is much beauty in many easy compositions, which would never be suspected, were they judged only from the standpoint of the average renditions they receive. I refer, of course, to the many easy compositions of real merit, not to the inane collections of notes, purporting to be music, which are continually being showered on an unsuspecting public. Would that the flames of their funeral pyres might light the way to a universal appreciation of what is really beautiful.

Schumann's saying, have you felt your music, does it mean something to you? If so, you cannot fail to make others feel it, may be as well applied to the teacher as to the public performer. It may be said that compositions given to scholars are not the teacher's music, but were worthy writings only, used for that purpose, they could not fail to interest, and so to belong to, both teacher and pupil.

A most telling way of impressing on the student the reason for phrasing, for thoughtful study of the music, is the recitation of some familiar poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," for example, stopping only when necessity of breath compels a pause, and then taking care that the break splits in twain some idea of the author; or, observing the punctuations, but so accenting the lines that their meaning is utterly distorted. The effect is irresistibly ludicrous, and cannot fail to send the point home. Of great use in this connection is Kullak's maxim, that, while there is no absolute rule of phrasing, much being dependent on the taste of the individual artist, one point may be fixed, viz., that no two consecutive notes of the same phrase should be of equal volume.

To develop the pupil's thought faculty by stimulation to inquiry concerning the composers whose works he studies, and thus, with anecdotes of the great musicians, and curious and

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interesting facts of the evolution of different instruments, to lead to the study of musical history, is most helpful in the making of our model student.

Were music universally taught as it should be taught, were it given full opportunity to win its way in the hearts and homes of its pupils, this branch of work would be an incalculable aid in elevating the taste of the general public; and if art, if the love of the ideal is of importance in the development of humanity, if there is a reason for the judgment which prefers the influence of a noble orchestral concert, a grand opera, or any other programme of high order, to the sway of the "popular march and song," this subject is worthy serious attention.

MARIE BENÈDICT.

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REMENYI'S LAST APPEARANCE IN BOSTON.

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS.

Word of the tragic death of Edouard Remenyi brings back with startling distinctness the circumstances of his last visit to Boston, about ten weeks ago. At that time, as I was one day strolling along Boylston street, opposite the common, my eye was caught by the name of the violinist on the announcement board in front of the "Zoo." This "Zoo" is, or was, a Eden Musée sort of a show, having the usual features of an eden musée, with the addition of a small vaudeville theater of the cheaper sort, at which were presented in a miserable fashion the lighter comic operas. An admission fee of ten cents was charged, to which an additional fifteen must be added for a reserved seat in the theater. The institution occupied the old Public Library building on Boylston street, and the stage and auditorium used the space of the old Bates Hall.

It was on the bill-board of this house, then, that Remenyi's name appeared—late in March if my memory fails me not—with the announcement that this was his initial engagement in vaudeville. He was billed for a week, playing twice a day. On Monday evening, when he made his appearance, I was present and found myself in a large and very good audience, comprising many of the best-known musicians of Boston, who gave the old violinist a welcome that amounted well nigh to an ovation. He was, as usual, delighted, and played for a long while, responding, as was his custom, to several encores. I did myself the honor of calling at his hotel the following day, but he was at the theater, so I missed him.

The next day, which was Wednesday, I went again to the "Zoo," this time in the afternoon, with a young lady who has, for some years, studied under Mr. Kneisel, and is undoubtedly one of the cleverest woman violinists in the country. She had never heard Remenyi. When he came out—after a beast-

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ly travesty on "Pinafore" by the regular company, he had hardly raised his violin to position when she began to comment on his style of playing. His old-fashioned fingering puzzled her not a little, and she evidently prepared to be disappointed in the expectations my account of him had raised. But when he began to play there was a change. I do not need to—nor indeed could I—describe his playing. Nearly every reader of MUSIC has heard it at some time or other. Certainly I have seldom heard him play as he played then. But the house, which was composed for the most part of out-of-town people—and largely of rural visitors—was "cold" and was constantly stirring about. In fact, he hardly captured them till he played—in response to an encore, to gain which I nearly wore out my hands—his own "Hymn to Liberty." That warmed up his hearers to demand another, and a third, after which they let him go.

Hurrying from the hall, I overtook Mr. Remenyi at the door of the house. Not till then did I realize how old he had grown. On the stage he had been, as ever, upright and strong in appearance. But here, about to go out on the street, he was only a little, bent-over, old man, wrapped up in a great cape coat and a thick shawl. In his hand he carried his violin in its case. As I came up he reached out his free hand to me, exclaiming, in his poor English, which I shall not attempt to imitate: "Ach, it is the son of my dear old friend. Let me see, is it John?" I was, of course, glad to be recognized, and introduced the young lady, and after a word or two we started to walk to his hotel—the Adams house. As we turned into the street I took from his hand the violin, and he let it go rather reluctantly. "Well," said I, "this is not the old Amati, is it?"

"No, that is one you have never seen before. That is a new Strad. I gave six thousand dollars for it. That is, I give the Amati and some other violins and three thousand dollars." (At this point the young lady's eyes fairly bulged out.) "Did you hear it? How did it sound?" I told him how I had enjoyed the tone of it, when he interrupted: "And where are all the people? And what a place have I got into? They

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told me it was a fine new vaudeville theater and I should have great crowds. Where are they?"

So, with comment on the hall, and on the people, and on his playing, we went down Boylston street, and everyone along the way turned to stare at us. We must have been a strange picture. In the middle was Remenyi, bent over, muffled up, feeble, an old, old man. On the inside was Miss C——, bright faced, fair-haired, and about the height of the violinist. And on the outside myself, who am rather tall, with the violin. Remenyi clung to an arm of each of us, and bore heavily, stumbling frequently. A little way below the Touraine hotel we stopped at a fruit store while he purchased a dozen oranges. Hardly had we started on again when a newsboy's cry started him into a conversation on the war.

"Ah," said he, "I wish there would be a war. I think Spain would whip."

"What! Spain beat us? Surely you haven't deserted America?"

"No! But in two months I wish Spain would whip United States awfully. It takes this country so long to get mad. But that would do it. And then in a year we would have them all killed. In a year there would not be a Spaniard alive anywhere."

After a little he added: "Ah, if I were young I would lay aside the violin and go to Cuba. They fight well, those Cubans. I should like to play the violin to them—play them a hymn to liberty. But I can no longer march."

So we walked along together till we reached the Adams, where he turned and bid us good-bye, adding that we must come and see him at the hotel before he left. And as he walked slowly away I had my last look at Remenyi, of all violinists the one I best loved to hear.

That night I stood inside the stage door of the Boston Theater talking to a friend, when two or three of the company playing there began to speak of Remenyi. One of them had heard him that day, and within a week all had heard Ysaye. Their comments were curious, but interesting, as showing the way the men affect the average hearer. Said one of the men:

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"What there is about that fellow at the 'Zoo' I don't know. I wouldn't call him a great player. He isn't brilliant. His hand seems to slide along instead of stepping where he wants it. But I know every time he laughed I laughed, and I wiped my eyes twice. By Jove! I nearly cried two or three times, and I believe he did, too."

Another said he "guessed Ysaye could play all around Remenyi but he don't seem to put himself in it so much." And a third, commenting on it, and seeming to know a little of the history of the old man, said that it was like acting, "You can do a thing awfully well when your technique is good. But when you have lived it first you can make your audience do it with you."

Yet all these men commented unfavorably on the grimaces and facial contortions which were habitual with Remenyi when he was playing. They had all been unpleasantly affected by them at one time or another. Yet to me these were in a way a key to the character of the man—or, perhaps better, an unavoidable accompaniment. True, he often seemed a buffoon when he stood before his audience, grinning, smiling, or twisting his face into ludicrous semblance of sorrow or of joy. Yet it seemed to me that when he laughed it was because he felt what he was playing—the gayety of it—and he laughed because of it, and when his audience laughed he was even more pleased. He convinced himself and believed he had his hearers with him. I could not witness it without feeling pity for him. Nor could I help a certain feeling of sadness at seeing the old man playing before a poor, unappreciative audience in an ill-smelling, cheap-priced vaudeville theater.

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I have received from a highly esteemed source a plan of musical reading to be carried on by a correspondence club, and my opinion of the value of the course has been solicited. The readings for the first year are the following:

First term.—The Great Tone-Poets, Crowest; Curiosities of Music, Elson; Charles Auchester, Berger; Musical Sketches, Polko.

Second term.—Music and Morals, Haweis; Life of Haydn, Townsend; The Great Singers, Ferris.

Third term.—Letters on Mozart, Ehlert; Music in the House, Hullah; Hymn Writers and Their Hymns, Christopher.

Fourth term.—Student Life in Germany, Amy Fay; Sound and Its Phenomena, Brewer; Life of Gottschalk, Hensel; Influence of Music, Chomet. During the entire year Palmer's Theory of Music, Richter's Fundamental Harmonies and MUSIC Magazine (edited by W. S. B. Mathews). And so on, with like selections for four years.

This list of books about music will be regarded differently by critics according to standpoint. We come here face to face with the difficulty which I have many times pointed out, namely, that there are in what we call musical intelligence two radically differently somethings involved: First, the capacity to hear music intelligently, in the sense of being moved by it, pleased, gratified by its musical cleverness and thrilled by its beauty; and, second, a wholly different something, namely, the ability to talk or think intelligently concerning the lives of composers, their works and the musical ideals which they represent.

At first sight it would seem as if the former something here

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described meant an emotional enjoyment of music pure and simple; and so in part it does. But if the enumeration be read more carefully it will be found to include an intellectual appreciation of the structural qualities of the music, and the thematic treatment, harmonic march, etc.—qualities which can only be understood and rationally enjoyed after considerable training or remarkable genius aided by training. But if these two personal elements be present (training and musical intuition) it is evident that one might enjoy music as musicians do without really knowing anything at all about schools as such, dates and incidents in the lives of composers, or any of the other musical particulars which in the main make up the books enumerated above.

The converse of this is also true. It is not singular to find persons who have read such books as those upon the list above who are able to tell all these things about the lives, ideals, relations and schools of composers without having the purely musical intelligence described in the first category, even in the slightest degree. One might know all about the loves of Beethoven, his housekeeping peculiarities, his passion for having water pumped over his hands when heated or feverish, his brusque ways, his nephew, and the like, without being able to recognize Beethoven's style in his music, or even knowing enough of any of his master-works to recognize its beginning through remembering its opening phrase, as one remembers "Hamlet" when one hears the line: "To be or not to be." If it were necessary after quoting this line to stop and remark instructively to an educated person: "This is from Shakespeare's play of 'Hamlet,'" we would have something much like what often takes place in music.

* * *

To return to the original distinction between knowing music and feeling it when one hears it and knowing about music and being able to talk about it (without really knowing it in this inner sense) it is evident that next to knowing music itself in the first sense will be knowing something about it. And for collecting a wide circle of harmless facts about music, the list of books above given is admirable. The works are

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light, fanciful, and generally more or less sound. One would even consider himself to know a good deal after reading any one of them. Nevertheless he might read pretty much the whole list and not be bettered in the slightest, to speak of it as musicians would think, because the musician values the educated musical intuition—the faculty or faculties through which one hears Beethoven and feels his deep intention, appreciates his charming melodies, his bold modulations, his eminently pleasing qualities; or the sweetness and delicate melody of Mozart; or the grim earnestness of Wagner. In this direction nothing will serve but actual acquaintance with the music. One has to hear it over and over again and learn to note its masterly structure, its firm intention and the directness yet seeming artlessness with which it pursues its predetermined course.

Or, to say it another way, every composer is like a priest who opens one or two doors into the inner sanctuary of the temple of music. Looking through these doors the temple of music shows such and such decorations, such and such impressions of largeness or smallness, such and such elements of sublimity or beauty. Another composer opens a door at another place giving characteristic but different glimpses of the vast and ineffable interior. Or, to change the figure, every composer is like one of these modern resonators, giving voice when awakened by his own fundamental. His personality is reflected in his music—his fancy, his seriousness, his playfulness, his sense of the everlasting and the eternal, his conception or intuition of the sublime. Everything that he says in all his many volumes of works clusters around a very small number of radical types of musical mood. His treatment of themes is personal and characteristic, in such degree that a good musician would be able to identify any well known composer by his style alone—particularly is this true of the classical writers, in spite of the vast number of clever imitators among their contemporaries.

It is evident that if there be anything in the art of music calculated to repay study and knowledge, this latter kind of understanding of it, or educated intuition concerning it, is the

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form in which the knowledge ought to be possessed, and the only form in fact which has in it promise and potency of culture. Therefore the question comes up as to whether it is practicable to form reading or study circles working along the track if this inner knowledge of music, and if, when a prescribed course has been carried out, there is any practicable method of ascertaining the results for purposes of certification.

* * *

As to the former of these questions I speak tentatively, because as yet nothing of this kind has been successfully carried out. It cannot be done by mere hearing, as in the Derthick clubs, even when a mollifying sauce of "analysis" has been poured over the hearers, by way of preliminary libation. The difficulty is that to hear, in this musicianly sense, a great deal of quiet "contemplation," as the Germans call it, is necessary. You can discover that the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata is a sad song of some kind by a single hearing; but one needs to hear it a dozen times, and in different moods, before one fully realizes its depth and beauty. The same is true of the comparatively light fragment, the second movement in the same work. Still more hearings are necessary for the finale, because it is longer, more impassioned, and contains a larger number of strongly marked thematic subjects.

My own recipe for bringing a student to an appreciation of a work of this kind (I speak now of pupils) is to require memorizing. By the time one has memorized the three movements and can play them well, one necessarily knows many particulars concerning the work which the mere hearer passes unnoticed. Moreover, while it is possible to memorize the work without feeling its beauty, it very rarely happens. It is like setting a student to draw a beautiful monument of architecture, such, for instance, as the Cologne cathedral; he will be a very dull student whose fancy does not kindle when he traces carefully the delicate lines of the pinnacles, the flying buttresses, and all the detail of this highly ornate and beautiful monument of the mediæval gothic. The difference be-

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tween the observer who draws what he sees, thereby concentrating his perceptions, and the observer who merely sees, is nearly the same as the difference between the music hearer who hears carefully and completely, and the one who hears a work once.

* * *

One trouble with the club work, as it is commonly carried out, is trying to do too much. If you pass through Switzerland upon a train of cars and are notified here and there that the glittering snow-peak flying by is Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, Pilatus, the Jungfrau, etc., it will be very fine to remember later on that you have seen these great and celebrated objects. But if you remain a week or a fortnight in the vicinity of any one of these great landmarks of the Alps, your conception of it will not only be far more clear, but your impression of its characteristic mood and objective effect upon your feelings will also clear up.

Now a great sonata, such as the "Appassionata" of Beethoven, is like one of these great mountains. You cannot rush out any moment and come into its presence. If you play, it is a question of mood and preparation; if you hear some one else, it is a question of occasion. Nevertheless, to know the sonata you must come into close acquaintance with it. Your impressions must not be too far apart. And as in the case of knowing "Hamlet," it will be a question of co-operation between much closet study of the Shakespearean writing and occasional and widely separated hearings of it. Obviously, it will not be possible to gulp down in a single term a real knowledge of a half-dozen Shakespearean plays, fully conceived in their poetic meaning and beauty; still less to swallow in a single term a mature knowledge of the masterpieces of the entire Elizabethan epoch in English literature.

What the intelligent student has to do, therefore, is to make a selection of a certain small number of objects of study. In music he must confine his attention to a small number of well contrasted masterpieces. These he must study in their details and in their total expression. If he plays but little, this little will be of great assistance to his work, if he uses it judicious-

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ly. If he is obliged to depend upon the playing of others he will have to acquire a musical conceptive and representative faculty, able to bring up in his mind an impression of the music as he follows the printed pages. Then, by the aid of study and judiciously selected accessory reading, he will make progress along the true road of musical appreciation. No doubt the field is large and life too short to know everything one would like to find out. So it is. The fact has been scientifically determined. Let us accept it and do the best we can within the limits possible.

* * *

But supposing it possible for a circle to work along a selected line, as indicated in the preceding paragraph, the question still remains how the central bureau is to ascertain the quality of the work done. This is truly a very crucial question, and one which it is not possible to answer satisfactorily. If the student is a good player it might be easy to find out that he had played the works to the pleasure of others. But then credulous people lie dreadfully when it is a question of "appreciating art." How are we to detect the false? I am not prepared to answer this. The best I can see is to take it upon faith. Certain evidences of having studied the works and the books about them can be given. The depth of the resulting culture we must leave for the recording angel to determine. Something, no doubt, could be safely inferred from the equation between what the candidate says and what he does not say. Many persons might speak of Beethoven with effusion. But the candidate admiring Beethoven's thunder storm as played upon the organ at Freiburg in Switzerland would be discredited in musical circles as against the one who heard it in a Richter concert at London, particularly if this one should happen to remember the additional fact that the alleged thunder storm occurred in the Sixth symphony.

* * *

It is something to know that there is an art of music. And more to know that in the art of music there are great and beautiful master-works. There are whole countries mostly peopled with folks who do not know these facts. There are

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musicians who know that there are great and beautiful master-works but do not believe it. Such are the contradictions of the human spirit.

There are those who know that there is classical music. And there are some who know the further fact concerning it that "it is a great deal better than it sounds." There are, however, musicians who do not believe this. It is a line in culture to know that Schumann was an exquisite tone-poet, particularly of the piano. Nevertheless, there are teachers of piano who regard him as "wanting in form, and without beauty," and who consider his second Kreisleriana "tiresome and uninteresting." So, no doubt, there are races of men who would not regard the Sistine Madonna as a particularly attractive woman.

Every grade of knowledge, from absolute ignorance of music up, is creditable and to be desired. And if one cannot know music, the next best thing will be to know about music; and next to this to know that one ought to know about music. It is this latter grade which the college president of the future will have to encounter among his pass examinations.

* * *

In one of his many interesting articles Mr. Philip Hale, of Boston, takes up the question whether a musical critic ought to allow himself to become acquainted with artists whom, in the pursuit of his calling, it may be his duty to criticise. The difficulties of the situation are pointed out; when, after having had a pleasant evening with Mr. Spielini, a night or two later his very bad playing comes up for discussion in the journal upon which the critic is a writer. It is pointed out that in the nature of the case the cordial relations established between the critic and the artist will prevent the cold truth being told in regard to a performance which left many things to be desired.

* * *

If it were the principal office of the critic to point out shortcomings in performances, the argument above outlined would be conclusive; and, immediately upon having been appointed critic upon a reputable paper, the newspaper man should be

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carefully secluded from the world in order that nothing might influence him improperly or disturb his equipoise; and from this seclusion he would be allowed to emerge only long enough to listen to the performances that he was called upon to hear.

There is, however, another side to the function of the musical critic, which this argument fails to take into account. While the love of music is almost universal, a love for and appreciation of the higher kinds of music are by no means universal, even in the more advanced and cultivated natures. It is one of the most important functions of the musical critic to assist in the proper appreciation of the master-works of musical art; not so much perhaps by giving highly enthusiastic opinions concerning them as by pointing out from time to time the salient points in which they appeal to the musical lover. In order to do this something beyond cold-blooded study of the works is absolutely indispensable. Music is peculiarly an enthusiastic art. Even a Bach fugue is enthusiastic, although is an enthusiasm of intellect rather than an enthusiasm of feeling. Now the central difficulty in the life of a musical critic is the loss of this enthusiasm, which in the beginning may have been his normal condition with regard to music; through being compelled to hear many musical performances, and especially very many imperfect and immature musical performances, he comes to the condition of regarding public performance as a bore to be avoided when possible, to be heard grudgingly and as little as possible, at best.

This attitude of mind is fatal to the influence of the musical writer. It prevents his discovering the good points in performances of old works and leaves him so blasé and indifferent that he finds nothing admirable in the new works which come to his hearing; and it reduces his intellectual processes to equasions of singing flat or sharp, of phrasing, of touch, technic, and other dry-as-dust properties.

* * *

There are two ways in which a professional musical writer can avoid falling permanently into this undesirable attitude. One of these is through a persistent and continued study of music as an art upon his own account, with abundance of

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fresh material. In this way new impressions are awakened in him and he keeps himself to some extent responsive to musical impressions. The other way is through the kindling influence of hearing important master-works well played by artists. It sometimes happens that a newspaper writer numbers among his friends a real master in artistic interpretation. It often happens in a case of this kind that different master-works come up for discussion, opinions are expressed concerning them and the work is played repeatedly by the artist in defense of his own opinion or in controversy with the opinion of the other. From this kind of musical intercourse the highest possible advantage is derived by the newspaper man, an advantage which he cannot by any possibility have in equal measure in any other way. Nor will it entirely matter whether the artist in question is absolutely of the very greatest kind or only relatively great and in specialties. There is no successful singer or player from which something cannot be learned. Among other things quite as important to the critic is to learn the personal equasion and to observe how these limitations restrict their ministry in art, and in my opinion the advantage of the critic from intercourse of this kind is much more than enough to offset any possible disadvantage to his writing from his failure to comment in sufficiently severe terms upon the shortcomings of the performances of this same artist.

* * *

The real function of the writer upon music, let it be repeated, is to carry over to the reader something of this enthusiasm which fills him when really great art is brought to his attention. The critical discussion of shortcomings in performances is comparatively a much smaller matter; a matter which if personally applied at so much per hour would indeed have a commercial value to the performers needing criticism, but for the public a matter of very slight importance indeed. Whereas, on the other hand, the enthusiasm and warm-hearted appreciation of good music is something which is of the very greatest value to everybody who learns how to exercise it, and, like religion and many forms of goodness, it is, as the com-

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mon people say, "catching"—and in this point of view the critic is somewhat in the position of a public inoculator of art enthusiasm.

* * *

I was a little surprised that in his discussion Mr. Hale made no mention of the benefit that the artist himself might derive from intimate association with the critic, and I think that in this respect something might be said. The musical artist is very dependent upon moods and sympathetic appreciation; not that he wishes always to be admired, but he would like to try his conceptions of master-works upon hearers who have the necessary cultivation to take them seriously and perhaps to hear them critically, and in the nature of the case the intelligent musical critic is in better position to appreciate the strong points of an artist's interpretation than any other hearer whatever, except, indeed, a sympathetic brother artist.

* * *

Of course it will be seen in the previous paragraph that I am speaking with reference to players. And it is curious that there is much less benefit to be derived from an intimate association with singers, because it is very rare indeed that one meets a singer who has for his art the same kind of intelligent conception that an instrumental performer necessarily has for his. The repertory of the singer is generally rather limited; the voice is a rather delicate instrument and is only exercised now and then and it almost never happens that in an intimate association with a singer one is able to learn anything more of the masterpieces of song which form their repertory, than he can learn from hearing the public performances, so little attention do they give to practice and repetitions; whereas the player repeats incessantly.

The player's fingers are supposed to be inexhaustible. They never get hoarse, and playing one or two sonatas to-day will cut no figure in any possible public duty to-morrow, except perhaps to its advantage. Whereas, with the singer a single impassioned aria to-day might seriously interfere with a concert's success upon the morrow. Therefore, I should also draw the line and say that the advantages of association between

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a critical writer and singers would consist mainly in the pleasure of personal contact and in the acquisition of a certain amount of information incident to the singer's trade; but that of artistic inspiration, as such, very little would result. And at the same time the social intimacy might unfavorably affect the impartiality of the critical writer later on. But with the instrumental performer, where the field is so much larger and the music so much more serious and absolute in its nature, the advantages of a certain amount of intimate association with artists are very great indeed to the writer who has to comment upon such work; and that the impairment of judicial impartiality, if resulting in particular cases, is comparatively unimportant.

* * *

According to the philosophy of Hegel nothing is so eternal and indestructible as the ideal. Nevertheless I have to confess that my ideal has received a decided set-back, if it has not been actually shattered, in an important particular, concerning which I now unfold. One of the principles in musical criticism as well established as any is that which accords Schubert the rank of melodist of never failing spontaneity and freshness, and all of us who write for the newspapers have occasional spells of wondering why singers do not sing Schubert's songs more often.

Schubert, as everybody knows, wrote about six hundred songs, the texts of many of them having been chosen impromptu; simply on reading a poem, if it suggested a melody, he immediately set it in song. In this way many of his most beautiful works were improvised, the famous Serenade in D minor being one of them.

Not long ago I had occasion to turn over two volumes of Schubert's songs in search of something attractive which I might have overlooked. At the beginning of the first volume I found the famous collection of the "Maid and the Mill," which contains a considerable number of pleasing melodies, but when you come down to the actual question of whether one should sing them now, there are only one or two of the whole lot that are really worth singing; the rest are pleasing

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melodies, but they are far from being available for use in an audience or for the purposes of private study. One of the reasons for this is that the poetry itself is of slight force, and the music, if possible, of less. There are in this collection no less than twenty songs, occupying seventy-five pages of the book, and the Germans have spells of "piety" (as they very properly call it) when they sing the whole twenty at a single dose, just as they would complete a smallpox or typhoid fever if they had to; but for Americans I am free to say there are other ways of spending the time more profitably.

Passing the "Maid of the Mill," we come to the equally celebrated "Winter Journey"; in this collection there are twenty-four songs, seventy-four pages in all, songs of a melancholy character. The young man, disappointed in love, starts on a journey through a dismal country in stormy weather, most of it cold. In one place he complains that the frozen tears are falling unheeded from his cheek. This certainly indicates a cold world indeed, although whether it would have bettered it any to have taken time to have thawed the tear is another question. Musically considered, the pieces in this set are very clever, but all of them are in the minor mode and dismal.

Following this comes the set known as the "Swan Songs," extending to fifty-eight pages, many of which are very attractive indeed; among them are the well-known Serenade in D minor, "By the Sea," and the rather pleasing "Carrier Pigeon." Otherwise there is very little in the remaining songs in this set. Then comes the celebrated collection known as the "Favorite Songs" of Schubert; and there we find the stand-bys which have kept his name green—"The Erl King," "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel," "Hedge Roses," "Trout," "The Young Nun," etc.; in all twenty-four songs, among them the most beautiful known to us; nevertheless there are several of these which are of limited value at the present time.

In the second volume (I speak now of the Schirmer edition) there are eighty-two songs on poems from Goethe and others, and, while the Schubert melodic gift and musical expression are sufficiently apparent, there are very few in the whole set for singers to select for public appearance or for an audience to hear.

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What then? Simply this: The works of Schubert are peculiarly unequal, as a consequence of two peculiarities of his; first he selected a text for its pleasing him at the moment. Perhaps a moment later he would have cared less for it. Then the text, casually selected, he set to music a la improvisation. Perhaps if he had taken more pains his songs would have been fuller of meaning at this present. And in those moments when Schubert was at his best, his art is eternal. Meanwhile there have been song-writers since—Schumann, Franz, and, last of all, Brahms. When we have definitely ascertained that many of the songs of Schubert no longer please us, then we abide for a time by those which do. Later we pass on to the writers who, living under the environment of a half-century later than Schubert, come nearer to representing the soul-life of today.

* * *

And in this connection I may as well confess that Handel is another idol of mine whose bubble has been dangerously near being pricked. I have always had the idea that Handel did important things in his Italian operas. On turning over several of them I find that he generally composed an opera inside of a fortnight; and that in any opera there are rarely more than one or two good melodies. They are impromptu affairs which, if effective, must have been made so by the art of the singer. And if there happens to be some one in the congregation able to tell me why we should respect Handel's operas and speak slightingly of those of Rossini, the columns of MUSIC are open to him.

* * *

But speaking of art, what a revelation we have had in Chicago this year in the piano works of Brahms which Mr. Godowsky has brought out! He has played the Scherzo in E flat minor; the Handel variations with the magnificent fugue, both books of the Paganini variations and several of the Ballades and Intermezzos. Mr. Godowsky has played privately many other works of the same great masters, and wonderful works they are. Full of sentiment, delicate melody, deep feeling and the most stupendous structural technic. Here is a world of music which the next generation will know more about. But there is no hurry. W. S. B. M.

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COUNT ROZWADOWSKI.

Among the friends of musical art in Chicago few have been more untiring and enthusiastic than Count Rozwadowski, the distinguished Consul of the King of Italy to Chicago. Count Rozwadowski is of an old Polish family, Italian by nationality for several generations. He was born in Constantinople while his father was in the diplomatic service there. The Count made his studies in jurisprudence and duly graduated from one of the leading Italian universities at an early age and immediately was assigned to consular service, in which he has won distinction. He has been stationed at Alexandria, in Egypt (where he married the Countess Rozwadowski—a beautiful and fascinating woman), and later at Brazil and Chicago.

Count Rozwadowski is an enthusiastic amateur musician, a fine pianist, a splendid sight-reader, and a persistent patron of musical art. As a man he is courteous, high-bred, diplomatic in intercourse, and a firm friend. He is a persistent advocate of the music of Italy and makes it his business to do all in his power to make it better known wherever he may happen to live. It would be a fine thing for America if our consular service was conducted by men of this type, who know how to insist upon their rights without being disagreeable and are in touch with culture and art.

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COUNT ROZWADOWSKI.

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TAUSIG, KLINDWORTH AND BUELOW.

Tausig is upon the reader's left; Klindworth in the middle. By permission of Mr. Ad. M. Foerster of Pittsburgh, to whom the photo was presented by Klindworth, in October, 1888.

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LISZT, REMENYI AND BRAHMS.

The accompanying illustration of Liszt, Remenyi and Brahms is from a photograph by Albert, of Munich. The

LISZT, REMENYI AND BRAHMS.
From a photograph kindly loaned by Mr. Ad. M. Foerster, Pittsburgh.

portrait of Brahms is open to doubt, since it differs so greatly from anything seen elsewhere of him.

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SOME INTERESTING ITALIAN AUTOGRAPHS.

Among the additions to the faculty of the Chicago Musical College for the coming season is the name of the distinguished

SIGNOR ARTURO BUZZI-PECCIA.

Italian teacher of singing, composer and conductor, Signor Arturo Buzzi-Peccia, whose rank as composer in Italy is very

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near the highest, while his distinction as teacher of singing, musical conductor and interpretative artist is such that some of the most noted Italian singers study roles with him, as note the statement of the great tenor, Tamagno, below. Last month one of his symphonic poems, "Re Alfagar," was performed by an orchestra of 120 at La Scala under the direction of Mascagni, and created a furore.

Incidentally the negotiations with Signor Buzzi-Peccia resulted in a collection of important Italian autographs, and on account of the eminence of two of the writers their letters are here given in full.

Verdi writes:—"Maestro Buzzi-Peccia has attained the highest eminence as a composer of symphonic as well as lyric music. Here in Milan he is pursuing his profession as vocal master with the greatest success; and if the Chicago Musical College appoints him as vocal teacher it will do honor to merit and will be useful to art.

"With respectful esteem, I am,

"Sincerely yours."

From Boito, composer of Mefistofele:—"I am happy the occasion is presented to me to manifest the great esteem I have for Maestro Buzzi-Peccia. He holds a very notable place among the greatest musicians of Italy. He received the traditions of the beautiful Italian art of singing from his father and has produced many eminent pupils. I beg you to accept the expression of my best regards."

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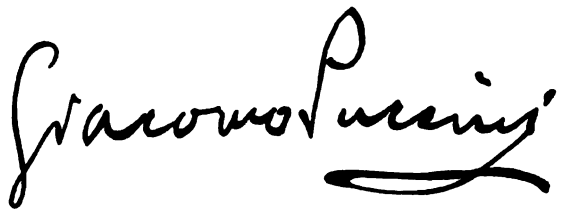
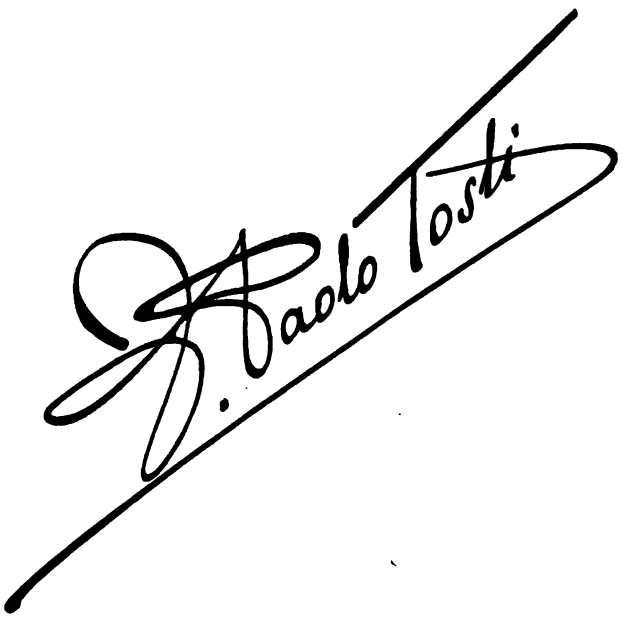
From Puccini, composer of La Boheme, etc.:—



Tosti, the celebrated song-writer:—



Gallignani, director Conservatory of Music, Milan:—

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

LONDON LETTER.

By Horace Ellis.

Moszkowski is certainly popular in London, for he met with an enthusiastic reception at the fourth Philharmonic concert, Thursday evening, May 12, when he made his English debut as a pianist. He plays much better than I expected, appearing to more advantage in his Concerto with Orchestra in E, Op. 59, than in his smaller pieces, "Air," from Suite Op. 50, and "Caprice Espagnol." His work is characterized rather by strength and bravura than by delicacy.

The Concerto is one which would be a valuable addition to any pianist's repertoire on account of its effectiveness and brilliancy, although it contains no great nobility of musical thought. It is in four movements, i. e., Moderato, E major; Andante, C sharp minor; Scherzo, Vivace, C sharp minor and major; Allegro deciso, E major. It owes much of its effectiveness to the piano being so constantly used to embellish the themes heard in the orchestra.

The most striking event of the evening to us was the performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto by Emile Sauret. I think I have never heard it played better, and certainly I never heard Sauret do so well. It would have been difficult to find a flaw anywhere in technique, phrasing, intonation, shading and general conception.

The vocalist, Marcella Pregi, seemed to be somewhat nervous and consequently, it is to be presumed, did not do herself full justice in her two numbers, "Piangerò" (Giuglio Cesare) Handel, and "Deh vievi" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Mozart.

The evening opened with Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture and Moszkowski brought it to a close by conducting three selections from his Ballet "Laurin."

Vladimir de Pachmann reappeared in London, after five years' absence, the afternoon of May 14, at St. James' Hall, and played the following compositions: Sonata, G minor, Op. 22, Warum, Grillen, In der Nacht (Fantasiestücke,Op.12,) Schumann; Ballade, Op. 47, A flat, Impromptu, Op. 36, F sharp, Trois Préludes, Trois Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 7, 9 and 6, Deux Mazurkas, and Valse, Op. 64, No. 1, D flat, Chopin; Legende (St. Francois de Paule Marchant sur les plots) and Tarantella (Venezia E Napoli), Liszt.

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This is the same old Pachmann, except that he has altered his appearance by shaving off his beard. He gesticulates to and ogles his audience as much as ever and plays Chopin in the manner we are all familiar with.

Mr. Schulz-Curtins made an addition to the list of celebrated conductors that he has introduced to London, Tuesday evening, May 17, at Queen's Hall, when Herr Felix Weingartner made his first appearance here.

Herr Weingartner was born June 2, 1863, at Zara (Dalmatia). He began the study of music at an early age at Graz under Dr. W. Mayer, going from thence in 1881 to Leipzig to attend the Royal Conservatoire, where he obtained a scholarship from the Austrian government and the Mozart prize. His opera "Sakuntala" was, through the influence of Liszt, produced at Weimer in 1884, and from 1884 to 1889 he was conductor at the theaters of Königsburg, Danzig and Hamburg. In 1891 he was appointed Court Conductor at Berlin and given the direction of the Royal Symphony Concerts. He has written two operas beside the one mentioned above ("Malawika," given in 1886 at Munich, and "Genesius," in 1892, at Berlin), and several symphonic poems and songs.

I was disappointed with Weingartner as a conductor. There was nothing remarkable in the work of the orchestra under his bâton, and he did not appear to impress his personality upon the players. Also it seemed to me he exhibited a certain amount of affectation, although his movements were quiet.

As a composer he was still more disappointing, if one is to judge from his Symphonic Poem, "King Lear," which had never been played in England before. His themes are devoid of melodic interest and his counterpoint is labored; the composition altogether smelling strongly of the lamp, and of Wagner. The orchestration is better, but too noisy, there being little rest for the weary ear.

The entire program was: Overture, "Der Freischütz," Weber; "Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; Symphonic Poem, "King Lear," Weingartner; Vorspiel, with close from Act. III., "Parsifal," Wagner; Symphony in A, No. 7, Beethoven. I may mention that this was called a "Wagner Concert."

Another ex-"Wunderkind" has appeared here to challenge criticism in the pianistic arena, no longer as a child but as a man. I refer to Otto Hegner, who gave a recital Thursday afternoon, May 19, at St. James' Hall. The list of pieces he presented was long and ambitious, being: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Op. 24, Brahms; Sonata Appasionata, Op. 57, Beethoven; Fantasie, Op. 17, Schumann; Ballade, G minor, Op. 23, Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 3 and Polonaise, A flat major, Op. 53, Chopin; Scherzo, E minor, Op. 16, Mendelssohn; Soirée de Vienne, No. 6, Schubert-Liszt; Valse Caprice, No. 1, "Nachtfalter," Strauss-Tausig; "Don Juan Fantasie," Liszt.

Hegner, now a good-looking young chap in frock-coat, etc., en

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règle, has confidence in himself, has, as was to be expected, a good technique, but cannot be compared, at least at present, with the giants of the keyboard on account of immaturity. Strange to say, of the numbers I heard, he did best with the Schumann selection. His ideas of Chopin are rather crude and the G minor Ballade was devoid of feeling.

Now we come to the woman who plays like a man—Teresa Carrêno, who has returned to London after being away about three years, giving her first recital Monday afternoon, May 23, at St. James' Hall.

While one often feels that Madame Carrêno would be all the better for a little more "classical repose," still there is a refreshing absence of mawkish sentimentality about her, such feeling being swept away by her unflagging spirit and abandon. Her association with D'Albert did a great deal, I think, to broaden her work. Many enthusiastic exclamations in the Spanish tongue, if I mistake not, came from members of the audience. I append a list of the pieces she played: Fantasie Chromatique and Fugue, J. S. Bach; Sonata quasi una Fantasia, Op. 27, No. 1, Beethoven; Deux Préludes, Op. 21 and Op. 22, Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, Etude in G flat, and Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53, Chopin; Etudes Symphoniques, Schumann; Impromptu, Schubert; "La Campanella," Paganini-Liszt; March Militaire, Schubert-Tausig.

The first Richter concert of the season was given the evening of May 23, at St. James' Hall, with this program: Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade," Op. 35, N. Rimsky-Korsakoff; Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven; Symphony, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68, Brahms.

Most interest centered in the Rimsky-Korsakoff Suite, which had never been given at these concerts before and which was practically new to London. You have heard it under Thomas, I believe, so I need not discuss it at length. I think in it the use of solo string instruments is carried to excess, and in this particular performance the soloists hardly covered themselves with glory, their intonation and quality of tone not being at all times impeccable. Indeed, the whole orchestra was not as much at home as it usually is when handling a work for the first time.

Again were we disappointed at the fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society, Thursday evening, May 26, for, instead of Dvorák conducting, as was originally announced, and the production for the first time in England of a new symphonic Poem of his, Moszkowski was brought to the fore again, directing his Orchestral Suite in F, which was composed for and dedicated to the Philharmonic Society in 1886.

The concert calls for little comment, so I will content myself with saying that the pianist, Miss Ella Pancera, is of much more than ordinary ability and is establishing a reputation here; that

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Moszkowski was again well received, that Giulia Ravogli was the vocalist, and give the program: Symphony, No. 2, in D, Beethoven; Air, "Inflammatus" (Stabat Mater), Dvorák; Concerto, Pianoforte and Orchestra, Schumann; Orchestral Suite in F. Moszkowski.

Opera is now in full swing at Covent Garden, but no novelty has as yet been produced, the changes being run on well-known works.

So far there have been twenty performances, ten of which were devoted to Wagner, whose name now spells money. "Lohengrin" has been given three times, "Die Walküre," "Tristan and Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger" twice each and "Tannhauser" once. Of operas by other composers Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" has been given three times, "Carmen" the same number, "Faust" twice and Boito's "Mefistopele," Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis" and Gluck's "Orfeo" once each. The evening of May 17 a double bill was given, which accounts for the extra opera in the above list.

Among the singers who have appeared are Mmes. Calvé, Eames, Nordica, Brema, Zelie de Lussan, Marie Engle, Czink, Bauermeister, Margaret Reid, Suzanne Adams, Fanchon Thompson, Meisslinger, Pacary and Saville, and MM. Jean and Eduard de Reszke, Van Dyck, Saleza, Soulacroix, Costa, Bounard, Plancon, Albers, Pringle, Van Rooy, Gilibert, Feinhals, Meux, etc. The conductors are Mancinelli, Flou and Zumpe.

"Lohengrin" was selected for the opening night, May 9, and an audience assembled that was said to be a record one for such an occasion. The performance could not be termed altogether satisfactory, but it improved as the evening went on. Van Dyke, the Lohengrin, acted better than he sang. Herr Feinhals, a newcomer, took the part of Telramund, and was afflicted with vibrato. Emma Eames as Elsa and Marie Brema as Ortrud carried off the honors. Mancinelli handled the orchestra with discretion.

The second evening Miss Suzanne Adams, an American soprano, made her appearance in "Romeo et Juliette" and was at once received with favor by her hearers, as was also the French tenor M. Saleza.

"Die Walküre" was given May 11 and introduced a new Sieglinde in the person of Mme. Czink, whose voice is hardly strong enough, and a new conductor, Herr Hermann Zumpe, who, I understand, has been approached to go to New York and take up his abode there. He has had a Bayreuth training and so far has not shown himself better than many other leaders we possess.

Jean de Reszke and Mme. Nordica appeared in "Tristan and Isolde," May 14, and in spite of the price of some of the seats being raised the house was filled. De Reszke's interpretation of the misguided knight was as strong as ever and Nordica showed the gratifying results of hard study.

Mme. Calvé made her entrée May 26 in Boito's chaotic "Mefistofele," she not having been heard at Covent Garden since 1895.

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Considerable curiosity has been felt here to see her in this work and the general verdict as to her performance is decidedly in her favor. She also appeared last night as "Carmen," which part had been taken by Zelie de Lussan in the two previous representations of the opera.

London, June 1, 1898.

MUSIC AT THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

The following are some of the very important musical performances promised Omaha which, if carried out, will have been played before this number reaches the readers:

June 7—Bruck's "Fair Ellen," Exposition Chorus Director, Thomas Kelly; soprano, Miss Anna Metcalf, St. Louis; barytone, Charles W. Clark, Chicago.

June 13—Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus," Exposition Chorus. Soprano, Mrs. Sophia Markee, Boston; tenor, Holmes Cowper, Chicago; bass, Edward Kuss, Chicago.

June 24—Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Apollo Club, Chicago. Director, William L. Tomlins; soprano, Miss Jenny Osborn, Chicago; alto, Mrs. Katharine Fisk, New York; tenor, George Hamlin, Chicago; bass, Frank King Clark, Chicago; youth, Master George Meader, Chicago.

June 23—Goring-Thomas' "Swan and Skylark" and "Messiah" (selections), Handel. Director, William Tomlins, Apollo Club, Chicago; soprano, Miss Helen Buckley, Chicago; alto, Miss Bessie Campbell, Chicago; tenor, George Hamlin, Chicago; bass, Frank King Clark, Chicago.

June 25—Haydn's "Creation" and "Barbara Fritchie," Jules Jordan. Director, Mr. Pontius, Dubuque Chorus. Soprano, Mrs. Sophia Markee, Boston; alto, Miss Estelle Rose, Chicago; tenor, Henry Snow, Chicago.

June 27—Cowen's "Rose Maiden," Exposition Chorus. Soprano, Miss Jenny Osborn, Chicago; alto, Miss Mabelle Crawford, Chicago; tenor, Holmes Cowper, Chicago; barytone, Charles W. Clark, Chicago.

June 27—Willard Patten's "Isaiah," Minneapolis Chorus. Director, Willard Patten; soprano, Mr. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Chicago; alto, Mrs. Katharine Fisk, New York; tenor, Frederick Carberry, Chicago; barytone, Charles W. Clark, Chicago.

The auditorium at the exposition has a seating capacity of 3,000 people. It contains a large pipe organ and a stage to accommodate chorus and orchestra. There are two entrances to the auditorium, one from the exposition grounds and one from the outside, so that anyone desirous of attending a concert without entering the grounds may be privileged to do so. This feature is an improvement over

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the plan at the world's fair at Chicago, where many failed to attend the concerts owing to a double entrance fee.

Following are the topics for the "musical congress" July 1 to 4:

"The Piano and Emotion," Constantine Von Sternberg, Philadelphia, Pa.; "The Relativity of Tones," A. J. Goodrich, Chicago, Ill.; "Our National Music," Louis C. Elson, Boston, Mass.; "Music as a Factor in an American Education," Geo. C. Gow, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; "Music in the Public Schools," N. Coe Stewart, Cleveland, O.; "The Harmonic Basis of Indian Music," Jno. C. Fillmore, Pomona College, Claremont, Cal.; "The Influence Upon Music of Greek and German Mythology," Jno. S. Van Cleve, Chicago, Ill.; "Music and the Development of Child Individuality," Wm. L. Tomlins, Chicago, Ill.; "The Soul of Beethoven's Music," Albert Ross Parsons, New York; "The Place and Influence of the Organ in the Development of Musical Art," Dr. Gerrit Smith, New York; "The Songs of the Indians," Francis La Flesche, Washington, D. C.; "The Voice as a Painter of Emotion," Mrs. Katharine Fisk, New York; "The Artistic Temperament," Wm. Armstrong, Chicago, Ill.

"FERVAAL" IN PARIS.

Mr. Vincent d' Indy's grand opera of "Fervaal" was given at the Opera Comique in Paris on the 21st of May and following days, and the performance was attended by Mr. Clarence Eddy, who sends a number of appreciative remarks. He says: "The scoring was full, rich and very interesting." The general opinion of the French papers is that this opera was a very brilliant success. This beautiful work will probably be heard in America somewhere about the end of the next century, so those of our readers who happen to be above ground at that time will have an opportunity to find out whether this was right.

COMPETITION IS THE LIFE OF TRADE.

Music students who are competitatively inclined have had a great month of it in June, 1898, in Chicago. Some years ago the Musical College commenced to offer prizes of gold medals and other distinctions to successful students. The range of these prizes has gradually been extended until at the present time there are five medals available for post-graduates, six for the graduating classes, nineteen for the younger classes, three for the violin department, six for the teachers' certificate class, and three for the vocal department, in all forty-two. The object for which these medals are given is as various as possible in order to afford opportunity for all kinds of talent to earn distinction. As the classes at the Musical College are very large, the graduating class usually numbering fifty or more, and the teachers' certificate something over a hundred, the troublesome work of the college faculty of deciding which ones of the

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pupils may be permitted to enter the public competition is a task by no means to be envied.

At the American Conservatory, which in point of numbers of students is a good second to the Musical College, almost as many prizes are available, the distribution of them causing the same kind of trouble. There are also in some of the other schools prizes offered, so that in this month of June in Chicago somewhere between three and four hundred students have been engaged in competition, and about ninety or more of them have actually gained the prizes for which they were competing.

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THE GODOWSKY RECITALS.

The remarkable series of piano recitals by Mr. Godowsky came to an end with the last program in the list below, May 31, thus closing a record-breaking series. The souvenir program of the closing concert contained the following prefatory remarks, which cover the ground:

The attention of advanced students of the piano is invited to this remarkable series of programs upon several grounds. First, on account of the very large number of works represented; the aggregate of such pieces being eighty-five.

Second, to the wide representation of certain phases of piano playing which are very rarely illustrated in concert programs, such as the works of Brahms, of which we have in this series of recitals the beautiful scherzo in E flat minor, that so pleased Schumann when Brahms played it to him; the variations and fugue upon the Handel theme; the two sets of variations upon the Paganini theme, and several of the ballads and caprices. The Paganini variations, and the fugue in the Handel variations belong, as is well known, to the highest department of virtuoso piano playing. In this direction, also, the "Oriental Islamey" fantasie of Balakireff; the Josef Rubenstein arrangement of "Siegfried and the Rhine Daughters"; the Liszt arrangement of the "Tannhauser" Overture; Mr. Godowsky's own paraphrase of Chopin's Waltz, Op. 18, and his epoch marking arrangement of the Chopin studies for the left hand, make up a combination of pieces which can be successfully presented only by a virtuoso of the first rank.

Equally remarkable do these recitals appear, when studied from the side of diversified poetic conception. Beginning with Schumann, who stands as the type and greatest composer for the piano from the romantic standpoint, we have had the "Papillons," the "Carnival," the "Davidsbuendler," the "Phantasie," the "Etudes Symphoniques," the two sonatas in F sharp minor and G minor, and the "Kreisleriana." All of these have been played with that technical facility which so wonderfully distinguishes Mr. Godowsky's work; but above all with musical and poetical insight of

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the highest possible order. Of Chopin the representation has been very complete. Besides the list of the smaller pieces we have had here the two sonatas in B flat minor and B minor, a very beautiful reading of the third Ballade, some wonderfully finished playing of a number of the studies, the whole illustrating this side of piano playing in the most thorough manner.

The character and place of Liszt in art has been taken much more seriously by Mr. Godowsky than by many other pianists. The programs contain, as will be seen, several of the usual Liszt concert pieces, two or three of his very rarely played concert studies, some of the Schubert and Wagner transcriptions, and, most interesting of all, perhaps, that Mephistophelean work, the Liszt sonata in B minor, which is practically a symphony for the pianoforte.

In spite of what is so often written about the musical atmosphere into which a student enters who goes to Europe to study, it will be seen by a little comparison with European musical journals that no similar advantages for pianists to hear the greatest and best works interpreted in a highly poetic style, are offered anywhere else in the world, as this one series of recitals given under the immediate auspices of the Chicago Conservatory.

I.—OCTOBER 28, 1898, 3:15 P. M.

Sonata, op. 81 (E flat), Les Adieux, etc.....Beethoven
Carnival, op 9.....Schumann

(Preambule, Pierrot, Arlequin, Valse noble, Eusebius, Florestan, Coquette, Replique, Papillon, A. S. C. H. S. C. H. A. (Lettres dansantes.) Chiarina, Chopin, Estrella, Reconnaissance, Pantalon et Colombine, Valse Allemande, Paganini, Aveu, Promenade, Pause, Marche des Davidsbuendler, Contre les Philistines.)

Rhapsodie, op 79 (G minor).....Brahms
Scherzo, op 20 (B minor),
Andante Spianato,
Polonaise, op 22 (E flat).....Chopin

II.—NOVEMBER 23, 1898, 3:15 P. M.

Sonata, op 11 (F sharp minor).....Schumann
Scherzo, op 4 (E flat minor).....Brahms
A Night at Lisbon, Barcarolle.....Saint-Saens
Ballet music from "Alceste".....Gluck-Saint-Saens
Kuss-Walzer, Concert paraphrase.....Strauss-Schuett
Elfenspiel, Concert study.....Heymann
Islamey, Oriental Fantasie.....Balakireff
Marche Militaire .....Schubert-Tausig

III.—JANUARY 6, 1898, 3:15 P. M.

Thirty-two Variations (C minor).....Beethoven
Fantasie, op. 17 (C major).....Schumann
(In three movements.)

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Fruehlings-glaube .....Schubert-Liszt
Hungarian March (C minor).....Schubert-Liszt
Scherzo, op 31 (B flat minor),
Impromptu, op. 36 (F sharp),
Sonata, op 35 (B flat minor),
Pesther Carnival (9th Rhapsody).....Liszt

IV.—JANUARY 19, 8:15 P. M.

Variations serieuses, op 54 (D minor).....Mendelssohn
Chromatique Fantasie and Fugue (D minor).....
.....Buelow-Bach
Sonata, op 31, No. 2 (D minor).....Beethoven
Papillons .....Schumann
Polonaise Fantasie, op 61 (A flat),
Berceuse, op 57,
Barcarolle, op 60,
Polonaise, op. 44 (F sharp minor).....Chopin
Eclogue, At the Spring, from "Annees de Pelerinage".....Liszt
Spanish Rhapsody (Folles d' Espagne—Jota Aragonesa).....Liszt

V.—FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 8:15 P. M.

Ballade, in the form of variations, on a Norwegian theme .....Grieg
Ave Maria,
Hark, Hark, the Lark.....Schubert-Liszt
Twelve Etudes Symphoniques, op. 13.....Schumann
Scherzo, op. 39 (C sharp minor),
Ballade, op. 47 (A flat),
Polonaise, op. 53 (A flat).....Chopin
Moto Perpetuo .....Godowsky
Concert Study (F minor),
Concert Study (D flat).....Liszt
Sonata (B minor) .....Liszt

VI.—WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, 8:15 P. M.

Sonata, op. 57 (F minor).....Beethoven
Davidsbuendler (18 pieces), op 6.....Schumann
Variations on a theme by Paganini, op. 35 (Book I.) .....Brahms
5th Barcarolle (A minor).....Rubinstein
Valse, "Man lebt nur einmal," op. 167..Strauss-Tausig
Scherzo, op. 54 (E major),
Etude, op. 25, No. 1 (A flat),
Etude, op. 25, No. 2 (F minor),
Etude, op. 25, No. 3 (F major),
Ballade, op. 23 (G minor).....Chopin

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Quintette from the third act of "Die Meistersinger" .....Wagner-Buelow
"Liebstod," finale from "Tristan and Isolde"....
.....Wagner-Liszt
Gnomenreigen, Waldesrauschen (Concert Studies).
.....Liszt
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Tausig

VII.—MAY 3, 1898, 8:15 P. M.

Sonata, op. 22 (G minor).....Schumann
Twenty-five variations and fugue on a theme by Handel (op. 24) .....Brahms
Siegfried and the Rhine Daughters, from the "Goetterdaemmerung" .....Wagner
(Arr. by Joseph Rubinstein.)
Impromptu, op. 51 (G flat),
Prelude, op 28, No. 17 (A flat),
Etude, op. 10, No. 11 (E flat),
Etude, op. 25, No. 6 (G sharp minor),
Etude, op. 10, No. 1 (C major),
Etude, op. 10, No. 5 (G flat),
(Arr. for the left hand by Leopold Godowsky.)
Sonata, op. 58 (B minor).....Chopin
At Night (Etude).....Glazounoff
Concert Paraphrase on Chopin's Valse, op. 18, (E flat) .....Godowsky
Tarantelle, "Venezia e Napoli".....Liszt

VIII.—MAY 31, 1898, 8:15 P. M.

Prelude and Fugue, op. 35, No. 1 (E minor).....
.....Mendelssohn
Variations on a theme by Paganini, op. 35 (Book II.) .....Brahms
Kreisleriana (eight pieces), op. 16.....Schumann
Daemmerungsbidler, No. 1 (E flat),
Etude in sixths (E flat),
Scherzino, No. 1 (C minor),
Arabesque,
Barcarolle—Valse .....Godowsky
Two Legends .....Liszt
I. St. Paul Marching Over the Waves.
II. St. Francis d' Assize preaching to the Birds.
Study in double notes on Chopin's D Flat Valse, op. 64, No. 1.....Rosenthal
Overture, Tannhauser .....Wagner-Liszt

From a humane standpoint, several of these programs were entirely too long and too severe. Particularly was this true of the fifth, sixth and seventh. Not alone is this too much to take in at a single hearing, but it is also too much for an artist to play, and

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far too much for him to burden himself with preparing between lessons, recitals and the incidents of a musical season. But when this has been said, it remains true that the playing throughout the series has been of the most masterly and delightful description. Whether we contemplate it from the standpoint of the virtuoso, the musician or the interpretative artist, these interpretations have been always musical, and generally poetical and distinguished. So that taken on the whole I think most of the regular attendants would agree with me that the playing has been the most satisfactory we have ever heard. And all who love advanced musical art will join me in thanking Mr. Godowsky for the opportunity of hearing so many works of Brahms, in connection with the best of Brahms' immediate predecessors.

It was in this spirit that the closing recital was interrupted long enough for Miss Julia Caruthers, in behalf of the piano faculty of the Conservatory, to present Mr. Godowsky with a beautifully designed wreath of silver, with a highly complimentary but well deserved inscription.

One of the most interesting features of the closing recital was the introduction of five compositions by Mr. Godowsky himself. Mention has been made in these pages of Mr. Godowsky's unusual qualities as composer, but only rarely has he been induced to place any of his own pieces in a program. The first in the present case was the "Twilight Musing" (Daemmerungsbilder) in E flat—privately printed some years ago under the name of "Hudson River." It is a piece in nocturne style, with a curious persistence of rhythmic and contrapuntal flow, with endless amplitude of harmonic detail, in the little-used measure of 4-2. The left hand works much of the time upon an established figure, partly arpeggio, but complicated by a melodic motive, ascending two octaves and a half and descending again in the same measure. Upon this foundation —which may represent the flow of the river—the main idea is placed, and this in turn is subject to all sorts of clever incidents of accessory motives and treatments. The whole sounds like a true meditation, ever flowing, ever thoughtful, yet ever mystical.

The second is an etude in sixths, from his opus 11, an excessively difficult study, far more difficult than any of those by Chopin, yet of similar build to the studies in double notes in the well-known examples by the great founder of modern key-board facility and expressive grace. As in the other cases of Godowsky pieces, the rhythm is complicated by coquetting with twos and threes, and the harmonic construction is chromatic in the extreme. The piece is something quite as different from a mere exercise as any of those of Chopin; but an idea of its difficulty may be formed from the author's own statement that for him to play it himself as it ought to go would be a matter of three months' practice.

The third piece upon this list was a charming and immensely

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clever Scherzino, the attractive rhythm of which, together with the interesting nature of the work, make it perhaps better for a single hearing than any of the others. The last given was his Barcarolle-Valse, written in 1888 and dedicated to Madame la Comtesse Ferdinand de Lesseps. The Barcarolle, however, was thoroughly reconstructed for the present occasion. The piece, in spite of its double title, is a unity, the Barcarolle serving as introduction and merging almost insensibly into the spirited waltz. A few of the ideas in this waltz are similar to those of Strauss, but they acquire an entirely different complection by the time they are through with the Godowsky tendency to elaboration. The work is very pleasing and brilliant, and would be valuable for concert study if it were published. There was yet another selection, the Valse-Humoresque, which, in the opinion of many, was the most attractive of the lot. The waltz idea is here less prominent than that of a musical humoresque, although the elaboration and the profusion of harmonic detail, together with the pleasing rhythm, combine to make up a highly attractive tone-poem.

All of these pieces belong to the most modern contributions to the tone-art, and all are thoroughly musical and free from the commonplace. The undue luxuriousness of detail has in it something oriental, but there is little or nothing of mere sensuousness in the pieces. All this feature of the work has the character of spontaneous mental activity on the part of the composer. No doubt this elaboration, which, taken with the highly modern harmonies and the endless movement of dissonances, adds so much to the difficulty of preparing the Godowsky pieces for public performance (and by the same token hinders their appreciation upon a single hearing) will later on give place to a soberer conception of the essential art of the tone-poet. Meanwhile these works at least indicate that their author is one to whom music is a native tongue in all its ramifications and subtleties; they also show on the part of the composer a gratifying refinement and poetical conception too rare in current productions. One would say that a young man writing this way should later on turn out master works of the very first order. W. S. B. M.

EVANSTON STRING QUARTETTE.

The Chicago Evening Post pays a well-merited tribute to the string quartette of the Northwestern University. It says:

The entire task of organizing, training and managing the quartet has been performed by the first violinist, Harold E. Knapp. Through his untiring, even heroic, devotion a large amount of the best music, which otherwise would have remained a sealed book to most of his auditors, has been meritoriously performed. Mr. Knapp's playing reveals artistic temperament, intelligence and training, and with this he combines practical organizing force. The

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other members of the quartet are William Konrad, second violin; Caspar Grilnberger, viola, and Franz Wagner, 'cello, all of whom are equal to the task of a correct, intelligent and artistic production of the greatest masterpieces.

The work of the quartet has not been confined to Evanston, but has included a series of recitals at Kenilworth and numerous others in and about Chicago. A satisfactory number of engagements are already booked for next season. Following is a list of the works performed during the season just closed:

Sextet for strings, op. 18—Brahms.
Quintet for piano and strings, op. 44—Schumann.
Quintet for strings, op. 163—Schubert.
Quartets—
Dvorak, op. 96.
Preis quartet in B minor—Josef Miroslav Weber.
Beethoven, op. 74.
Beethoven, op. 95.
Beethoven, op. 18.
Grieg, op. 27.
Tschaikowski, op. 11.
Piano, op. 44—Schumann.

THE CHARACTER OF BRAHMS.

At the funeral of Brahms many beautiful words were spoken, but none more beautiful than the following praise by Dr. Zimmermann:

"A high priest in the sanctuary of the truly beautiful has entered the holiest of the holies; a mighty ruler in the realm of music has put down his sceptre; a soul full of wondrous melodies has breathed his last breath; and a noble hearted man has finished his earthly course! There have been great artists who were small men in character; but Brahms was great and noble both as a man and as an artist. All was harmony in that life. He never strove by flippant tunes to win rapidly fading wreaths of popular favor. He who will gather palms must be content to wait; the lofty and truly beautiful is sure of victory in the end. When a few weeks ago his noble countenance appeared for the last time on the scene of his many triumphs, and when the enthusiasm of a grateful multitude again and again cheered the master already marked for death, he may have felt the joy of one entering a laurel grove of lasting rest and peace. Not that he had ever been greedily anxious for fame and applause; but he felt a man's noblest pride—to be understood by the intelligent. We may esteem him happy in this farewell. Besides his art, three things filled his noble heart with strong affection; first, his German Luther Bible, from which he drew, as from a perennial fountain and as a true Protestant, life and art. Secondly, he was a lover of children, and of their childish minds; to please children, rich or poor, was to him the purest of delights. Thirdly, his heart beat for the poor; wherever he could assist silent

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sufferers—the earnest but unsuccesful student, the dying, the helpless—he proved himself a ready benefactor."

FRAU COSIMA WAGNER AS A BRAHMS STUDENT.

In the London "Musical Opinion" many interesting things concernings Brahms are being published, and among others a copy of a letter which Mme. Wagner wrote to Hans Richter directly after the death of Brahms:

"Beyreuth, April 7th, 1897.

"My dear and highly esteemed friend—The gentlemen of the Society of Musicians have done to my children and to myself the honor of informing us of the death of Johannes Brahms. I could think of nobody better and more suited than the faithful friend of our house to be the mediator as regards the expression of our thanks for this marked attention. And hence I leave this to your care. My long absence from concert life kept me in perfect ignorance of the compositions of the deceased. With the single exception of one chamber music piece, none of his now generally celebrated works have, owing to my particular mode of living, come to my hearing. Personally, also, I had only a passing meeting with him, in the director's box at Vienna, where he had the kindness (Freundlichkeit) to ask to be introduced to me. But it has not escaped my knowledge how noble his ideas and attitude have been in respect of our art, and that his intellect was too powerful to misapprehend what was far removed from his views, and that his character was too lofty to allow any hostility to crop up. And this is indeed sufficient to excite a feeling of genuine sympathy. Pray give due expression to the same. COSIMA WAGNER."

From the foregoing it will be seen that this distinguished representative of one phase of the music of the future has failed to make the acquaintance of any of the works of Brahms except the first trio which he brought to Liszt at Weimar in 1853.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT LOS ANGELOS.

As showing the state of musical taste the following memoranda are given of the prominent numbers in the symphony concerts of the recent series given in Los Angeles. In the first concert Mendelssohn's Overture, "Hebrides," Pierne's Serenade and the Beethoven First Symphony in C major. At the second concert Moszkowski's March d' Entree, from "Boabdil," Mozart's Overture from "Titus," four numbers of ballet music from Gounod's "Faust" and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in B minor.

At the third concert Wagner's Grand March from "Tannhauser," Mendelssohn's Overture, "Ruy Blas," Delibe's Ballet music from

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"Naila," Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite, opus 46, and Brahms' Hungarian Fantasie.

At the fourth concert Cherubini's Overture, "Anacreon," Rubinstein's First Concerto in E Minor (Mr. Thos. W. Wilde), Haydn's Sixth Symphony in G (Surprise).

At the fifth concert Nicolai's Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," two characteristic dances by Rubinstein, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C Minor, and Weber's "Jubel" Overture.

MARTUCCI IN NAPLES.

Through the kindness of Count Rozwadowski, the distinguished Italian consul at Chicago, clippings from Italian newspapers have been received giving an account of the splendid success of the composer Martucci at the production of his symphony in D at the San Carlo Theater in Naples. This work had already been played with success at Verona, Milan, Berlin, Leipsic and Brussels, and in this connection it may be mentioned that the attention of Mr. Thomas was called to this work upwards of two years ago and its performance was promised, in spite of which it has not been heard in Chicago.

The "Naples Courier" is enthusiastic concerning this musical work and says: "After the first movement Martucci received an ovation," and that the enthusiasm increased throughout. Very high praise is also given him for his conducting of the remainder of the programme."

Some time ago Martucci played a series of recitals in Milan, the works being concertos by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin; in addition to this the programme also contained the Sonata by Beethoven, opus 109, which the critics mention as having been played "with crystalline clearness." Curious to say, among the Schumann pieces was the Concert Allegro, opus 80, which is very seldom performed.

In summing up the whole it declares that in all Italy at the present time there is no one of such eminence as this artist, his abilities giving him equal prominence as director of orchestra, as pianist, or as composer. In this connection the programme of the first concert in Naples is worth reading:

Overture di Ifigenia .....Gluck
Sinfonia in re minore.....Martucci
Aria and Gavotte dalla Suite in re.....Bach
Preludio di Parsifal .....Wagner
Overture (No. 3), di Leonora.....Beethoven

ALBION MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A musical festival was given at Albion, Mich., May 23 to 25, under the auspices of Mr. Chas. H. Adams, the object being to awaken more interest in the higher kinds of music.

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The programme took the following range: On Monday evening, May 23, a concert by Detroit Philharmonic Club, an excellent body of players of chamber music. Monday evening a vocal recital by Ffrangcon Davies, with Mme. Hess-Burr as accompanist. On Tuesday afternoon a piano recital by Xaver Scharwenka. On Tuesday evening a vocal recital by Mrs. Katherine Fisk, with Mme. Hess-Burr as accompanist, and on Wednesday Handel's "Messiah," by the Choral Union of Albion, with the following soloists: Carl E. Dufft, baritone; Frederick Carberry, tenor; Genevieve Clark Wilson, soprano, and Mary Louise Cary, contralto; W. K. Breckenridge, organist.

As the seating accommodation available was limited a curious scheme was organized for securing precedence. On a certain evening all those desiring to purchase tickets were allowed to draw numbers by lot, these numbers entitled the holders to the designated position in file at the box office on the following day, thus combining the excitement of a lottery with that of securing seats in advance.

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MINOR MENTION.

A very interesting series of programmes were given at the commencement exercises of the Broad Street Conservatory of Music in Philadelphia under the direction of Mr. Gilbert R. Combs.

The graduating performances were the usual ones of conservative tradition such as the Molto Allegro con fuoco, Mendelssohn's concerto, op. 25. The graduating recitals, however, of which nine have been given, the piano playing takes a much more important range.

* * *

A great deal of music seems to have been given at Newport, R. I., during the present season. The Philharmonic Society gave Handel's "Messiah" on January 20th and Haydn's "Creation" May 19th. The chorus numbered about fifty, under the direction of Mr. Alfred G. Langley, with accompanists Miss Fannie Cliff Berbo, Mrs. Chas. E. Lawton, Miss Charlotte Broome, Miss Marian G. Dowling and Mrs. T. W. Freeborn. In April two chamber concerts were given by subscription, with very pleasing programmes. During the entire season various programmes have been given by the pupils of Mrs. Freeborn, at which an uncommonly good range of selections have been presented.

* * *

At an interesting recital given by Mr. E. E. Kroeger at St. Louis he mentions at the end of the programme that during the last five years he has played in St. Louis two hundred and sixty different compositions from memory, which represented all schools and covered generally the best of musical literature; for example, he mentions fifteen pieces by Beethoven, fifty pieces by Chopin, eleven original works, fifteen transcriptions by Liszt and so on. And yet they call St. Louis a sleepy town.

* * *

At Cedar Rapids there is a society called the "Ladies Choral," which gives from time to time some very pleasing concerts.

* * *

Mr. W. Irving Andruss has been giving some very pleasant piano recitals at Doane College, in Nebraska.

* * *

A very interesting vocal recital must have been that given by the pupils of Mr. William Nelson Burritt, Mr. J. Bert Rogers and Mrs.

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Chas. H. Trego. The former, apparently a tenor, sang a Romance from "Aida," a group of English songs, and three beautiful songs by Schubert, the "Sorrows of Death," by Mendelssohn. Mrs. Trego gave some very pretty selections from Victor Harris, Massenet and Chaminado.

* * *

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* * *

The standard of musical performance is evidently advancing in the South, as is indicated by the graduating recital of Miss Coralie Scroggs, in the Wesleyan College of Fort Valley, Ga. Her programme consisted of the Weber Concerto in E flat, three smaller pieces, "Du Bist die Ruh," Schubert-Liszt," Elfenigen, Kroeger, Faust Waltz, Gounod-Jaell, and the Polonaise, opus 53, by Chopin. Miss Scroggs was a pupil of Mrs. Shinholser.

* * *

The graduating recitals given this season by the pupils of the University of Nebraska, under the direction of Mr. Willard Kimball, showed an excellent range of experience, and gave evidence that a high standard of music is being maintained.

* * *

Curiously enough, Mr. Guilmant did not highly please the Italian critics. In the case of his recent recital at Turin the most notable one of that place criticises the poverty of registration and says further that in his improvisation of the theme proposed by Galloti, director of the Metropolitana of Milan, he was not altogether happy. That he gave a short prelude and a very short fugato with much ability, but that in thoroughly working it out he failed to introduce the musical artifices which would have been expected of improvisation.

* * *

At the Presbyterian College for women in some town (name is not given), where Mr. August Geiger is director, a very nice graduating programme was given by Miss Agnes Corrinne Gray. The most difficult pieces on this programme were Nicode's Variations and Fugue, Chopin's Etude, op. 10, No. 5, Ballade in G Minor and Rubinstein's Etude on false notes.

* * *

Those in need of illustrated musical lectures will do well to write to Mrs. Geo. A. Coe, of Evanston, Ill., for programmes and plans of the lectures which she proposes to give during the coming musical season. As Mrs. Coe is a very charming player and a most intelligent musician, her lectures are heard with interest.

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At one of the recent concerts by the orchestra of St. Francis College of Quincy, Ill., the following were played: The Rienzi overture by Wagner, Slavonic Dance by Dvorak and Walter's Dream song, from the "Meistersinger."

* * *

An imposing programme has been received of a morning concert given at Erard Hall, in London, at which a number of interesting things took place. Two new pianoforte pieces by Mr. Farley Newman, Midsummer Idylls, "In the Garden of Sleep," "To the Skylark," and the "Dance of the Marionettes," were performed. In the middle of the programme a presentation was made to Mr. Newman of a pocketbook containing one hundred and fifty guineas. After this exercise there was a short intermission of five minutes, but the nature of the refreshment is not officially mentioned.

Mr. Farley Newman is the capable musical journalist whose article on Wagner and Nietsche drama was lately published in this magazine.

* * *

At a concert given in Pittsburg June 9th the third and fourth movements of Mr. Adolph A. Foerster's first quartette was played.

* * *

The closing exercises of the Faelton Piano School in Boston took place Monday and Tuesday, June 20th and 21st. There were six programmes presented at 2:30 and 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon and 8 o'clock in the evening. Fifty-six pupils played from one to three or four selections each, and in addition to this there were class exhibitions by children of the "fundamental training" classes.

* * *

Mr. Clarence Eddy has been playing organ concerts with great success in many of the German and Italian cities. At Turin organ concerts by Guilmant and Eddy followed each other on successive days. The celebrated musical critic of "La Stampa," one of the best known of Turin, gives high praise to the astonishing execution of the Thiele Variations and to the musical expression of the Bach "Toccata" in D minor, the Fifth Sonata, Guilmant, and others. The second concert was announced to take place at 15:30 o'clock.

* * *

The Catholic Women's National League of Chicago, on the evening of May 14th, gave a reception to Chicago composers at which the following were represented: William H. Sherwood, Robert Goldbeck, Jessie L. Gaynor, Emil Leibling, Earl R. Drake, August Hyllested, Arthur Foote, Edgar H. Sherwood, Wm. H. Dayas, Grace Olcott, Adolph Rosenbecker, Nellie Bangs Skelton, Vanderpoel-Skelton and W. C. E. Seeboeck.

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A series of very interesting pupils' recitals have been given in the studio of Mr. W. L. Blumenschein, of Dayton, Ohio. The selections took an unusually wide range. Among the titles which one very seldom sees upon a programme was "The Lark," by Glinka-Balakireff.

* * *

The Dayton Philharmonic Society gave a performance of Haydn's "Creation" on Thursday, June 9th, under the direction of Mr. W. L. Blumenschein.

* * *

A musical festival has been given at Cameron, Mo., under the direction of Mr. B. F. Peters, with the co-operation of Mr. J. E. McMeans, pianist, and the Cameron Choral Club. The chorus numbered about fifty voices, the sopranos very much predominating. The first concert was a miscellaneous one and the second consisted of the oratorio of the "Creation."

* * *

In Leipzig, on May 12, occurred the death of Professor Bernhard Vogel, editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," musical critic for the "Neueste Nachrichten." Of all the critics in Leipzig his opinions have been most valuable up to within a year or two of his death, in which later period there had been much complaint against his work on the "Nachrichten," and this was probably due to the wrecked condition of his health. He was generally beloved by those who knew him, and now there are none who will not wish him well. He was the author of many works on musical topics.

* * *

The Schubert Club, of Beloit, Wis., a ladies' singing society of about thirty members, directed by Rev. W. W. Sleeper, of Beloit, gave a programme made up entirely of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's compositions. The programme included several part songs, songs, piano solos and violin solos, and concluded with the short cantata, "The Rose of Avondale," Miss Eleanor Bliss, of Madison, the only visiting participant, gave great delight by her singing of the "Chanson d' Amom," "Ecstasy" and the three "Shakespeare Songs." The entire programme was very creditably done and proved to be of great interest.

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MUSIC IN THE COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

BY CHARLES LAGERQUIST.

What has been done—
What should be done.

I must change the letter, but not the significance, of my subject to-day and tell you what I have done and what should be done, in my opinion. With this suggestion, by way of preface, I trust what I have to say will carry a more practical meaning.

From the age of eight I have been interested in and studied music, but my first experience in the school-room was last September, when the opportunity came to me, through County Superintendent Anderson, to apply what was possible of my experience of years as choir-leader and singing teacher to this special work. Mr. Anderson thoroughly appreciates the importance of public school music, although possessing little knowledge of the art himself. To his enthusiasm is due its introduction into Grundy County, which was among the first to adopt music in the country and graded schools generally. He, therefore, views its progress with pride and glories in its general results.

Mr. Anderson appointed me supervisor of music for the county outside of Morris, recommending me to every school board desiring music, my business relations being with the respective boards. My contracts are uniform, permitting regularity in the frequency of visits and an even distribution of time. I visit all schools twice a month, spending forty-five minutes each time in the country school and an average of a half hour per room in the graded schools. Although employed to supervise, I am obliged to carry on most of the teaching myself, enjoying faithful adherence to my lessons by some teachers, feeling grateful for the sympathy of others, while congratulating myself if certain of them do not antagonize my work and the wishes of the board by either neglecting it during my absence or infusing individual ideas to the exclusion of systematic procedure.

A strictly uniform method will be impossible for some time, varied conditions obliging me to adapt my work to the needs of each school-room, prepared for any contingency. No two rooms

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can be said to be doing identical work. Each has to be handled pretty much as an individual private pupil. This will be appreciated when it is known that a large number of teachers are deficient in music, some doubtful of the wisdom of its teaching, others willing but possessing no natural qualifications; while some rooms have no supplies whatever, all the work being done on the blackboard. On my rounds of over 100 miles weekly I carry with me charts and other materials calculated to help my giving of the lesson, but the teacher needs something she can tie to during my absence when doubts may arise in her mind as to correct procedure. In such cases I have the teacher copy down certain exercises and fundamental principles applying thereto, being judiciously sparing, however, lest she may abandon the entire lesson in despair.

I must take things as I find them. And I have not only willing and unwilling, capable and uncapable, teachers, interested and disinterested school-boards, a lack of supplies, a variety of text-books, owing to divergent ideas during the past two years, to consider, but also irregular attendance on the part of scholars and a decided scarcity of pupils in some of the country schools. It providentially (?) happens that in such schools the teacher is apt to be handicapped in her qualifications either by nature's decree or otherwise, and if she be gifted, despairs of results from a mere handful who were not intended for great musicians in the first place. I wish to say here, however, that I have no patience with the idea that music in school is an experiment and because a formidable percentage exists that was "cut out" or predestined to know nothing about music, even its simplest elements.

I am proud of a certain primary room I visit. The teacher is of the chosen few, the pupils extraordinarily bright, and the sentiment in the community strongly in favor of music. I have not been slow to recognize the opportunities for grand achievement here. Strict attention is given by the teacher to my suggestions, and whether good or bad they be, we work together in perfect concord. She has disciplined her pupils and directed their minds along the proper channel. On my second visit to her room she was worried because one little boy had not a proper sense of pitch. A few suggestions overcame this difficulty, and ever since strict attention has been paid to position, the simple hints as to tones, breathing, etc., and a simple analysis of each exercise with its peculiar difficulty has been given with an air of implicit confidence in their ability to do what is required of them. They have mastered the entire introductory chart and begun studying a first reader, which I predict they will be half through by the end of the school year. It seems exaggeration, but I say it truthfully, that they are better sight readers than any room of any grade I know anything about. The higher rooms everywhere feel handicapped and cannot be made by any means of artifice to take such interest in the very necessary ele-

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mentary work as do the younger pupils. In order to work with them they must be given a slip-shod method, such as much rote singing and exercises in advance of their ability, for they feel above doing anything below their regular school grade, and they are chagrined, too, at the splendid progress of the little folks. These little enthusiasts give such excellent attention that I have considered nothing too good for them compatible with their tender years and a healthy condition of mind. In the particular room mentioned I never think of teaching them a song through the channel of hearing. I write the tune on the board and it is sung accurately at once, very often the first time.

I visit a country school having eight or ten pupils. Two or three are quite apt. The remainder attend irregularly and are unfit for anything but the simplest work, which they get little of, owing to the twenty-minute limit which is usually placed upon music for each day. This school has books, and the teacher is so liberal with her after-school ours, her blackboard—which is a great concession—and her enthusiasm, that I am able to give her an unusual amount of supplementary work, such as helpful auxiliary exercises, songs illustrating new difficulties in the regular lesson, etc. It is a pity she hasn't a roomful of bright pupils, regular in attendance. Wonders might be done there.

The country school is an uncertain quantity, judged from my standpoint. Terms are irregular, being governed largely by the weather conditions and needs of the rural community. Fall terms are successful, while in the winter music gets a severe setback, sometimes because the bright little girls of the fall term cannot walk to school over the bad roads and in the stormy blast, and because the farmer's boy, having met the pressing needs for his services on the farm, finds time to go to school in midwinter.

One of my graded schools has seven rooms, which must be visited in two hours and a half. There is only one successful teacher of music in the school. She happens to be in the room next to that of the principal; the pupils are excellent singers and are being well and systematically educated. This teacher conducts the music session of the high-school room also, the principal feeling incompetent to do this special work. In this school I must work rapidly and enthusiastically. Six or seven hundred pupils are passed in rapid review and in the twenty minutes in each room there must be found opportunity to touch upon all points in the lesson. All the teachers are willing, and the amount they retain of each lesson is governed by their quick insight and natural endowments rather than special preparation for the work. The work is all done on blackboard, the teachers having books from which they are directed to copy "as many of certain exercises and ideas as they can until the next visit," the matter being left with their consciences, of necessity. A neighboring school has six rooms and supplies. The teachers are willing

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and most of them can be trusted to carry out the lesson outlined. This school and the one last named have a large foreign element, perhaps principally Italian. They take to music quite readily. The lower rooms in the last-mentioned school use a drill chart, the grammar room books, the high-school room are wrestling with two and three-part music, having little interest in rudiments. It is largely a labor of patience with these, the real earnest work being done in the lower rooms, which will be depended upon to place music in the higher rooms, where it belongs when they reach them. Two other township schools have pretty much the same success with music, although the foreign element is not so strong, which gives more stability to these institutions, the parents of the children being Americans, and, for the most part, American born. One of them has supplies and lately the principal has become interested in three-part work, having decisively eschewed one-part singing. The other high-school room does nothing with singing between my visits. The lower rooms have finally, by means of an entertainment, purchased a chart and are getting well started, the work previously having been done on the blackboard. The school-board felt unable to purchase supplies, so that everything that has been done in this school has been done by the aid of the teachers and pupils, the latter also buying leaflets, many being too poor to get books.

I enter every room determined to leave something to show for my visit, no matter how adverse the conditions. As a result the boards and parents pronounce the work a success and a large number of schools will adopt it next year. I have not meant to be pessimistic in handling this subject, discussing it rather from a critical standpoint than otherwise. The work has many elements of encouragement in it and I am firm in believing music has come to stay in the country school and has a right to stay. A few years hence the question of grading will have been settled; the ones in higher grades, handicapped as to music, will have passed out of our jurisdiction and those who have been systematically prepared in music in the lower rooms will take their places.

What should be done? Boards must realize the importance of supplies and co-operate ungrudgingly with the one having music in charge. Teachers must be qualified, either by private study, periodical attendance upon musical institutes, or both, or by special training. It will one day be compulsory, whereas it is to-day optional with the school boards. They are, however, now asking for recommendations as to the musical ability of applicants for positions, and the spirit has grown to such extent that one teacher has resigned for the purpose of taking a four-months' course in music, upon being assured that she might have her position again upon her return.

For those who cannot take special training, I shall urge the necessity of some such enterprise as a monthly musical institute

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and shall endeavor to get all the teachers possible at work this summer preparing for next year's work. As the work now stands zealous teachers are keeping in advance of their pupils. In other words, they either see the handwriting on the wall or else have an innate love for the divine art. Take whichever explanation of their interest you will, those who allow their pupils to get ahead of them are either pitiably outdistanced in musical matters or else are indifferent.

Music will be made compulsory. It will then be respected by school-boards that to-day refuse their schools its advantages and cheering influences, and also by those teachers who make no effort to fall in line, but not infrequently attempt, and succeed, at hoodwinking their boards. Two teachers ousted music by promising to teach it independently if the board would add to their salary the outlay for the regular music work in the county. Our county superintendent has become righteously indignant and perhaps this will be a thing of the past very shortly. In Grundy County music has come to stay. Boards may be prejudiced, but the majority of people are baised in favor of it wherever it has been taught. I assure you those who judge unprofessionally steadfastly believe the past year has yielded a grand musical success.

Morris, Ill., April 28, 1898.

(Prepared for the Northern Illinois Teachers' meeting at Rockford, April 29-30, 1898.)

ROTE SINGING IN KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY.

BY JULIA E. CRANE.

In real kindergarten work, where the ages of the children range from three to five years, the aim of the songs seems primarily neither to teach music nor to give the ability to sing. The songs are a part of the games or work, and are intended to inculcate certain principles, teach various facts, or serve as a pleasing accompaniment for play.

I know there are kindergartens where systematic work in note reading is begun, but I do not favor it. The teaching of the scale, even under the guise of "do birds" and "do bells," and with the aid of colored balls, and colored notes, seems to me a waste of time. A child who hears simple songs and joins in singing them is learning the scale as truly, and I believe more naturally, than as though he sang do, re, mi, fa, sol.

I notice in most kindergartens the teachers sing all the time, and that it is several months before the children are able to sing any one of their songs without assistance. I am inclined to think that this, too, is as it should be; and that the songs should be gradually learned, as children learn to talk, not by careful presentation line by line, as I shall advocate for primary rote singing.

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There are, however, faults in the kindergarten singing which seem to me grave in their consequences; and perhaps the mot noticeable amongst them is the low pitch which is so often used. A pitch which encourages the use of the "chest" tones, and leads to their being forced up into the middle of the voice, brings a quality of tone which is not only most disagreeable to hear but absolutely harmful to the voice, to the throat, and through the inflammation of the throat a whole train of physical ailments may come.

Teachers sometimes answer the objection to low pitch by saying that when the children are allowed to choose their own pitch they invariably choose a low one. Even if this be true, I should not consider it an argument for low singing. For the fact that a child chose a certain pitch under the embarrassment of starting a song, or stress of thoughtfulness required to recall the tune and words, would be no proof of the value of that pitch in preserving and developing the voice.

On the other hand, a better test of the pitch most natural to a child's voice is the pitch in which he laughs or expresses other joyful emotions, which I think everyone will agree is usually a high pitch. The singing of a child should be as perfect an expression of joy as it is possible to make.

While there are young voices that are very low in pitch, they are rare, and the singing of a school or class must be fitted to the needs of the majority. A song which ranges from the e above middle c to the octave above, is usually right for all the young voices. The f and g above this e may be introduced in some songs, but the tones below the first e should be avoided for awhile. There is far more danger in their use than in the use of the high tones. A song which is most sure to be sung with a sweet and even quality of voice is one which begins on c above middle c, or d or e above it, and first goes down in its melody, rather than a song which begins low and runs up.

While I am entirely in accord with those kindergarteners who feel that there is not time in their work which can be profitably spent in definite effort to teach music or singing, I think they will agree with me that if children of this age are allowed to sing at all, they will be acquiring habits, and that every possible precaution should be taken that these habits be good, not bad ones.

What are the habits which a child acquires unconsciously while singing? Habits of breathing, of voice use, of pronunciation, the habit of singing in tune or out of tune, of singing in monotonous or artistic rhythm, the habit of singing with expression, or with stolid indifference; muscular contraction of face and throat, and even of the trunk and limbs are among the possible results of the first song singing.

How good habits are formed and bad ones avoided is then a most serious question for any teacher of the young to consider.

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The following suggestions apply mainly to primary singing, the points which are of value in the kindergarten, will, I think, be easily distinguished:

First. Habits of Breathing.—There should be no more difficulty in securing good breathing habits in singing than in talking, and the cause of the failure lies partly in the bad habits of the teacher, which are imitated by the pupils, and partly in the lack of consideration, on the part of the teacher, or the fact that children do not naturally sustain the breath through long phrases, and if hurried along without sufficient time to take a quiet, deep breath, the only alternative is a noisy gasp, which soon becomes the natural accompaniment of singing. If any one doubts this statement let him sing a song without taking breath as frequently as he requires it, and add to this the feeling of haste, when a breath is taken, because the one who is leading is regardless of his needs, and the condition of the little singers will be more clearly appreciated. Then our first rule which applies to both kindergarten and primary may be stated:

Make the phrases short with ample breathing space between them.

Lest the children acquire bad habits by imitating the teacher, let the teacher listen to her own singing and discover whether she can hear herself take breath; if she can she is breathing badly and should set about correcting it. How to do this would require a whole paper and then perhaps it would lack in clearness for the need of a practical illustration, but a few directions can be followed with safety.

First. Never take any more breath in beginning a child's song than you need for talking.

Second. Sing in a conversational style, stopping often, for the children's sake.

Third. Let the breath fill the lungs at the beginning of each new phrase, just as it did when you began the song, just as it rushes to its place when you speak.

Fourth. It is far better to take breath too often than not often enough.

Fifth. If the composer of the song has been regardless of the fact that breath must be taken, study the song as you would a recitation, and make the pauses where they are needed to bring out the full meaning of the words, then cut short the tone before the pause.

Sixth. A teacher is perfectly justified in changing the rhythm of most songs, if by so doing she makes clearer the meaning.

How shall we secure correct voice use?

Here again the necessity for an artistic pattern becomes evident. I am convinced that if it were possible to place in all our schools teachers with perfectly trained voices that faulty voice use amongst

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the children would soon disappear. I know that a school teacher can not always counteract the influence of the home and the Sunday school in this particular, but certainly great good would result from six hours of contact with a sweet-voiced teacher.

But what rules may be observed that will help in preserving the voices of the young?

First. Train the voices from the high tones down.

Second. Select songs that are musical, and inspiring; the words of which are interesting to the children.

Third. Never allow thoughtless singing, see that every child thoroughly appreciates the meaning of the song as he sings it.

Fourth. Don't insist upon a child's singing when he is unhappy. Awaken a happy spirit before undertaking a song.

Fifth. Avoid all affectation and false show, but make every song as perfect an expression of the emotion it arouses as is possible.

Sixth. If the teacher can not give an artistic pattern, the opportunity for hearing good singing should be afforded the school as frequently as possible. The quality of tone used depends upon one's ideal, the ideal can not be high if one has never heard excellent singing.

How shall we secure good pronunciation?

The answer must come every time. No amount of training ever makes one's language as perfect as that of the man who has heard cultured speech from his earliest years. What terrible responsibilities devolve upon parents and teachers!

While I believe that every teacher should understand all useful rules for pronunciation, I feel that it is far better taught by example than by precept. While a teacher needs to study carefully the position of the organs of speech for each vowel and consonant, while she needs to know how to sustain a vowel sound through various pitches and how to attack the consonants correctly, I am not at all in favor of lumbering children's minds with rules regarding these points, neither should I give them mechanical exercises for pronunciation. The teacher must know that she be prepared to detect the cause of the error, but the wise teacher will correct the fault by proper exercise of the muscles in imitation of refined speech and song, not by directions or rules.

Singing in tune is quite as easy as its opposite, but requires the utmost care on the part of the teacher. If a class is allowed to sing out of tune, it takes but a short time to fix the habit. It is not possible at first to keep some classes up to the pitch, but the teacher should always know what tendency her class has, and be on the alert to remedy the defect. Do not discourage the children by calling their attention to their deficiency too often. Correct the pitch by beginning anew, and commend with enthusiasm when improvement is noticed. Singing cheerfully, brightly, rapidly is a help

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toward correct pitch. A happy smile from the teacher, a pretty conceit suggested by the song to cause a laugh amongst the pupils, will often do more to prevent flatting than any other device.

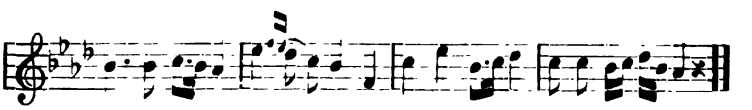
The same plans which assist in securing a good quality of tone and expressive singing help in keeping pupils up to the pitch.

PHRASING AND EXPRESSION.

These, it seems to me, are the most important of all the points to be observed by a teacher of rote singing, because the monotonous rhythm and meaningless phrasing must certainly dull the musical sense of both listeners and singers. I do not believe that it requires artistic training to sing a song so that it means something. Suppose a teacher never taught a song in which she was not interested herself. Suppose she studied that song so carefully, before teaching it, that she knew the meaning of both words and music so clearly that she could express it in the quality of her voice, the manner of her phrasing, and the play of facial muscles. After such a preparation let her sing the song to her pupils, first as a complete song, to awaken their interest in it, then line by line, but giving the same meaning to a single line, the same tempo, the same treatment exactly that it would require when sung in connection with the other lines.

To illustrate, take Schubert's Cradle Song:

Slumber, slumber dearest, sweetest treasure, Rocked so gently by thy mother's hand,



Soft re-pose and tranquil pleasure Soothe thee with the lulling cradle band.

The teacher may sing only the first word—slumber—then allow the children to sing it alone, after her. Perhaps this can not be done at first, then the teacher should repeat the word, not perfunctorily and stiffly, but with more quiet feeling, and real interest expressed in face and bearing. Perhaps she makes a gesture with the hands and arms as though gently rocking the baby. A little accent on the first syllable, the second sung clearly, and exactly upon the pitch, but with a lighter touch to give the sway of the rhythm from the very beginning, then the next word, although the same, varies the meaning and intensifies it. The vowel u as it is carried from bb to c, must have not the slightest change in its pronunciation and must be perfectly clear, upon the pitch c, although that is the lightest tone in the measure. In the third measure again the vowel é,

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as it is carried from bb to ab, and ê from g to ab in the word sweetest should have no anticipation of the consonants which follow them, but ring out as clearly on the second tone as the first of each slur, although much lighter. These and many mechanical difficulties should be mastered before singing the song to the children; then sing with the whole soul attuned to the beauty of words and music. Seek to stir the emotions of the children, not by any superficial means, but by the fire of your own awakened soul. This can not be done with a song above the children's appreciation, and no good teacher will seek to gain it through meaningless twaddle that appeals to the love of humor alone. Good taste and good judgment are as necessary in selecting a rote song as in any other work of life. A teacher must think and feel every thought expressed in the song, forget himself entirely, so that every muscle in his body responds to his emotion; then facial expression, gesture, quality of tone and phrasing must all be in good taste. That hand-organ sound which is so often ground out of a class of children is the result of a thoughtless, careless habit of singing, which sings both tune and words automatically with the thoughts flying about everywhere but on the song.

In selecting rote songs teachers often make the mistake of thinking that complicated rhythm, modulations and passages containing grace notes or other rapid combinations of tones are too difficult for the children. The only limit I have ever found in a primary school after a year or two of good training is the limit set by the ability of the teacher. The muscles of the children's throats are so flexible that rapid execution is easily imitated. While I should avoid words which require maturity of thought to understand them, and music expressing the deeper emotions not experienced in childhood, I should introduce all possible variety of execution in children's songs. A run, a turn, an appogiatura, a rapid succession of triplets, the finest pianissimo, are all easily accomplished by children in the third, fourth and fifth years in school; while modulations, and changes of rhythm need only to be heard to be readily repeated. We should be laughed at if we advocated waiting until a child was grown before asking him to play scales and other exercises for flexibility of fingers; why should flexibility of throat be gained in a different way, or later in life?

SUMMARY.

1. Choose songs of a high grade.
   a. Select interesting poetry.
   b. Avoid sombre music.
   c. Increase musical difficulties as pupils improve.
2. Preserve natural habits of breathing.
   a. Make phrases short at first.
   b. Never hurry over a breathing place.
   c. Cut the tone before the breath if music has not sufficient rests.

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3. Cultivate a good quality of tone.
   a. Train from high pitch down.
   b. Sing neither too loudly nor too softly.
   c. Arouse happy feelings.
4. Cultivate the ear.
   a. Keep the instrument used in perfect tune.
   b. Give as perfect a pattern as possible.
   c. Correct every false intonation at once.
   d. Higher pitch, brighter feelings, more rapid singing often obviate flattering.
5. Teach pronunciation by example.
6. Cultivate the taste.
   a. Let children hear only good music.
   b. Aim at an artistic rendering of each song they sing.
7. Give children an extended repertoire of standard songs.
8. Don't be afraid of difficulties of execution.
9. Make the ear and voice familiar with all rhythms and modulations.

NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE, HIGH SCHOOL IN CONCERT.

A very agreeable break in the ordinary line of school concerts was that at Nashua, N. H., on the 5th of May, when the cantata of "Lazarus," by P. A. Schnecker, was given. The chorus consisted of pupils of the high school, under the leading of the musical director, Mr. E. G. Hood. The solo artists were also members of the school.

Mr. Schneker, the composer of the cantata, is a New York musician, who, although he received part of his education in Germany, did the finishing work in New York, mostly with the distinguished organist of Grace Church, Mr. Samuel P. Warren. Mr. Schnecker has been organist of the West Presbyterian Church of New York for twenty-six years. The concert at Nashua is said to have been a very satisfactory performance and to have demonstrated successfully the ability of the young director, Prof. Hood.

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THE ART OF SINGING. By William Shakespeare. Based on the principles of the old Italian masters and dealing with breath control, production of the voice and registers, together with exercises. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company.

The reader who buys this book of Mr. Shakespeare under the impression that it shows the whole art of singing will at first experience a sense of disappointment on account of the present volume, which contains sixty-eight pages, having only eleven pages of practical examples. A more careful examination of the title page will show that this is Volume One of his work on the art of singing, and while it is impossible to learn to sing from any book or to correct bad habits in singing by what any book says, any carefully written work by a really competent master ought to give more or less valuable suggestions. Mr. Shakespeare, as one of the most famous exponents of the art of singing of the present time, owes his success to his excellent qualities as a teacher, and in part to his very agreeable personality.

In the present work he treats of controlling the breath in a remarkably interesting way. The book is full of suggestions and cautions which any student will be better for having read. By way of illustrating better the nature of the Shakespearean cuisine, the following directions and practical suggestions may be cited:

"Noiseless and imperceptible breathing was the goal which the singers of the past prided themselves on reaching. The celebrated basso, Lablache, is said to have watched for four minutes the equally celebrated tenor, Rubini, without being able to discover any signs of breath taking.

"There is then a limit to our breath length, beyond which we cannot pass without betraying the loss of command. The singer, however, possesses a sign or sensation inside the body, viz., a sense of sudden collapse downwards of the ribs and a sudden slip upwards of the diaphragm, which tells him, before it can be perceived by the audience, that he has lost command over his breath and is near the end of his power. It is, therefore, imperative that the longest phrases be performed without overstepping this limit.

"Balance the body on one foot and touch the ground behind with

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the other; when tired change the feet. Now bend forward so that the body is beyond the front foot, in order, by loosening the shoulders, to avoid any reliance on the use of the chest raising muscles, which are fixed near the points of the shoulders. Be careful to balance the body and not to stand rigidly, and to avoid any tendency to overbalance and fall. Now extend both arms forward and outward, keeping the elbows in, the palms of the hands upward, and the thumbs in a line with the fingers, as though in the act of imploring. This position slightly twists the muscles under the shoulder-blades, and shows us, while drawing the breath, whether we are using the important back rib-raising muscles. We now raise the chest but very slightly, and the points of the shoulders not at all; nor can we breathe too deeply, for we have already raised the ribs with the back muscles, and with these the diaphragm. It is generally recognized that the artist can sing better when acting on the stage, or when holding the book well forward on the concert platform. So much for the position.

"An old Italian axiom: The art of singing is the school of respiration, for unless we can regulate the breath by the breath muscles we are compelled to do so by holding rigidly the tongue and throat, to the detriment of the tone, the tune, the pronunciation, and the expression of the voice.

"Now there are certain unmistakable outward signs which enable us to detect when we are singing wrongly. They are as follows:

"We experience a constriction of the throat space, so that the tone is impaired; the tongue is embarrassed in its action, so that the vowel sounds and consonants cannot be clearly pronounced; when we are squeezing the throat the soft palate and the nasal cavities are often implicated; further, the lips and the cheeks become rigid and the eyes staring. The lips can neither pronounce with ease nor expression, and the floor of the mouth becomes rigid, knotted as it were, and fixes the jaw. An infallible sign of faulty singing is the rigidity of the jaw, which becomes fixed in different characteristic ways, and is compelled to move with every wrong note we sing, and with every rigid movement of the tongue. All this happens because instead of controlling the breath rightly we stop it at the throat, at the expense of the tongue, pronunciation and expression.

"Singing is bad when accompanied by closed teeth, when the mouth is opened widely yet rigidly, when the jaw is set back, and the mouth and face assume the appearance of rage, or when the chin is protruded, or the mouth drawn to one side. Complete freedom of the jaw can be recognized by the unconscious ease with which the tongue assumes all the positions necessary for the vowel sounds, and can perform the different movements for the consonants l, d, n, r, the hard g, k and th, without the slightest accompanying movement of the jaw. In rigid singing the jaw moves at

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every change of note, and pupils have been observed attempting to trill with the jaw as well as the vocal organs.

"Lamperti says: He who moves the mouth will never become a singer, and the indulgence in this habit, even by one possessing splendid natural gifts, will prevent him from rising above mediocrity. This must mean while vocalizing and pronouncing the tongue consonants. On the repose of the jaw also rests the foundation of natural expression in singing, and its fixity simply indicates that the muscles attached to it are acting rigidly instead of unconsciously."

GROUPING ARTICULATING AND PHRASING IN MUSICAL INTERPRETATION. A systematic exposition for players, teachers and advanced students. By Adolph Carpe. Bosworth & Co., Leipzig, London and Paris. B. F. Wood Music Co., Boston, sole agents for the United States of America.

This comprehensive book of Mr. Carpe consists of one hundred and eight very substantial pages, on the principles of musical phrasing. Any careful student reading this work and comparing it with examples will derive benefit. It is, however, not a scientific treatise on phrasing, nor is it possible to make one.

Mr. Carpe's phraseology is somewhat generalized and philosophical, but his musical judgment is generally sound. For example, take the paragraph speaking of the slurring of two tones, page 31:

"It is likewise to a great extent misleading and withal superfluous to employ a staccato mark on the second of two notes which are brought into connection and dependence by a legato, since the contrasting disconnection of the second from the following is a matter of course in order to make the legato of the first tone fully effective, only the real artist will not in every instance emphasize this separation as a detachment which shortens the sound, but as a gentle infringement which is frequently a matter of touch.

"The revised editions of pianoforte music differ from the original editions or those for orchestra or orchestral instruments in this particular, that in them all the notes followed by rests are generally marked staccato, while in the original editions and orchestra scores this ingenious (?) incumbrance is not to be found. Among their many merits our masters count that of scrupulous exactness in notation and students should be amply impressed with the full importance of the author's notation of elementary time values. The only excuse which may be given for this spurious employment of staccatos is that there is undoubtedly often an inclination to hold notes longer than their written value, thereby shortening the following rests; but these staccatos inserted by teachers, editors, revisers, do not really improve matters. Lebert's editions are particularly bristling with staccatos. How many good students have acquired a tendency to shorten notes, habituating themselves to a detachment often so emphatic and vigorous that the tone seems really chopped

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off. In this respect orchestra players are not misled by a faulty notation into curtailing time values."

Mr. Carpe is not an admirer of the editions of Riemann; for instance, see page 35, where he says, "But what can be said of the artful trickery, which in Riemann's latest effort deprives Bach's 'Well Tempered Clavecin' of that which gives it monumental strength—its metrical foundation? Is that artistic knowledge and judgment?"

Mr. Carpe defines phrasing and explains its principles as follows:

"The objects and aims of phrasing are: to show the composer's intellectual disposition which divides the action into smallest groups or largest portions as distinct and separate items; to render each intellectual division in all its artistic qualities according to the sense and meaning, and to convey to the hearer the degrees of affinity or dependence which exist between the various portions of the syntactic exposition. Rhythmical motion is thought in musical art. Any variation of thought causes inflection in motion; the even tenor of thought is expressed by uninflected motion.

"This inflection in motion is similar to the modulation of the voice in speaking, and the lighter the change of thought, the lighter the modification in action; the greater the change, the more telling must be the inflection. This modification in motion can be produced either by dynamic or agogic means or both.

"In the disposition of thought one idea loses force while the other starts into life; the vanishing thought departs with lessening strength—diminuendo, the new image comes in with increasing force—crescendo. This modification in motion may be so gentle as to almost escape detection, yet it modifies the phrase under the hand of the artist as clearly as the gentlest slide in the speaker's voice; it may effect the end notes of phrases only or larger parts of them, according to the lesser or greater importance of the change of thought."

The long and short of the whole subject of phrasing and interpretation reduces itself to this: Phrasing is the clear expression of the individual ideas of which the period is composed, whether melody or harmony. Interpretation is the proper adjustment of these ideas with reference to their relative importance, therefore, phrasing, while capable of a certain amount of explanation is dependent on musical sense and intuition. In order to have a good understanding of phrasing and interpretation the prime quality needed is to develop the musical intelligence of the student. A certain part of this work of developing the musical intelligence is performed by books like this of Mr. Carpe, which contains the substance of very important reflections and is the accumulation of many years. But the highest part of the work after all has to be done by becoming actually acquainted with a wide range of music in the sense of having thoroughly taken it into the mind. Phrasing therefore is

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not to be learned by the studying of any book like this; it can be learned only by the intelligent practice of music itself and by hearing artists. But when one desires a friend by the wayside, Mr. Carpe's book can be confidently recommended. The book is well printed and makes a very nice appearance.

THE HOMOPHONIC FORMS OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION. An exhaustive treatise on the structures and development of musical forms from the simplest phrase to the song form with "Trio." For the use of general and special students of musical structure. By Percy Goetschius, Mus. Doc. (Royal Wurtemburg Professor). New York: G. Schirmer.

In this well-printed volume of 236 pages Mr. Goetschius makes a very important addition to the literature of musical form.

Form in music means the order in which the material is arranged. It is a question of symmetry, proportion and unity. The prime difficulty in writing clearly upon this subject resides in the very nature of music itself. A single tone conveys no meaning whatever, unless it be highly colored or emotional, in which case it might be a cry of satisfaction, or a shriek of pain. It is only when sounds become associated that they become capable of expressing feeling.

A great deal of the work of musical composition is in one sense purely mechanical. If an important prelude or any work of Bach be examined the entire composition will be found to consist mainly of a very small number of designs which have been reproduced in different harmonies in such a way as to convey the impression of development.

A certain number of these reproductions form themselves without special thought on the part of the composer, very much in the same way that the frost-crystals form patterns on the frosted glass. In music, however, the arabesque formations have in them an element which has not yet been discovered in the patterns made by the frost crystals, namely, the element of arranging such and such figures with reference to their different human meanings. The quality of human expression is entirely wanting in the patterns of the frost crystals.

A composer like Bach takes in hand any little figure that interests him and is able to spin a page of more or less interesting matter; but when he has a musical figure which in itself is strong and he proceeds to develop it, he arrives at something very much more serious. The important fact is that if half a dozen of his organ preludes be compared with each other they will all be found masterly and clever examples of form, but if they be compared with that great prelude in B minor in which the sequence building and construction are fully as apparent as in any of his later works, the results are vastly greater. There is an impressiveness and scope of imagina-

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tion expressed in this prelude which you do not find in any other.

Now the great difficulty of writing a book on musical form lies in the fact that while the art of developing periods and period groups is one that may be taught, there may be a little trouble in so placing it before the student. The art of developing periods in such a way as to create the highest work is the exceptional gift of a very few, and while it is possible for us to say of numbers of Bach or Beethoven that in this case or the other they did so and so, it is not possible to say that by means of any particular progression they arrived at the essential meaning they were striving to communicate.

New composers of the first rank almost invariably begin by creating new forms, or by presenting old ones in such a way that they are hardly recognizable. That is the case with Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Wagner as it also is with Brahms, whose works are quite as strong as any of the group already mentioned, although the fact has not been as yet universally recognized.

It follows, therefore, that a text book of form when it reaches its highest usefulness can do good in the way of suggestion and by grouping together a quantity of examples by the first masters. By form analysis the student will at least be in a way to note the structural ability possessed by masters, and possibly he may be able to derive information of practical value in his own efforts at composition, but the genius when he arrives will know a great deal more by his musical intuition than any text-book or pedagogue can teach him.

This book of Dr. Goetschius is the most complete exposition of phrase, period and period grouping which has ever been made available to the English reader.

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MUSIC.

AUGUST, 1898.

TOLSTOI ON THE MUSIC OF WAGNER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The works of Richard Wagner have these many years acquired a favor constantly increasing, not only among the Germans but also among the French and English, as works of art of the first order and quality. This success of the Wagnerian music proves to what an extent our contemporaneous society has lost its sense of true art and has permitted itself to embrace productions which have nothing in common with it.

The fundamental principle of Wagner is, as everybody knows, that in the opera music ought to serve the poetry and translate even the smallest fluctuations of the poem; this principle is false, because each art has its well-defined province and is able to sail along close to neighboring states without confounding itself with them; so when the two arts are united in one work the dramatic and musical, as in opera, the demands of one conflict with or prevent giving complete satisfaction to the other.

The combination of the drama with music was conceived in Italy in the sixteenth century in the effort to revive what was believed to have been the musical drama of the Greeks. It is an artificial form which has had and still has a certain success, but only among the high classes and only when musicians of talent—Mozart, Weber, Rossini and others inspired by dramatic subject, abandon themselves freely to their inspiration in subordinating the text to the music. In these operas the music is the essential thing for the hearer, and not at all the

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text, which, even when it is absurd, as for instance in the "Magic Flute," in no way impairs the artistic effect.

Wagner wished to renovate opera in subordinating music to poetry and unifying them. Now music cannot be subordinated to dramatic art without losing its artistic value, because each work of art expresses in a manner original, vigorous and exclusive, the feeling of the artist. A musical work and a dramatic work ought to have each one this character; in order that a work of one kind of art should coincide exactly with that of another it would require an impossible condition; namely, that both the one and the other were exceptionally new and that they differed from anything what had been produced previously and that at the same time they would have between themselves a resemblance which would render them identical. Now this thing it is impossible to find. It is impossible to find, I do not say two men, but even two leaves, identical on the same tree. It is more chimerical still to imagine a perfect identity between two works of different arts, one work musical and one work literary. If they confound themselves with one another it is because one alone is truly an artistic production and the other nothing more than an imitation, or possibly that both of them are imitations. Two living leaves never resemble each other perfectly, but one can manufacture artificial leaves which are exactly alike. It is the same with the works of art; they cannot completely correspond with each other unless the one or the other stops short of being true art, in which case they are artificial imitations of art.

When poetry and music are associated, as in a hymn, the chanson, or the romance, the music is not limited to following each verse of the text as Wagner requires, but one and the other address themselves simply to producing a single impression; thus, in effect, the poetry and music have almost the same end, which is to produce an impression; and the impression which they produce does more or less coincide; but even in this combination the center of gravity is always found in one of the two works, which is the only one to produce an artistic impression, while the other passes unperceived.

One of the principal conditions of an artistic creation is the

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complete independence of the artist. Now, the necessity of adapting a musical work to the work of another artist is a constraint which limits the entire creative faculty. It is for this reason that adaptations of this kind are not art but simply make believe art, such as the music of the melodrama, descriptions of pictures and illustrations.

The works of Wagner appertain to this same category; the proof is that the new music lacks the essential quality of all truly artistic works; the character of an organized unity, of a cohesion so exact that one cannot modify the least detail without spoiling the entire work. It is impossible, in fact, to take out one verse in a poem, one scene in a drama, one figure in a picture, one note in a symphony, without compromising the whole work; the same as one would destroy the vital equilibrium of a being if one were to displace one of his organs. Now, in the later manner of Wagner, if you except certain pieces (quite extensive, which have their own proper value), you will find yourself given over to all sorts of manipulations without changing the sense of the works, for the simple reason that the sense of the Wagner music is not in the music but in the words.

Imagine that one of these new versifiers, so numerous nowadays, who know how to torture their style to the point of being able to write verses having the appearance of an important meaning upon any theme, any rhythm, and any measure, taking a fancy to illustrate in their verses some symphony or sonata of Beethoven, a ballad of Chopin: at the first measures of the piece he would adapt the verse which seemed to him to translate its character; later, upon the music coming to a different character, he would adapt other verses which would correspond equally but would have no necessary inter-connection with the verse preceding and, moreover, would have neither rhyme nor measure. A poetic work of this kind, without music, would be exactly such a thing as the musical score of Wagner isolated from the text; but Wagner was not alone a musician; he was also a poet, or above all, he was both. To judge him it is necessary then to know also his text, this text which the music has to serve.

The principal poetic work of Wagner is "The Ring of the

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Niebelung." This work has taken lately such an importance and has had such an influence upon what passes nowadays for art, that each one of us must have an idea of it. I have read with attention the four poems and have made a short extract. It is a model of pseudo-poetry, most absurd, it even passes to the ridiculous.

"But," says one, "we should not judge the works of Wagner without having seen or heard them upon the stage." This winter they gave at Moscow the second day of the lyric drama, the best I have been told; I then betook myself to the theater and behold the impression which I carried away.

* * *

When I arrived the enormous hall was already full; there was the flower of the aristocracy and of the tradesmen, as well as savants and functionaries of all grades; the most of them held the book in their hand, seeking to penetrate the sense. The dilettante, among whom were old men, followed the music by the score; plainly, the representation was a sort of an event.

I arrived rather late, but I was told that the short prelude which opened the action had little of importance. Upon the scene, in the middle of the decorations which represented a cavern excavated in a rock, before an object intended to represent an anvil, was seated an actor in tights, his shoulders covered with the skin of a beast; he wore a wig and an artificial beard; his hands, white, distinguished, had nothing of the workmen (his abstracted air, the abdomen prominent, and the absence of muscles easily carrying the actor) and with an improbable hammer he struck, as one had never struck, a sword not less fanciful; at the same time he opened strangely the mouth and sang words which it was impossible to make out; the numerous instruments of the orchestra accompanied the strange sounds which the actor emitted.

One could perceive by the book that the singer represented a powerful dwarf, the habitant of the cavern, undertaking to forge a sword for Siegfried, whom he had raised. One could also divine that this was a dwarf because the actor walked always with his knees bent.

This dwarf chanted, or more properly, cried slowly, the

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mouth always strangely open, nevertheless the orchestra emitted on their own part strange sounds, having the effect of beginnings which never ended. One understood by the book that the dwarf recounted to himself the history of the ring which had been stolen from the giants and which he wished to acquire in his turn by the art of Siegfried; for this conquest Siegfried had need of a sword, and the dwarf occupied himself in forging it.

After this monologue, or chant, very prolonged, other sounds, still commencements without finish, were suddenly heard from the orchestra; another actor appeared with a horn and cross belt leading a man dressed as a bear, who marched upon all fours; the conductor loosened the bear upon the dwarf blacksmith, who saved himself, forgetting this time to bend his knees. The actor with the human face represented the hero, Siegfried himself; the sounds which we heard from the orchestra at his entrance express, it appears, the character of Siegfried; it is the leading motive of Siegfried; it is repeated each time that he appears, because each person has his leading motive, which is sounded at each appearance of the person in question, even upon the mention of his name. Better than this, every object has its given motive; the ring, the helmet, the flute, the fire, the spear, the sword, the water, etc.

The actor with the horn opened his mouth also, a little more naturally than the dwarf, and cried a long time; that is to say, sang certain words and the dwarf Mimi, that is his name, replied to him in turn. The sense of this conversation, which one could only comprehend by the aid of the book, was that Siegfried had been raised by the dwarf and that in consequence he hated him and wished to kill him. The dwarf had even forged a sword for Siegfried, but it had not satisfied him. In ten pages of this conversation, which lasted a half hour upon the scene, one understood that the mother of Siegfried has brought him into the world in the forest; that of his father he only knew that he had a sword which was broken and of which the pieces were in the possession of Mimi; and later that Siegfried had no fear and wished to escape from the forest, but Mimi did not wish to let him go away. During this musical

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conversation the leading motives of the persons and objects, the father, the sword, etc., reappeared faithfully.

New sounds make themselves heard. It is the leading motive of the god Wotan; a pilgrim appears; it is the god Wotan; he is also in a wig and tights, leaning upon his spear, in an ill chosen pose, he recounts to Mimi things which he already knew, but it was necessary to make them known to the public, and his recitation was not at all simple. It was wholly in enigmas which he proposes, putting his head at risk each time —one cannot understand wherefore; at the same time the pilgrim strikes the earth with his spear and each time the fire burst out and one hears in the orchestra the leading motive of the spear and of the fire. Here the conversation was accompanied by music in which are steadily and artificially combined the motives of the persons and objects in question and that with means most child-like; the frightful things are expressed by the basses; the plaintive things by the violins.

The enigmas had for their object to signify to the public who were the Niebelungs, the giants, the gods, and all that had happened previously. This musical conversation lasted a sufficiently long time upon the stage and occupied eight pages of the book; afterwards the pilgrim goes off; Siegfried reappears and converses with Mimi during thirteen pages still. Not one single melody, but a confusion of leading motives. Mimi desires to teach Siegfried what fear is, since he knows it not; the attempt finished, Siegfried siezes the pieces which represent the debris of the sword, puts them in the fire and makes them red, after which he forges and sings "Hoho, hoho, hahei, hahei, hoho, hoho." This is the end of the first act.

All this was so false, so stupid, that I had great difficulty to remain even to the end and I was now bent upon retiring, but my friends besought me to remain, assuring me that I could not judge the work after this first act, and that the second would be better.

As for me, the question was settled. There was nothing to be hoped for from an author capable of imagining such scenes as this which I had seen, and which so profoundly wounded the aesthetic sentiment. One could know in advance that he could write nothing which would not be bad, because he was

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totally ignorant of the nature of the true work of art; but around me there was general enthusiasm and to the end of knowing the cause I remained through the second act.

It is night; afterward the dawn appears. At first all the scene is full of the break of day; clouds, the rays of the moon, shadows, Bengal fires, tempests, etc. The scene represents the forest; in this forest is a little grotto. Before this grotto is seated a new actor, in tights, representing another dwarf. The day comes on. Behold, now, the god Wotan, his spear in his hand, always in the aspect of the pilgrim. Behold again his motive and behold other bass sounds, extraordinarily grave. These signify that we are about to see the Dragon. Wotan wakes up the Dragon; the same basses, but more and more somber. Afterwards the Dragon says, "I wish to sleep." Here he comes out of the grotto. The Dragon is represented by two men covered with a green skin to which scales adhere. At one end of this fantastic creature they wag a tail; at the other end they open a great crocodile-shaped mouth, from which fire escapes. The Dragon, who has taken the task of being frightful (and he would be frightful no doubt to children of five years), pronounced in a frightful bass voice certain words. It is so absurd, so child-like that one is astonished to see great persons witness such a performance, and above all thousands of grown-up people, presumably instructed, regard this with attention and enjoyment.

Then Siegfried arrives with his horn and Mimi. Suddenly in the orchestra their motives announce them and Siegfried and Mimi begin to converse. It is necessary to ascertain if Siegfried knows whether he experiences fear. Then Mimi goes off and the scene which ought to be the most poetic begins. Siegfried reclines in his tights in a pose which is designed to be beautiful and thereupon he discourses with himself and occasionally lapses into silence. He dreams he hears the songs of the birds and wishes to imitate them; with his sword he cuts a reed and makes a flute. The day increases; the birds begin to sing; one hears in the orchestra sounds which indicate them, mixed with others which accompany the words of Siegfried, but Siegfried plays badly upon the flute and takes refuge by blowing his horn,

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This scene is insupportable. Not the least trace of music; that is to say, the art of communicating to the hearer the emotion of the author.

From a musical point of view it is absolutely incomprehensible. At times scraps and suggestions of musical thoughts which do not come to realization, and fugitive beginnings which are themselves obscured by the harmonic complications and by the effects of contrasts and contradictions suggested by the improbability of the action so that it is difficult, I do not say to be moved, but simply to notice them.

More serious still is the constraint and pedantic intervention of the author; from the beginning to the end this which one sees and hears is not Siegfried, not the birds, but always and uniformly Germany, of bad tone and bad taste, limited, sufficient, with the most clumsy and rudimentary conception of poetry, undertaking to impress us by the most primitive means.

One recognizes the sentiment of defiance to the public that such a positive pre-occupation of an author awakens. It is as if one would say to us, "Prepare yourself to weep or to laugh," when you neither weep, nor laugh. If you listen when the author desires attention to things, which in place of being affecting are on the contrary, ridiculous and repulsive; if you yourself perceive that he was absolutely certain of having charmed you, you experience a sad and constrained sentiment, as if you found yourself in the presence of a homely old woman in an evening gown, who turns herself around to you with a gracious smile, sure of your admiration.

This is merely the impression which the author Wagner has given me; and I am exasperated to see around me three thousand persons sweetly taking down this absurdity and pretending to admire it.

I remain still by force of courage to see the following scene. The attack of the monster, the battle of Siegfried against the Dragon; bellowing, fire, flourishing of sword, but at last I can stand it no longer and I rush from the theater with a sentiment of disgust which is not banished up to the present time.

* * *

In observing this opera I imagined myself one of the work-

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men of the village as I know them; intelligent, sufficiently instructed, really religious, and I imagine him astonished if one should take him to such a spectacle. What would he think if he had known all the labor that this representation has cost; if he had seen this public—the powerful of the world as he is in the habit of regarding them—these old men, bald, gray-bearded, who during six full hours remained seated in silence absorbed with attention in all these absurdities? I believe even that a child of no more than seven years would not be able to interest himself in this stupid and confused story. Nevertheless, this public, this flower of the cultivated classes, these literary people, left the theater persuaded that through having admired this absurdity they have acquired one more right to be considered pioneers of a great art.

I only speak of the Muscovite public and this is not more than one-hundredth part of all that public of very celebrated men who have lost the true sentiment of art, even to the point of submitting without complaint, as from duty, to the stupidity of a spectacle of this sort; to the point even of showing a fervent enthusiasm.

At Bayreuth, the cradle of this music, from all corners of the world men come who believe themselves very much instructed and cultivated, who spend more than two thousand francs each one in order to attend these representations six hours a day, four days in all—four days of foolishness.

How are we to explain their success? It explains itself by the fact that Wagner, thanks to the sums which the king put at his disposal, was able to use with exceptional ability, all the resources of a pseudo-artistic virtuosity, perfected by long practice, and enabled to realize a model of its kind. I have taken this work as a type, because in all the contradictions of art which are known to me there is no other where can be found united with an equal mastery and equal force, all the means which serve to falsify art, I might say to borrow the attire, the effect, the attractiveness.

In this subject, taken from most remote times, Wagner has availed himself of everything which is considered poetic, even to the waves and the rising of the sun and moon. This is all there is in his work; beautiful dreams, naides, subter-

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ranean fires, gnomes, battles, swords, amours, incense, monsters, songs of birds—the whole poetic arsenal.

Besides all this, everything is splendid; the decorations, the costumes, the naides, the Valkyries, and the sounds themselves. Wagner, who was not without musical talent, thought to put in his work the illimitable resources of the human voice in the orchestra; he indeed invented beautiful sounds and qualities of harmony. All this beauty, it is true, is of low degree and of bad style; it is the beauty of handsome women in a chromo; the beauty of fine officers, but for all that the beautiful.

Moreover, everything of Wagner's is calculated for effect; and the monsters, the magic fires and the action which appears at the bottom of the water, in the obscurity of which the spectators find themselves and the orchestra concealed, and the harmonic combinations unforeseen.

Finally, everything is attractive. One is not interested solely in the action; who will slay and who will be slain; who will be married; who is the father and who is the son, and what will happen after all this? One is also curious concerning the relation of the music with the text, "The Rhine rolls its waves." How will the music represent that? The evil dwarf arrives, how will music describe him? How will the music express courage, fire, the fruits, how combine the leading motive of the persons in the scene with those of personages and objects of which they speak? Music, then, also is attractive. It frees itself from all the former harmonic trammels and it boils over with modulations wholly unforeseen and novel (which is something very easy in disorganized and ill-balanced music); the dissonances are equally new and all are interesting.

All this poetic beauty, effect and interest, all these proceedings carried to perfection in the works of Wagner, seize the spectator and hypnotize him; he feels as if one were to hear during several hours a delirious and foolish dream delivered with a supreme oratorical capacity.

They say to me, "You cannot judge these works of Wegner. You have never heard them played at Bayreuth in obscurity, with the invisible orchestra and the perfect execution

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under all the demands." "Very well," I say, "this is another proof that it is not true art, but hypnotism. The mediums speak this way. To convince you of the reality of their seances they generally say, 'You can approach nothing, á priori. Try it; attend certain seances.' That is to say, sit in silence, in darkness, during many hours, in company with the crazy. Repeat these seances a dozen times and you will see all that we see."

No doubt I would. But this is not necessary and when one has seen all one wishes you would arrive very much more quickly at the same state by smoking or taking a good dose of opium. The operas of Wagner produce an effect of the same order. Plunge yourself into obscurity during four days, in company with men somewhat ill-balanced; let your brain be played upon by sounds which more and more irritate the nerves of hearing, and you will certainly arrive at an abnormal state, or you will give yourself over to foolish enthusiasm. For this, four days is even too much. Five hours is enough—the duration of a single representation as I have seen at Moscow; an hour even suffices to those who have not an exact ideal of true art and who are persuaded in consequence that they are seeing a beautiful thing and that if they show themselves indifferent or hostile it will be equivalent to distinguishing themselves with the mark of the uncultivated.

I examined with care the public at the representation at which I was present. The men who guide it and who give it its tone were hypnotized in advance, or very quickly fell into this hypnotic state, which they had already known or experienced. These hypnotists were in the complete pathological ecstasy. All the art critics—men incapable of artistic emotion, who, moreover, had posted themselves in advance as in the operas of Wagner, men with whom everything is cerebral, enjoyed equally with an important air a work which furnished them so beautiful matter for discussion. These two categories of melo-maniacs attracted into their train that crowd of the city, the rich, and art patrons at the head, who, like bad grayhounds, always join themselves to the band that barks the loudest. "Oh, my, what poetry!" "It is astonishing!" "Above all the birds!" Yes, I am completely conquered and these gen-

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tlemen repeat upon all the tones of which their voices are capable sentiments of this kind to those whom they believe competent.

And as for those who are outside of all this absurdity and lying, they keep silence, as men who have their reason and who keep silence in a band of drunken men.

And thus it is that the work which is false, exaggerated, absurd, which has nothing in common with art, makes a tour of the world, costs millions to mount, and corrupts more and more the taste of the high classes and their sentiment of artistic music.

(Translated from the Russian by E. Halperine Kaminsky, in Le Revue de Paris.)

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KARL LOEWE.

The Originator of the German Ballad.

BY KENYON WEST.

When it was announced that the Centenary of Karl Loewe was to be observed in Germany with impressive ceremonies, all lovers of music in England and America were interested. To them Loewe is well-known and his power frankly acknowledged. But the general fame of this composer has not been commensurate with his great services of art. During his life he had many friends who believed in his genius; Madame de Stael, Frederick William of Prussia, Queen Victoria and many others were thrilled by his beautiful voice; Goethe acknowledged him as he was not willing to acknowledge Schubert, Spontini, Hummel, Weber, Schumann, Wagner, Liszt, Brahms, recognized the unique charm and originality of his work; but outside of his own country, the world at large paid little attention to him. This was the case even as late as 1869, when he died.

In 1862, John Hullah, in a lecture delivered to the Royal Institution, said: "Should the English musical public ever break through the wall with which it has allowed apathy and prejudice to protect it from the fresh fields which lie untrodden on its other side, assuredly a thousand instances will present themselves of the truth of the poet's line, now passed into a proverb—'the world knows nothing of its greatest men.'"

We, in America, have had few opportunities to get into thorough sympathy with Karl Loewe. Unless we read German we are shut off from any extensive knowledge of his life. The books of reference in English, on which we largely depend, give him only a few scanty lines or a false idea of his work in a branch of musical art which, in character, if not in scope and splendor of effect, is as important as the opera. The musical dictionary, which is supposed to be the standard, even asserts that Loewe's music is now completely forgotten! It

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is lamentable that the writer in "Grove" should give us so misleading a statement of the nature of Loewe's service. But it is not the first time that superficial critics have been in error in regard to the true value and dignity of the work of some men of genius!*

It cannot be expected that a magazine article can attempt any but the briefest reference to either Loewe's life or to his work. But it may be of use to the general reader, who is shut off from the information accessible only in German, and may possibly make clearer some of our confused ideas in regard to the ballad.

The monument which was recently unveiled at Kiel, bears this inscription: "Erected in memory of the master of the German ballad, by admirers of his music, on his hundreth birthday."

I would suggest that it is not alone Loewe's work which is of value and needs to be kept in memory. His life was singularly lofty and noble; devoted to the highest and the best. And this devotion was shown in conditions which were many times depressing. Loewe's genius was tempered and controlled by clearness and sanity of judgment. That he lived as he did proves the victory which character wins—it shows the triumph, the bright reward. Schumann said: "This great composer worked with enthusiasm. The world has long agreed as to his capability; but there are many paths. Loewe has selected a difficult one. May he not weary of it! But even if he does, his will still be the merit of having struggled in the first ranks towards reaching a new goal."

Loewe did not grow weary. The fire which is lit from above was never suffered to go out. He did his best work, and then went peacefully to his rest.

Born at Lobejün, near Halle, on the 30th of November, 1796, Loewe's youth was naturally profoundly impressed by the stupendous upheaval of thought which had come towards

*Superficial critics are too apt to estimate a composer's genius by the number of times his works are rendered in concerts or in private drawing rooms. Loewe's ballads cannot ever be popular in the sense that some others are popular, because they are of a very high order, and they make strenuous demands both upon the voice and the dramatic instinct of singers. None but first-class artists can hope to do them justice.

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the end of the eighteenth century. By temperament and constitution of mind, he was responsive not only to that impulse which led towards the future with confident hope, to the enthusiasm of liberty, the spirit of reform, the revolutionizing of music and art, literature, politics and religion; but also to that peculiar phase of the time which led some to seek relief from the fever of unrest by turning with tenderness to the past with all its charm of romance and its many rich traditions. Loewe was many-sided. His outlook was not narrow. His letters and his autobiography show him to have been a man of large sympathies, to have possessed that "accessibility to ideas" characteristic only of the few; to have had a high spirit of patriotism, and the prevailing enthusiasm of liberty. The poetic side of his nature, his sentiment of romance, found expression in his wonderful ballads; his religious feeling expressed itself in his oratorios. And as a balance to his whole character was a strong sense of duty. It was this which made him live a somewhat isolated life at Stettin for forty-six years, instead of seeking the wider scope, the more stimulating atmosphere, the alluring uncertainties of a life in one of the large cities. Had more of the great composers possessed this staying quality, this weight of character, we should not hear so much of their bitter disappointments, their poverty and suffering. Schumann felt that Loewe's creative work would have been more notable had he mingled more in wordly affairs. Larger experiences might indeed have broadened and deepened his style, made his operas more successful; but they might have been detrimental to his originality.

Loewe was fortunate in his parentage. His father was a cultivated schoolmaster, with much musical talent, and the boy's energy was early directed to music. He tells us he played and sang at sight as far back as he could remember and he never had the consciousness of learning. His mother resembled the mother of Robert Burns in that she delighted to entertain her children with tales of the folk-lore and legends with which her mind was stored. Thus, as Burns was attracted by the influence of his childhood to all the wealth of song, ready for his shaping poetic faculty, so was Loewe's natural bent towards romanticism encouraged and his imagi-

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nation stimulated. Large collieries near his home also furnished him with much material for his poetic dreams. They seemed a fit abode for gnomes and elves. Nature in her sterner, more cruel moods, as well as in her loveliness, exercised great power over the child's receptive mind.

Three years of school at Köthen were busy ones. The boy found recreation by singing in the church choir. Even then his beautiful voice attracted every one. Loewe speaks with charming näiveté of all the praises he won. At the gymnasium at Halle, where he went to receive instruction from Türk, he had not only the usual difficult studies, but had to practice to compose and also sing in the streets. It was at a concert of this period that his beautiful singing completely won Madame de Stäel. And their memorable interview took place. King Jerome, who often came to Halle, soon recognized the lad's power, and the large allowance bestowed upon him early determined his career. But after a few years of delightful, enthusiastic work, the reverses to Napoleon which freed Germany came to Jerome's protegé as a personal blow. The flight of Jerome of course stopped his allowance. Then came Türk's death, and for a time the future was to Loewe dark and uncertain. Finally Niemeyer persuaded him to accept some aid and go back to the gymnasium. Loewe worked hard and when he entered the university as a theological student it was with distinction. Loewe's mind—all questions of his musical genius aside—was a very fine one. He loved philosophy almost as well as music. "True art," he said, "must have its root in the soil of philosophical culture." To the zeal with which he plunged into his studies, Albert B. Bach ascribes the depth and truthfulness with which he in later times grasped and pictured the life of the Old and New Testaments in his vocal oratorios.

Loewe's beautiful singing would have won him friends had he possessed no other attraction. But he could talk of art and literature as well as sing. He had also magnetism of character. He had charm of manner and a fine face, with nobility and strength of expression. Among the people of culture and position with whom he was intimate in Halle, it was natural there should soon prove to be one dearer than all the

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rest. Almost simultaneous with his falling in love with Julie von Jacob was the composition of his first ballads, "Edward" and "The Erl-king."

The insistent gloom, the terrible haunting character of this relic from a guilty past in the old Scotch song made a deep impression upon him. After a concert of Weber's, at which he assisted, he left all his gay companions and went home alone. Throwing open the windows he looked out into the night. "Dark and stormy," he muttered, "stormy and dark like my music." Then turning to the piano he added: "Come out little mouse and listen to 'Edward.'" This little mouse was a tame one which had made its home in Loewe's piano and would often come out to listen to his playing. But Loewe soon had another entranced listener. A friend appeared at the door, looking at him with startled eyes. "What are you doing, Karl? That is terrible. Are you human? I am afraid of you." The spell was broken. "Yes," answered Karl, rising; "I am human, I am to-night the composer of 'Edward.' To-morrow I shall be the composer of 'The Erl-King.' Come, it grows late, we will go to bed." But the friend said afterward that it was long before he could sleep, and not until he had twice repeated the Lord's prayer could he find rest in his soul. This story was told by Loewe's eldest daughter, and is but one of many to prove the wonderfully impressive character of Loewe's singing of his own ballads.

In 1819-20 Loewe was in Dresden. Here he enjoyed a stimulating friendship with Weber, and every influence fostered his natural bent towards romanticism. A visit to Jena was fruitful in a memorable interview with Goethe. The great poet was sympathetic and responsive, and Loewe found that his own views in regard to the value and charm of the ballad form both in poetry and in music were shared by Goethe. Eighteen years after, the poet's grandson became Loewe's pupil.

The valuable training which had come to Loewe in his student days from Türk's discipline, and later in Berlin from that of Zelter was at last rewarded by an appointment which enabled him to marry and found the kind of home for which a man of his tastes was fitted. At Stettin were not to be found

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so many people of culture as at Halle. But the Church of St. Jacobs, with its grand old organ, a treasured relic from a time before Luther, were to him of great interest. "I have," he says, "from the very first day, loved this organ in the venerable church, with its strong, its tender voices, as a beautiful human soul is loved in the depth of which one may with trust lay down his joy and his sorrow, and in which he finds sympathy, comfort and peace." Loewe became not only choirmaster in this old church, but occasionally had to preach from the pulpit. Then being appointed teacher in the gymnasium of the town, his income was somewhat increased. He performed all his duties with so much ability that in the following year, 1822, his salary was doubled and he became a teacher of natural science as well as music. Here at Stettin, Loewe worked for forty-six years. It is cause for surprise that with all his official labors, he found so much time for original composition.

When, after two short years of happiness, death came between him and his beloved wife, his only relief was in composing. Among the compositions of this period was his setting of "Herod's Lament" from Byron's Hebrew melodies. Loewe wrote to a friend: "Such things are written with one's own heart's blood."

Fanny Mendelssohn said that after her brother's visit to Stettin, where he played a double concerto with Loewe, and Loewe sang for him "Herod's Lament," the impression made upon his mind was never forgotten and he always kept Loewe's ballad upon his piano.

Loewe's second wife was Auguste Lange. Her beautiful soprano voice blended charmingly with his tenor when they sang together in his oratories. The marriage was a very happy one.

When the oratorio "The Destruction of Jerusalem" was performed at Stettin and at Berlin it was received with enthusiasm and won the approval of King Frederick William of Prussia. "The Brazen Serpent," "The Seven Sleepers," "The Aposteles of Phillipi," were as a rule also received with favor. "The Seven Sleepers" has been honored by three English translations, and has been produced in Philadelphia, Boston and New York. But we seldom hear of these works now.

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Then the composition of operas, symphonies, sonatas, songs for voices without accompaniment—a form of composition original with Loewe—fugues, ballads, filled these busy, fruitful years and attest the composer's energy and versatility. Schumann reviewed these different works as they appeared, and his criticisms were sympathetic and discriminating.

When Loewe visited Vienna his heart was glad that his fame had spread thither. His reception was so very warm that he wrote to his wife: "I am living here as if I were in heaven." His gift of improvisation, his singing, the magnetism of his personality made his concerts ovations. Some of these concerts were given only to literary men, artists and musicians. He himself felt stimulated as well as happy, and went home full of glowing thoughts and plans.

Jerome and Frederick William were not the only royal personages who were charmed by Loewe. Loewe's visit to England gave repeated pleasure to the Queen, and Prince Albert gave him many proofs of his admiration and esteem. Think of an obscure musician having his leaves turned by a man like Prince Albert!

As the years passed many public honors were bestowed upon Karl Loewe; degrees in philosophy, fellowship in royal societies, "The Order of the Red Eagle" from the king, and so on. But Loewe's best reward was the esteem of his fellow-musicians and their cordial recognition of his genius. Albert B. Bach has brought together interesting details in regard to the impression made by Loewe upon Wagner and Liszt. Wagner said that Loewe's ballad "Sir Oluf" is one of the most important which musical literature possesses. Dr. Runze told Bach that Wagner also very highly appreciated "The Mother's Ghost," "Edward" and "The Wedding Song," singing them himself with much enthusiasm. Then in 1881, Wagner went

*When Lilli Lehmann was here last, she wrote to me with enthusiasm in regard to Loewe's music, saying she valued the ballads very highly and that the Loewe concerts given every year in Berlin by Gura are deservedly popular. In the concerts given in this country by Mr. Henschel, we have the pleasure of hearing Loewe's ballads sung with thrilling effect. Mr. Henschel has the dramatic fire, the temperament to make profoundly impressive ballads like "The Erl-king," "Archibald Douglass," "Henry the Fowler" and "The Ruined Mill."

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through a whole series of Loewe's ballads with a Munich professor. Of course, Wagner's influence has been felt in Germany, and done much towards spreading Loewe's fame.

Loewe's daughter has left a record of a visit which Liszt paid Loewe. Loewe sang for him the old Scotch ballad, "The Mother's Ghost." He had just finished, when to his amazement Liszt jumped up suddenly from his chair and left the room. He was not seen again till the evening when a large audience was gathered to hear him play. He came in twenty minutes late "with downcast eyes, looking like Dante in his younger years." Before commencing his program he sat down and played a beautiful fantasia of Loewe's ghostly ballad, for "it had so impressed his soul and mind that he had to give vent to his emotion." Then came a store of applause. Loewe himself was called out and Liszt gave from the platform special thanks to him for his own inspiration.

Taking into consideration the fact that Loewe refused many flattering offers to leave Stettin, it is the greater pity that at the last he should have been treated with ingratitude by the very people for whom he had worked for forty-six years and who ought to have cherished him to the very end.

In 1866 the composer had a strange, mysterious lapse of unconsciousness. His trance lasted for several weeks. He recovered, but to his surprise the municipality of Stettin demanded his resignation. The pain of this curt dismissal from his beloved work was great, but without reproach or protest, the brave old man left Stettin and went to live with his son-in-law at Kiel. His life there—the three years remaining—was passed in "peaceful contemplation, being occasionally gratified by visits from admiring friends, among them Johannes Brahms."

The injustice of the people of Stettin was borne without bitterness, but poor Loewe could never again be induced to even touch the organ. What Bach says in this connection is but another instance of how often recognition comes to men of genius after they have passed out into the immortal life beyond: "It must be mentioned that at present the people of Stettin are great admirers of Loewe and cultivate his works!"

Shortly before his death, Loewe had another trance. Ac-

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cording to his own wish, his heart was buried near the beloved old organ in St. Jacob's Church, Stettin. A slab of black marble now marks the spot. His body was buried at Kiel. And there in a grove which was one of his favorite resorts, the monument to his memory has been placed.

Thus passed beyond the whirl and stress of time a great and a noble soul.

Though the fame of Loewe has been of slow growth, its roots strike deep. During the last few years there has been an astonishing revival of interest both in the man's personality and in his imperishable music. Critics who hitherto have ignored him are waking up to the perception of what he has done for music; even outside of Germany many eminent singers are showing energy and enthusiasm in the interpretation of his ballads, thus giving practical proof of Loewe's compelling charm and power. In Scotland the concerts given by Albert B. Bach at which he devoted his whole attention to Loewe, were not only locally popular, but their fame spread wide. And when Bach published his thoughtful and sympathetic criticism of Loewe and Schubert, the book was very successful. Three summers ago the Henschels gave concerts in London in aid of this very monument to Loewe, which has finally been erected at Kiel. These concerts aroused much enthusiasm, and the London newspapers paid many tributes to the great composer. Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Every lover of music rejoices that Karl Loewe is at last "coming into his own," that his work, in its freshness, its wide scope, its dramatic fervor and truth, is beginning to receive the recognition and admiration it deserves.

Loewe has won his place, not alone because he wrote beautiful music, but that he was the originator of new musical forms, that "without him," as Albert B. Bach very justly says, "there would be a gap in the history of music." These forms which Loewe discovered are capable of infinite combinations and expansions, and are wide-reaching in their influence and application. His admirers claim, in fact, that he was a pioneer in expressing many musical ideas which have placed modern music forever in his debt.

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It is in the ballad that Loewe's originality is chiefly shown, though his oratorios bear abundant evidence of it. Loewe has done for the ballad what Schubert did for the song. No one can fully realize the extent of Loewe's service without reference to the history of the ballad—from its origin in the far past when it was used on festive occasions as a song for the dance, to its gradual change into form consisting of music with words telling a story or history of progressive changes in action or in emotion. As we understand the ballad to-day it is far removed from its original meaning, and also is definitely to be distinguished from the song. Definitions in the shape of epigrams are not always satisfactory, but if one wished a concise distinction between a song and a ballad, he might find it by saying a song is a lyric in which personal emotions and thoughts find melodic expression, while a ballad is a "drama in miniature." Stress of emotion, fervency of aspiration, found vent in song. It was the first natural, spontaneous expression of the musical tendency in man. The ballad came later, when man wished not only to express the impassioned feelings of his heart—its love or hate, its bliss or its sorrow—but to narrate the events or conditions in which these impassioned feelings would be, as it were, actors in a mighty and ever-changing drama. The music linked to the words describing these conditions would naturally be more dramatic in character than that used in the simple song.

But it took many years to develop the dramatic capabilities of the ballad form. To it we owe many chronicles of war and of conquest, of stirring and impressive events which without it would have perished in the darkness of oblivion. The usual subjects of the ballad were, however, creations of phantasy—myths, legends, the mysterious and the supernatural—the passions entering into the descriptions being of the sterner, darker type. It would be impossible in our space to refer to the different stages in the development of this enchanting form of musical and dramatic expression. To Loewe had come from the past a glorious heritage of beauty in the ballads which had been sung by bards and troubadours; in those also which the great masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had written. Many of Loewe's contemporaries were

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also producing noble and impressive work. But the capacity of the ballad to produce dramatic effects of infinite variety and range was unsuspected till Loewe began to write. It is because of this that he is called the originator of the German ballad—the pioneer in this branch of musical art. The term is somewhat misleading and is apt to cause confusion in the minds of those of us who base much of our musical knowledge upon dictionaries and books published in English. Reichart, Zumsteeg, Zelter and others had written ballads consisting of a fully developed story with varied accompaniment. Their subjects were either romantic or historical. They had taken many of Goethe's poems, for instance, which Loewe afterwards used; but they showed little variety of color or shading —there was not perfect accord between the mood of the poet and the music to which his words were set. Loewe's art was broader, swifter in penetration, more imaginative in scope. He was the first to seize the inmost musical though inherent in poems like "Henry the Fowler," "Archibald Douglass," "Knight Toggenburg," "Odin's Ride" and "Edward." With the strength and passion of both poet and musician he felt the truth of Shakespeare's words in "The Passionate Pilgrim:"

> **"If music and sweet poetry, both agree**
> **As they must needs, the sister and the brother . . .**
> **One god is god of both, as poets feign."**

Having then this imaginative grasp, Loewe seized the spirit of a poem by intuition and set it to music which in dramatic intensity and fitness, in power, in originality of conception is unsurpassed. Schubert's "Erl-king" in structure and dramatic fitness is not unlike Loewe's. In lyric beauty it is greater, and it therefore will be always the more popular. But Schubert was pre-eminently a song-writer. In that field he won his most glorious and imperishable fame; and when we compare the majority of his ballads with those of Loewe, they suffer by the comparison.

Thus we see that one of Loewe's distinctions is the perfect union of his music with the words of the poem chosen. There is no discrepancy between poet and composer. It is as if the same emotions swayed both, as if the same mind were the creator of the story, the dialogue, the analysis of character,

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and the different musical themes to represent them all. An ordinary composer would, for instance, take Goethe's "Erlking," each stanza would perhaps be strophic in form—the melody of the first would be repeated in the others. But Loewe puts different music into the part where the anxious Father speaks. The terrified son has different notes. The phantom Erlking still another voice. As Bach says: "A mysterious mood predominates throughout the ballad. The prelude and first part describe the motion of the ride in strongly marked accents and great hasty strides. A monotonous mystic character is given to the Erlking's voice. . . . It fascinates, intrudes, forces, and the boy succumbs to the magic spell at once. The accompaniment to the Erlking's melody contributes to give it something of an impetuous, dominating character. A new motive appears in the accompaniment before the repetition of the Erlking's lyric phrase, and distinctly illustrates the spell into which the child is gradually sinking. This motive has a striking likeness to one in Wagner's "Ride of the Walkyries."*

Towards the end of the ballad this motive deals heavy blows. The magic power becomes mightier. The horse gallops with breathless speed through the lonely forest. The final words are composed, like Schubert's rendering, in a recitative form.

In my opinion Goethe's "Fisherman" is one of the most per-

*Bach goes on to say that when he sang this to Sarasate the latter exclaimed: "That is very beautiful, and seems to be something by Wagner." Bach considers that Loewe's conception is more to the point than Schubert's. Schubert allows the Erlking to address the boy in tones of caressing and sweet, that it is hard to understand how they could have alarmed him. Loewe has thus found the more characteristic way of expressing the whispering of the misty spectre and has given the whole ballad the right balance.

It is reported that Wagner once said to his pupils: "My young friends, you think Schubert's 'Erlking' is the best," referring of course to the fact that as many as forty composers have tried their hands at a musical setting to Goethe's immortal poem. "Listen, here is one much finer; it is by Loewe. Schubert's 'Erlking' is not quite true, but Loewe's is true." And even Von Hellborn, Schubert's biographer, acknowledges that in spite of Schubert's marvelous delineation of pictures in some of his ballads, in spite of his truth, his deep apprehension of the various situations, the "palm in this particular province of art must be given to Karl Loewe, who has reached a climax of excellence in his best ballads and become the chief representative of this form of vocal writing."

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fect lyrics written by any poet in any language! To fully realize its charm one must know it in German, though George Henry Lewes gave it an English version, which in spirit and rhythm reproduces the original with surprising fidelity. Schubert, in his music to this bewitching poem, makes no real distinction between the narrative and the speech of the sorceress. The melody chosen is most exquisite, but the changing scenes are totally ignored—the mystic mood, the longing of the nymph, the succumbing of the lad, the tragic accents of the words: "and ne'er again was seen." Schubert characterizes the motion of the water by a little figure of semi-quavers, carried out in the accompaniment throughout, but there is only one tune used for all the stanzas. Loewe's setting cannot better be described than in the words of Bach—I wish I could quote him at length:

"It is in marked contrast to that of Schubert. It is a ballad—it characterizes, it unfolds rich means of illustration, it consists of several divisions, each dealing with one verse. The prelude and first narrative parts express in a splendid fashion the predominant mood. The accompaniment contains a very descriptive restless figure, indicating the rise and fall of the waves. The song of the water-nymph brings a modulation—half mourning, half caressing is the nymph's chant. The tenor part of the accompaniment brings in a beautiful motive which alternately precedes and succeeds or interferes with the phrases which appear in the vocal part, and hence the lovely passages resemble a duet." Climaxes of feeling, transpositions and rich developments of former motives all go to form a most dramatic as well as musically beautiful setting to the wonderful poem.

In his fidelity to the dramatic idea, Loewe does not hesitate in dealing with discordant notes, if the significance of the words require them. Many critics have complained that a weak point in the Wagnerian dramas is that they "misapprehend the capacity of music." That "music is the language of love or of serious and noble affections," that "hate is discord, that the sounds that represent it are not musical," that "scenes for instance like those between Frederick and Ortrud are a perversion of the art of music." Critics of this kind would find

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much to condemn in Loewe. His boldness in the use of varied themes, now light and gay, now impassioned and grave, now beautiful with ravishing melody, or with tender grace of sentiment, now discordant or involved when expressive of swift-approaching fate, or inevitable grief, gives great richness of coloring to his tone pictures—a wonderful representative power to all his works. Another great service which he renders is: his thrilling appeal is not to the emotions alone, but he has a stimulating effect upon the imagination. The listener is carried away off into enchanted regions where the story has a more extended range, where the characters do or say or suffer or enjoy more than is actually expressed. For instance, the music he has put to Goethe's "Fisherman." It has the power not only to make us see the bright and happy fish lured out into the killing air; not only to hear the sweet censure of the water-nymph, whose seductive voice blends with the enchanting rush and swell of the water as she tells the fisher of the beauties beneath the waves and seeks to lure him thither; but after the concluding words, "She spake to him, she sang to him, half lured she him, half sank he in, and ne'er was seen again," we can fancy we are in the long corridors beneath the waves where the youth and the sorceress wander forever. In the "Erlking" also our thoughts are taken away off to the mystic land whither the boy has gone; we can see the golden strand, the many beautiful playthings which are to be the compensation for his death.

Loewe's compositions are differentiated from the usual run of ballads by a characteristic which clearly proves his originality. Zumsteeg, Zelter and other ballad writers did not have this characteristic, and in comparing their work with that of Loewe we see how much he has achieved by its use. Loewe has certain principal themes or melodies which stand out boldly from secondary themes and ideas. These recur again and again in the course of the narrative in harmony with the demands of the words, and are of great service in the working out of the dramatic intention of the poet. The ballad being of limited area, Loewe did not, of course, transform and develop these recurrent themes as he could have had he been writing operas; but his skillful use of them in a form and manner,

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very striking and interesting, marks him as an original genius. It may be thought that Albert B. Bach goes too far in his claim that Loewe created the method of the so-called leading motives by which Wagner has wrought such wonderfully musical effects in his gigantic music-dramas. "In composing his art ballads, or dramas in miniature," says Bach, "Loewe struck out a new path, and suggested the present music-drama as created by Richard Wagner. The principles which Wagner in 1851 laid down in his philosophical and aesthetic dissertations on the art of the future, Loewe had actually carried out thirty years before in his earliest works, 'Erlking,' 'Oluf' and 'Edward.' The recognition of this as the appropriate style for the composition of the ballad, comprising, as it does, so many different elements, entitles Loewe to rank with the outstanding genius of Wagner and makes him the forerunner and pioneer of all contemporary and subsequent masters who have written ballads and dramatic oratorios."

There are, of course, critics who will dispute assertions so broad as these. Henderson speaks of Wagner being the one composer of our time who has given rise to controversy. As Loewe's greatness is more widely recognized, there will be still more scope for difference of opinion among the critics.

Loewe's genius seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the old reliques by Percy; he felt the attraction of Byron as well as of his great countrymen—Bürger, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Heine. Restlessness of spirit, terror, remorse, despair, revenge, grandeur and sublimity, the forces and weird effects of nature, inspired his most wonderful tone-pictures, though his poetic soul was alive to every aspect of beauty, of pathos, of soft and tender sentiment, to every charm of romance. Thus his range of expression is wide. There are magnificent contrasts in his music. The secret of his power does not consist in the originality or beauty or power of any one part of his art. It is not the melody alone; not in the skillful use of different motives; not in the richly developed accompaniment. It is in the perfect union of all these with the words. The music is the most natural expression of the thought of the poetry, varying as the thoughts and emotions vary. In a word, the secret of Loewe's power is his complete

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subjection to the dramatic idea. And it is for this reason that what Schumann said long ago of Loewe was so true and so just when he spoke of Loewe's versatility, of the great variety and vitality of his themes, that he nowhere wearies, that his mind has at all times elasticity and freshness, each ballad possessing its own peculiar tone and character, every word of the poem being painted characteristically. The English public should be grateful to Albert B. Bach for his interesting descriptions of some of these marvelous ballads. Truly Jean Paul was right when he exclaimed in one of his rhapsodies:

"O music! Thou who bringest the receding waves of Eternity nearer to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over!"

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MUSIC STUDY ABROAD.

BY MARY WOOD CHASE.

It is a much contested subject, this of going abroad to study music, and one that has much of importance to be said on both sides. We are a utilitarian people, wanting the best to be had for our money in every direction. We do not want to patronize home products simply because they are home products, but we want the best of everything from every land and every clime. In truth, this very competition raises our own productions to the standards set by other nations, and makes us a most progressive country.

In music we are making remarkable progress. Our teachers, united by state and national associations, keep abreast of the times and are constantly striving to improve their work. On the whole, they are far more progressive, far more wide awake, than those of Europe. They have no respect for tradition which resolves itself into slavery. They are continually endeavoring to find better and surer means of accomplishing the desired end, instead of traveling in ruts worn by famous predecessors. Although there be no royal road to learning, they are earnestly trying to remove as many of the stumbling blocks as possible, making short cuts here, bridging over difficulties there, until the road becomes more direct and the goal less impossible of attainment. The goal is the same, the experienced guide, however, knows the best and shortest paths, is most useful in showing how the obstacles may be surmounted or evaded, is most careful that no unnecessary burden shall be carried. So with teachers in all countries, the progressive ones are continually searching for better means to the end.

It is strange how many of our American students in Europe fall into the hands of mediocre non-progressive teachers. Many of them, having had first-class training at home, realize soon that something is wrong, but a natural disinclination to change causes them to try yet a little longer, if perchance, in

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getting worked in, something may work out to their ultimate good. After wasting from one month to three, or perhaps even more, they decide to try some one else. If well advised, they then usually go to one of the three acknowledged leaders, Barth, Raif, or Leschetitzsky, only to look back with intense regret that they did not do so at first. If they are less fortunate in advice received or followed, they turn helplessly first to one then to another, the result being disappointment on their part, dissatisfaction on the part of their friends—merely another rolling stone. The three artist teachers, Barth, Raif and Leschetitzsky, deservedly stand at the head of the vast army of piano teachers of all nationalities, not on account of certain methods, nor on account of judicious advertising, but by reason of a keenness of critical perception, and an attention to detail beginning where others stop. To this they add careful attention to technique along the most progressive lines. In the strong combination of these qualities, where others fail in one or more directions, lies their greatness. Leschetitzsky is an old man now and his best teaching days are undoubtedly over, but Raif and Barth are both in their prime, both take the greatest interest in their teaching, not only in dealing with the talented, but with untalented who are earnest and ambitious in their work. Their temperaments differ widely, the former patient, sympathetic, exquisitely refined and poetic in his interpretations; the latter austere, impatient, severe with his pupils, especially those with marked talent, exact, musicianly, but cold in interpretation, like a marble statue, beautiful, perfect in detail, without, however, the warmth of life. Both are strong in developing a good technique in the least possible time.

There are many reasons for Europe returning so many unfinished students and so few genuine artists aside from the mistake in regard to the choice of teachers. First of all the lack of preparation, the worthless foundation which many have laid in this country, results either of carelessness and indifference of the pupil, or of an incapable teacher. Thus it is that many have to undergo months of study with preparatory teachers, undoing as much as possible what has already been attained, faults often extremely difficult to eradicate. They

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must spend possibly two-thirds of their time on simple compositions, learning to study carefully, thoroughly, and learn that it is better to play one of Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood" musically, artistically, than to dash through a Liszt Rhapsodie regardless of anything but noise. On their return they either disappoint their friends by having no "show pieces," or dreading to meet this disappointment, they prepare by themselves something as a reminder of former glory, the result being again dismal failure. If they can remain several years they will build up gradually on their new foundation a solid artistic superstructure, but where only nine months, which is what the average student spends abroad, can be given, brilliant results seldom appear on the surface. Those who spend that time studying for teaching may gain a mass of new, interesting and valuable material, which they will arrange at home at their leisure. If they are taught to think independently, to understand the principles underlying both technics and interpretation, knowing the "why and wherefore," their own playing as well as their teaching will continue to develop. Naturally it is much better, when possible, to remain two or three years. Consider what any teacher in this country will accomplish in the first year with a pupil. It is the second and third year where the work begins to show what remarkable progress has been made. Taking that into consideration, and the fact that in one short year abroad the American student wishes to attend every concert worth hearing, to visit every art gallery, every castle, every cathedral, to say nothing of the shops within reach, when she is possibly half starving herself in a third-rate German pension, when one realizes all these distractions and hindrances, can one wonder that study abroad does not always result as favorably as quiet, uninterrupted study with a first-class teacher at home? But when singleness of purpose is the basis, when the determination is adhered to, to do regularly, systematically and thoroughly each day's practice and only undertake as much outside of the regular work as time and strength reasonably permit, thus and only thus does one realize satisfactory results, be it from one year's or a half a dozen years' study.

An unusually serious drawback to some who go well pre-

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pared, especially those who have made some success in concert work before leaving home, is an undue amount of self-satisfaction. Many such deem it unnecessary to study long with any one teacher. In fact, the teacher, if he be one of the leading masters, is apt to find so many flaws that it lowers their self-respect to submit to so much criticism, and they either push themselves before the public, to be mercilessly received by the critics, or they find a third-rate teacher who will push them. Such students have often the most promising talents, which only their consummate conceit prevents from making into superior artists.

As for the much-talked-of musical atmosphere in the music centers of Europe, it is surely not exaggerated. True, we have our regular concerts, we have opportunities of hearing the world's greatest artists in our own country, we have opera with such casts as are unknown in Europe, but where will you find a series of ten symphony concerts and ten rehearsals in an American city, where every seat for both rehearsals and concerts was sold by subscription long before the first concert took place, and this without a single star soloist to draw, the program being of the most dignified character? This was actually the case with the Symphony Concerts of the season '95-'96 at the Royal Opera House in Berlin, Weingartner conductor. Where will you find in this country a community which will fill, or nearly so, the same opera house every night in ten months to hear operas repeated over and over again, with no star singers to attract; people who go to hear the music and not some one artist, and who think nothing of having heard "Lohengrin" or "Tannhaeuser" thirty times or more? Where is the city which will support two popular orchestral concerts a week from October to May, aside from the ten regular Philharmonic and the ten by the Opera Orchestra, with their respective rehearsals—popular concerts which present the best orchestral music of classic and modern literature, with neither "star" nor favorite conductor to fill the hall, simply music, music?

Students go to hear the same things many times over. What if the interpretation is not inspired, do they not become so familiar with the compositions that when they are heard

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under a great conductor's baton they are able to appreciate and enjoy to the full the beauties both of work and interpretation? These besides the countless concerts of soloists, of chamber music and oratorio, to say nothing of the vast number of conservatory concerts and pupils' recitals. We hear complaints at home of the lack of patronage of really good concerts, that we have too many, and only the most renowned artist can get an audience. What would we say to eight hundred recognized concerts in one season, not including conservatory recitals and affairs in the smaller concert rooms of the city of Berlin! Vienna and Paris are not far behind either in numbers or genuine interest. Students attend concerts as a part of their regular education. Concerts and operas begin earlier and as a rule are much cheaper than at home. People coming in late or otherwise creating a disturbance are promptly hissed. It is music that is sought after; music that is enjoyed. Can any one deny that these things in themselves make the atmosphere musical? The multitudes of students interested in the same pursuit, all striving to make the most of their time and opportunities, is an additional stimulus. At concert and opera they are wont to congregate during the pauses and exchange ideas and compare notes.

Those who spend several seasons abroad wear themselves out the first summer seeing Europe. Instead of the complete rest which they should be taking in some cool, retired spot, they rush from one dusty city to another, spending day after day sightseeing, coming back in the fall quite exhausted. If possible the traveling should be done at the outset, spending as much time as can be spared satisfying longings to see the beautiful places which it were the greatest pity to return to America without having seen. A month or so, however, should be calculated on for recuperation, before forcing the remnant of strength to do duty in hard study and practice. Complete rest and work commenced when physically fresh will in the end bring better results. The teachers complain that the second year of the American student is generally spoiled by the summer travel. It is much better to wait until just before the return home, as the ocean voyage, especially

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on the slower steamers, and a couple of weeks rest at home do much to restore the normal condition.

Aside from the artistic developments resulting from conscientious study with the great masters, are the broadening influences wrought by contact with a people whose mode of thought, life and very ideals differ widely from our own. A short stay only antagonizes, but longer and more intimate acquaintance teaches that there is much truth and beauty in their ideals, and that while still loving America far more than it were possible to love another country, and appreciating its advantages the more fully, yet its imperfections and shortcomings become clearer to the mental vision, and if possessed by one atom of patriotism, is an incentive to making a stronger effort to bring about reforms and improvements in this country, whereby they should become more valuable citizens.

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LEGENDS OF THE LYRE.

BY CATHERINE FEENEY.

Hail Golden Lyre! whose heav'n invented string,
To Phoebus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king,
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.

So sang Pindar, the beloved of Apollo, and the most honored of the epic poets among the Greeks, who governed by the lyre, which they adopted as their national instrument. All their songs were accompanied by its music.

Its origin is veiled in clouds of poetical fables and ingenious allegories around which poets love to weave their fancies; and artists depict it most gladly, its broken strings and hushed music suggest pathetic tales of long ago—harmonious with nature and recall fables and mythical stories of a credulous age.

Although the elegant lyre naturally suggests the Greeks, yet they were not the inventors of it, as the first Egyptian Mercury is supposed to have made it from a tortoise which he found on the shores of the Nile after the waters had returned within their natural bounds; the flesh of this tortoise being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing was left within the shell but nerves and cartilages, which, having been braced and contracted by dessication, were rendered sonorous. Mercury in walking along the beach struck his foot against the shell and was so pleased with the sound it produced that it suggested to him the first idea of a lyre, which he afterwards made in the form of a tortoise and strung it with dried sinews of dead animals.

Another tale in the same strain is related of the Greek God Mercury who, having stolen some bulls from Apollo, retired to a secret grotto, which he used to frequent, at the foot of a mountain in Arcadia. Just as he was going in he found a tortoise feeding at the entrance of his cave; he killed the poor creature and perhaps ate the flesh of it; as he was diverting

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himself with the shell he was mightily pleased with the noise it gave forth from its concave figure. He had possibly, says Horace, been cunning enough to find out that a thong pulled straight and fastened at each end when struck by the finger made a sort of musical sound. He went to work and cut several thongs out of the hides he had lately stolen and fastened them as tightly as he could to the shell of the tortoise, and in playing with them made a new sort of music with which to amuse himself in his retreat.

Apollo, God of music and leader of the Muses, is usually painted with his bow or lyre as a symbol. Here he wears a

APOLLO AND THE MUSES.
Giulio Romano.

flowing drapery girt at the waist; he was a powerful advocate of the sweet-voiced lyre, having at one time caused Marsyas to be flayed alive because he had boasted superior skill in playing the flute; and at another caused the ears of Midas to grow long because he had decided in favor of Pan, who contended that the flute was a better instrument than the lyre, which was given to Apollo by the inventor Mercury. The former was the first to play upon it with method and by singing to it made it the constant companion of poetry. Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury, says it was given by that God to

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Apollo as a peace offering for the oxen he had stolen from him.

Poets and musicians are said to be inspired by Apollo, and to the other perfections of his divinity have been added beauty, grace and the art of captivating the ear and the heart, no less by the sweetness of his eloquence than by the melodious sounds of his lyre.

As Apollo was the God of the fine arts, those who cultivated

MERCURY AND APOLLO.
F. Albani.

them were called his sons. Philammon of Delphos, a great poet and musician, reported to be the offspring of the God who presided over those arts, was one of the first after Apollo in fabulous record, as a vocal performer who accompanied himself with the sound of the lyre.

The following poem from Goethe tells of a famous quarrel over the lyre:

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Delos' stately ruler and Maia's son, the adroit one,
Warmly were striving, for both sought the great prize to obtain.
Hermes the lyre demanded, the lyre was claimed by Apollo,
Yet were the hearts of the foes fruitlessly nourish'd by hope,
For on a sudden Ares burst in with fury decisive,
Dashing in twain the gold toy, brandishing wildly his sword;
Hermes, malicious one, laughed beyond measure; yet deep-seated sorrow
Seized upon Phoebus' heart, seized on the heart of each Muse.

SAPPHO AND ALCAEUS.
H. Burck.

Amphion, the only Theban musician upon record in early ages, is said to have built the walls of Thebes by the sweetness of his lyre. The story is not to be taken literally; it is generally supposed that the wisdom of his council over these rude and barbarous people induced them to submit to law and order and live in society, depending upon themselves by building the wall for which he has all the credit.

The sedition at Sparta was appeased, so the story goes, by

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the music of the lyre played by Terpander, who, desirous to extend the limits of his music, added a string to his instrument; and for doing so the Ephori made him pay a penalty, though the Spartans were the first cultivators of music among the Greeks, they were such enemies to variations in that art

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.
Beyschlag.

that Terpander was not the only reformer and innovator who felt their resentment; Phrynicus and Timotheus underwent a still severer punishment, and Plutarch speaks of a lyrist whom they heavily fined for playing with his fingers instead of the plectrum, as their forefathers had done.

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We have the testimony of Plutarch and several other ancient writers that Thaletas the Cretan delivered the Lacedaemonians from the pestilence by the sweetness of his lyre. This story seems hard for a "grown up" to believe, and it comes to us in rather a better way from antiquity. Thaletas was a famous lyric poet, contemporary with Solon, gifted with great

DEATH OF ORPHEUS.
E. Livy.

power. He went to the Lacedaemonians during the plague, by command of an oracle; by virtue of his mission all the poetry of the hymns which he sang must have consisted of prayers and supplications in order to avert the anger of the Gods against the people, whom he exhorted to sacrifices, puri-

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fications and many other acts of devotion; the disease having probably reached its highest pitch of malignity when the musician arrived, afterwards became less contagious by degrees, till at length ceasing of itself, by the air wafting away the seeds of infection and recovering its former purity, the extirpation of the disease was attributed by the people to the music of Thaletas, who had been thought the sole mediator to whom they owed their happy deliverance.

Tradition conveys to us many stories of noble conquests made by the music of the lyre, and miraculous effects are thrown into those dark and fabulous times when the art may be supposed to have been in its infancy. The lyre of Empedocles is said to have had the power of preventing murder, though all that can be inferred from what has been related of this poet and musician is that he restored a furious young man to reason and moderation by the assistance of poetical council conveyed to him in a song; for the chief use made of the lyre at that time was to accompany the voice.

The works of Homer, which were the Bible of the Greeks, constantly places the lyre in the hands of the actors; in his Iliad and Odyssy we find it with the bard on several occasions; even in the first book of the Iliad we become familiar with it, as,

> "Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round,
> With voice alternate aid the silver sound."

The lyre is naturally associated with Sappho, the greatest poetess the world has ever known; her fame rivaled that of Homer; she was called the tenth Muse. The story of her love for Phaon and her leap into the sea from the Leucadian promontory is well known. In the illustration she appears with Alcaeus, familiarly known by the title of the "Aeolian Bard." He was the great lyric poet of Greece, whose life ended in exile; his name is given to several kinds of verse of which he was the inventor.

The story of the famous lyre of Orpheus is very familiar to us. He, also, was a Grecian poet and musician and his is one of the most ancient and venerable names among the Greeks; his reputation was established as early as the time of the Argonautic expedition, in which he himself was an

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adventurer, and he is said to have at that time incited the Argonauts to row by the sound of his lyre; also to have

HOPE.
G. F. Watts, R. A. So. Kensington Museum

vanquished and put to silence the Sirens by the superiority of the strains from his lyre, which he early cultivated in

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preference to every other instrument and played so divinely that all nature stopped to listen to his music.

When his wife Eurydice died he went after her to Hades, and the strains from his lyre so softened even the stern Gods of the dead they were rendered so far propitious to his entreaties that they restored to him Eurydice on con-

LORELEY.
W. Kray.

dition that he would not look at her till he had quitted their dominions; a blessing, alas, forfeited by a too eager and fatal affection, for he looked back at her ere they were out of death's domain. She instantly vanished from his sight, leaving him with an unconquerable love for her alone.

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The Thracian women were very jealous of this love and hated him in consequence, and when they found themselves abandoned by their husbands, who were his disciples, they were so enraged that they resolved to kill Orpheus, which they did during the frenzy of the Bacchic orgies, concealing themselves in the woods and, after drinking to a degree of intoxication to give them courage, tore him to pieces. His head and lyre floated "down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore," where a shrine was built near Antissa, whereas it appears from the inscription on his monument at Dium in Macedonia that he was struck by lightning, the envied death of the reputed favorites of the Gods. The legend with all its melancholy, its love and its sympathy with nature, has obviously taken shape in the hands of an early school of lyric poetry associated with the worship of the Muses. The tragic death of Orpheus is usually connected with the Bacchic ritual, and the representative of the Gods is torn to pieces every year by the envious power of nature, a ceremony that was duly enacted by the Bacchae in earlier times with a human victim.

According to Lucian, Neanthus, the son of Pittacus the tyrant, bought the lyre of Orpheus from the priests, imagining that by merely touching this instrument he should draw after him the trees and rocks; he succeeded in only provoking the dogs in the neighborhood to tear him to pieces, and, though he could not share the fame, he shared the fate of the unfortunate Orpheus.

The subject of the lyre in poetry was not confined to the poets of ancient days, latter-day poets and artists render homage to the actors in the myths of by-gone days and their instruments as well.

In the illustration here given of the painting "Hope," by G. F. Watts, R. A., in the Ruston collection, Hope appears as a lovely genius, who, seated on the summit of the globe and enwrapped by the blue, starlit firmament, still strives to sound her maimed lyre, on which but a single string remains; she sounds it blindfolded and worn with woe, but not yet in doubt or despair.

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A SKETCH.

BY LELLA PARR.

On the afternoon of the 29th of January I was standing near the bulletin board close by the Auditorium, with my hands stabbed deeply into my pockets. It was an attitude suggesting that I was to be interested in everything, and interested in nothing.

A newsboy with a bad face and bad clothes attracted me first, but I turned from him to look at a nabob, who had a bad face also, but good clothes; it was just that much pleasanter.

There was an icy spot about ten feet in front of me, which had been made by a bucket of water having been dashed over the snow. A fine lady fell on it, and I caught myself listening to her torrid anathemas as she hurried by me, with the remnants of snow and dirt still clinging to her skirts.

So I stood there, idly gazing with this weather-cock mood within me, for my mind would veer this way and that, whirling a little in one direction and somewhat in another, as the shifting scenes brushed against it.

A thin clammy snow began to fly in my face, and it reminded me that I had been standing there for many minutes. I became aware also that the wind, which was a bleak one, was slowly working my temperature down to its own. So turning away, I found myself facing the bulletin board, and I read the announcement on it, simply because it happened to be there, not because I especially cared to know what it was. It led me, however, to look at my watch, and finding it only eight minutes after half-past 2, I procured a ticket and was in my seat at the Auditorium by a good quarter till 3 o'clock. Some might have said I was late, but I always consider myself early —always consider myself lucky—if my arrival is subsequent to the cacophonous period which precedes the descent of the baton.

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It was the Schubert Symphony in C they were playing, and after shaking and readjusting my mentality, I settled myself down to listen in good earnest. I usually concentrate upon the melody, and follow it in its rounds through the orchestra, as I am always able to gain a better flavor of the harmony by so doing, and in this Symphony this plan would not have been difficult to follow had there been nothing else to change the channel of my unaccountably wayward attention. But it was diverted before five minutes by a woman in front, slightly to the left, of me, who would sway with the steady and unfailing recurrence of a metronome whenever a square-cut phrase made itself felt. At first her movements only caused me to turn my head toward her for a moment or so, but finally I grew to watch her, gave up listening altogether.

Sometimes she would sit bold upright for awhile, usually during those phrases where an attempt to sway with each pulse would have resulted in merely bobbing; then when accent was again sufficiently distributed, she would nod with her hands, head and feet, sometimes with the rhythm, sometimes counter to it, stopping only when the time changed, and then coming to a period with a jerk, as if she had been scotched.

My interest in her grew; she was a problem. Devotion to art was evidently before me. It evidenced itself in every line and curve of her face. In her breathing, which was every now and then punctured by a sigh, or a groan, which is the superlative degree of a sigh.

Usually the depths of one's nature is in exact proportion to the amount of physical control displayed. According to this theory this control argues the domination of the real Ego and makes every motion an exact reproduction of the soul. If this were so in her case then her benefits to art could not be trusted, for her progress would be constantly hindered by her going out into the by-way of enthusiasm or the by-way of depression, wasting her energies in this "pair of opposites," instead of working along the high road, with a steady self-centered advancement.

My cogitations, which were slowly and surely leading me

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up the fearful ascent of psychics, were cut short by a humorous happening directly in front of me. In the midst of a passage where the wood-winds were barely breathing, and the house was still enough until, hyperbolically speaking, you could have heard the reverberation of an idea, a nervous little woman suddenly buried her face in her handkerchief, and as suddenly raised it up again, and "k-k-ker-chue," the chue coming out in a crescent swell that was chopped off by a dismal "Oh!" This set three silly girls in her vicinity a-giggling, at such a rate that for about a minute they were the nucleolus, so to speak, of a murmuring, swelling, dying titter.

After this diversion I did not look immediately in the direction of "manifested approval," for, to tell the truth, I had grown somewhat weary of so many gyrations, and lazily wondered if the "gyrating" one was not similarly affected. But as I looked around me almost carelessly my half-cynical and changeable mood seemed to drop from me in an instant; my thoughts were concentered, and the origin and the object of this concentration was by my side. It was a woman so beautiful to look upon that could I have done so constantly I should have been oblivious of all else. She was about half-past maturity, in the "dawn of that sweet second summer," with eyes that were calm and cloudless as an Italian sky—and as mysteriously deep. Never before had I seen such perfection of features unless branded by self-consciousness; but hers were free from even a trace. As I scanned her face from time to time (she did not seem to be conscious of scrutiny) it preserved an almost unchanging repose; but during Mr. Sterne's free-hand drawing, just as he was embroidering a fancy with rich and pulsing designs, I saw her eyes undergo a striking change; the pupils seemed to dilate and grow darker, the orifice through which they shone contracted in width and increased in length, until only a long strip of shining blackness was visible. The whole process was only of passing duration and was accomplished by means of the upper eyelids alone. They had straightened their curves and by this maneuver the length of the eyes had seemed to reach even beyond the crow-foot mark. Then just after the sylphs had

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obeyed the set summons of the devil and were carousing among the strings with a gossamer airiness that augered the perfect damnation of Faust, there was again that curious dropping of the upper eyelids. During intermission she kept her seat (my other friend went with the crowd), and then and during each period of rest she scribbled assiduously. Scribbled I say, for her lines were sometimes parallel and sometimes at angles (both obtuse and obscure), and once I saw her turn the paper upside down and write, as if the thoughts might be apart from whatever else she was writing.

I was seized with a desire to possess that paper. By covertly watching I had seen just enough to tell that she was writing about music, and I judged it might be her impression of the concert. Then a vague idea had originated in me that served to whet my shady inclinations to a keener edge, the idea that on it might be an indication which would lead to taking the cover off of her identity.

The last reason was really my main one for wishing to gain possession of the little sheet, but it seemed to me, too, that if she were really writing down her thoughts of the concert, that such notes would be a key to her true character, which I had already judged to be a beautiful one, and also a solution to the question which had wandered into my brain early during the performance, and which was stopped so shortly by the interfering sneeze and its consequences.

Every now and then I had been glancing toward my first friend and had observed with quite a little satisfaction that she had reached her limit in one direction and was slowly pendulating toward the other. This satisfaction arose simply because her case was developing according to my previously conceived notions, and when one ideates correctly, or thinks they have, they should be forgiven the repose of mind which is sure to follow.

A weariness was stealing over her, which she could not conceal, notwithstanding she made spasmodic efforts to do so, and my convictions now in regard to her were almost certainties; for if this admiration had been more than a merely physical one, if it had reached a mental strata, it would not

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have expended itself, but would have gathered force instead of losing it.

But, like Gideon, I longed for a sign as to the verity of my theory, and fortune, usually my fiery adversary, seemed to favor me this time, for just as the last crash of the orchestra was passing away—words for which I seemed to have been waiting came to me. They came from my gyrating neighbor, who, with weary conviction and much impressiveness, said to her companion:

"Wasn't that just awfully lovely!"

It might have been irrelevant, but just then a quotation from Emerson flashed through my mind, "They who have definite thoughts always have definite words wherewith to express them," and I turned from her to follow my fair "ladye" with the curiously gesturing eyes.

She was standing by her seat quiet, self-possessed and alone. Quietly she waited until the massed throng had gone by. I noticed that she was holding her program in her hand, and peeping from between its leaves was the sheet which I had wished so much to read. Keeping near her as possible, without seeming to do so, I saw her thread her way through the crowd, and came very near losing sight of her at the foot of the lower stairway, but caught a glimpse again at the street entrance, as she struggled against the wind.

I saw her pull her cloak closer around her, and with her hand that held the program gather her skirts and so disappear. But I saw at the same time something flutter to the floor, and caught by the breeze it flapped its leaves, and turning clean inside out, it gave to the wind a single sheet of paper, which I grabbed for and grabbed again, nearly colliding with a blue-coat in my frantic efforts to gain it. The policeman handed me the program and at the same time gave me a friendly admonition. Thanking him for both, I pocketed my prize and hurried to my room, half vexed all the while to think that I could not have rescued them, and kept the lady in sight at one and the same time. Look carefully as I might, I could find nothing on either program or paper which would give me the faintest idea of who she might

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be unless the name "Esther," written carelessly three or four times on the back of the program, as if she might have been practicing to while away the time during the "tuning up" were an indication. But some of the ideas were so original, so full of meat and drink, that I shall write down all that was on her paper, which was by that time soiled and dirty, but which I have kept just the same.

At the bottom of one side was written:

"Schubert was only the shadow of what he might have been. His heritage was an earldom and he bestowed it freely upon posterity. He could have made it a kingdom."

This I rightly concluded was the first of her series of annotations, for by following this hypothesis, I could trace almost every comment to its origin. The following was evidently brought out by the Dvorak concerto, and more especially by the tones of the 'cello: "Of what does it remind me? Is it color? Is not the sacred septachord of colors to be found vibrating in the realm of sound? Yes. Its tones are dark, they are blood-red. They drip from the cut of the bow with a trembling, vibrating constancy. They dye the listening heart with their passionate hue."

Then it seems that she must have begun thinking of the strides music has made in the art world, in conjunction with her color idea and that the combination had compelled the following, which I suppose might be called a "Song of Music," as it is written in the first person:

"I ride on the shining crest,
Of the foremost waves of art.
I suckle the rainbow's breast,
I drink from the rose's heart."

I was not surprised at this; for what musician is not a poet, and what poet is not a musician? If Wordsworth had known how, his "Dreams of Immortality" would have been given to the world in a Symphony as well as a poem and the sweetest lyrica should have been penned by Mozart.

Then in a half-pensive, half-sorrowful mood, she had asked, "Why does music seem so uninteresting to the many, when it imitates things which go beyond reach of natural vision, or

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that which is easily audible? Is it that familiarity alone charms? And are the majority familiar with only the horizons of earth? The earth is beautiful, but there are vaster regions into which we cannot see, but can only feel with the finer tactile sense of the soul. These are regions worthy for the digits of this sense to reach out after. Music is suspended by a thread of air, midway between the world of the seen and the unseen. Why blame it as uninteresting if it dip into one realm as well as another. Our poets have 'seen visions' and 'dreamed dreams,' and poets of sound have had mystic eidolons to float before their enraptured vision, which they have endeavored to clap between bars and staves, just as poets of language have sought to put their Pegasus into metrical harness."

Then music sings again:

"I am the odor of Thought;
A reverie of the wind.
An etherous dream inwrought,
In the heart of the crescent mind."

This was all. No, not all either, for as I turned the paper upside down, these words appeared:

"Impertinence is but inverted eagerness. It is harmless."

I gazed blankly at the statement and wondered what connection it could possibly have with music.

Gradually faint irradiating dawn of understanding began to steal over me, and I fell, or rather waded, into a deep reverie which lasted to the utter neglect of my meal and until late in the night.

And when at last I slept I dreamed that King Ahasuerus and myself were rivals over a fair woman whose eyelids drooped curiously for me, but not for King Ahasuerus.

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In another part of this issue is published in full a translation of a remarkable paper by the celebrated Russian novelist, Tolstoi, concerning the Wagnerian opera. Tolstoi, as is well known, is a man of radical ideas in regard to the conduct of life and the relations of modern society. In spite of the musical ferment in Russia he seems to have held entirely aloof from Wagner's music until last season, when he was persuaded to attend one performance of Wagner's "Siegfried." In the paper will be found his impressions, and a more deliciously wrong-headed article it would be difficult to find in all the volumes which have been written against Wagner by musicians and non-musicians.

The trouble with Tolstoi is that he is too late in the day. All this matter would have been timely and interesting and quite in the swim along about 1876 to '78 or '80, but the times have changed very much within the last twenty years and certain aspects of the Wagnerian question are no longer open. For example, Tolstoi makes the assertion that the Wagnerian music consists entirely of beginnings, of ideas without endings; in other words, that what bid fair to become melodies of eight measures shut off after no more than two or occasionally four, without any proper finish. This peculiarity of the thematic structure of Wagner's music has been many times noticed, but it was not entirely the result of Wagner's inability to write flowing melodies. On the contrary, if one will take the trouble to examine the prayer in "Rienzi," the pilgrim chorus in "Tannhauser," the evening star romance, or Elizabeth's song, or the song in praise of love in "Tannhauser," not to mention hundreds of other splendid examples in these works, it will be found that Wagner not only has

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melodies, but an extremely strong and rationally conceived melody, such as no master before him had written.

It will not do to say that the music of Wagner is intelligible only upon the scene and by the aid of a libretto, to which the hearer constantly refers, because experience shows that no orchestral works are heard in popular and in symphony concerts with surer pleasure than excerpts from the Wagner operas; and this popularity is entirely and wholly legitimate, being due to the force and nobility of the ideas, the wholly original and extremely beautiful musical coloring and the very earnest and masterly thematic working out. Indeed, there are those who go as far in the opposite direction as Count Tolstoi goes in his. One or two years ago a very interesting paper was read by Mrs. Theodore Thomas before a ladies' club in this city, concerning the Wagner opera, in which she is said to have taken the ground that, despite the dramatic power of the music and the splendid scenic handling of the operas, the time would probably come very soon when the operas themselves would not be played and would only be known through the instrumental excerpts, which were expected to hold the stage for a long time in all kinds of orchestral concerts. This opinion was strongly suspected, by those who read between the lines, to be that of Mr. Theodore Thomas himself, and, curiously enough, the paper was not allowed to be published, as, in Mr. Thomas' opinion, the time had not come to advance sentiments so likely to awaken discussion.

* * *

It is entirely too late in the day to deny to the music of Wagner emotional power. With the exception, perhaps, of the music of Tschaikowsky, there is hardly any other in existence which approaches that of Wagner in this direction, nor is Wagner limited in the range of emotion. On the contrary, from the sweet ideality of Elsa, the malignity of Ortrud, the pensive romanticism of Wolfram, through all stages of passion and warlike ardor and the complications of a blindly working fate, it is rare indeed that Wagner fails to strike the right note and to awaken, even in the minds of careless and indifferent hearers, the color of feeling which the scene de-

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mands. Upon a priori grounds it would be deemed impossible that an orchestral score so highly artificial as that of the "Gotterdaemmerung," so full of arbitrarily chosen themes worked together with astonishing profusion and mastership, should ever appeal to any audience not composed entirely of experts. Nevertheless, the status of opera in Germany at the present time shows that this colossal work makes a most powerful appeal to all classes of hearers and represents one phase of modern music more thoroughly than any other composition whatever.

It should also be remembered that in the last fifty years there have been on the whole three tremendous masters of musical discourse. The greatest of these, from the dramatic side, is Wagner; the greatest from the symphonic side is Brahms, and the Russian master, Tschaikowsky, might almost be said to have combined the capabilities of both, since his music is more impassioned than that of either and worked out with a mastery second only to that of Brahms.

Nor is Wagner confined to serious moments. Look at the "Meistersinger," one of the most amusing operas ever written; full of beautiful and highly wrought music, with a comedy as delicate as the most ethereal of Shakespeare's imaginations, and at the same time with a humor occasionally as broad as that of farce, and with an historical background extremely well conceived and realized.

* * *

For all this, the work of Tolstoi is very amusing and charming. It is so delightful to hear this wrong-headed righter of the evils of the world in his description of what he found out about Wagner after hearing one act, and finally after staying through two acts, and its being put forward as an explanation of the curious international Wagnerian hypnotism as against the experience of nearly all classes of musicians, and particularly of all the more advanced musicians to whom the Wagner question came up in its freshness fifty years ago. The status of Wagner has been practically settled, and now that of Tolstoi is delightfully shown.

All the same, one would like to ask Mr. Tolstoi what he would think of a reader who, after standing aloof from one

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of the very greatest names in literature of the last half-century, should finally resolve to devote an hour or two to finding out whether the reputation of the author in question were entirely deserved or wholly illusory. And if it should further happen, as in his own case, that the new-comer was entirely without literary training (as Tolstoi is in music) and that he should find the new writer so objectionable as to be unable to endure a hundred pages of his work, except at great personal sacrifice and revolt of soul, one would like to ask about how much importance Mr. Tolstoi would accredit his opinions as against the opinions of a majority of the greatest literary experts in all the world? And as against the largest individual popularity which the art-productions of any creative artist have gained within recent times?

* * *

Incidentally it is a pleasure to credit Mr. Tolstoi with having observed that even in "Siegfried" there are more than mere beginnings of melody. Even he noticed that the famous "Sword Song," at the close of the first act, is very far from being a chant on the part of the singer; it is a fully organized musical piece and each part brings in musical complications of a very novel, but thoroughly interesting, character, and the best proof of its sufficiency is the world-wide popularity it has enjoyed for twenty years.

* * *

In like manner the charge of hypnotism falls to the ground when it is remembered that the Wagnerian operas have been given in all the large opera houses of Europe in the usual manner, with plenty of lights, with a large orchestra occupying the space before the stage, in full view of the hearers, and the conductor vigorously marshaling his resources full in view. It is true that these outward manifestations of the inward work of the drama have an obstructing effect upon the imagination, nevertheless they do not destroy the illusion, they simply modify it.

The plain truth remains that the works of Wagner hold the stage to the almost total exclusion of works formerly considered masterpieces, because they are stronger,

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richer and better worth hearing than the works which they have displaced.

Nor is the Tolstoi criticism more valid when he descends to musical particulars. He acknowledges that Wagner introduces many new and charming modulations, but declares that this is something which is perfectly easy for disorganized music to do. The observation is very true, only it happens in this case that the music of Wagner is not disorganized, and that Wagner accomplished a coherent expression in spite of, or by means of, musical means so unusual and unforeseen; and it is the coherence of expression and the way the work holds together and the interdependence of its various parts with one another which is the chief source of the fascination these operas exercise. It is this which has enabled them to supercede the artificial and purely theatrical operas of Meyerbeer, or the light and fascinating, but well-nigh heartless, melodies of Rossini and Donizetti.

Wagner deals with elemental emotions and with musical conceptions that are somewhat childish. The operas of the Ring are a gigantic fairy story, full of murder and all sorts of blood-curdling incidents absurdly interwoven with the spectacular, one incident scarcely less improbable than another. Yet when one grants the author his fancy you have an interesting and fascinating work of art, the vigor of which can be judged by the popularity it has enjoyed for twenty years or so.

* * *

Whether the operatic composer of the future will follow the lines of Wagner is another question and a very different one. In any case the drama if sung must depend mostly upon human interest successfully displayed in the picturesque and romantic, and it is rather doubtful whether the opera of the future will contrive any more satisfactory stage pictures than those of "Lohengrin" and the "Meistersinger," though there is no reason why others equally beautiful might not be devised.

If the composer of the future finds himself able to be expressive and dramatic without Wagner's prolixity and preachiness, it will be very much better for the hearers. It might

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even happen that at some future day a theatrical managing editor will take the four operas of the "Ring" and condense the whole into a single work, to be played in three and a half hours, having in it only the best movements of the entire four operas; but this will be some time later than the present issue of MUSIC, and when done, no matter how well, it will unavoidably omit many, many pages which have an interest of their own to the musician, the dramatist and the poet.

* * *

Many State associations have lately held their annual meetings, all of which have taken the same general character—a few papers, a large number of musical programs by members of the associations, a few by visiting artists, and some kind of innocent festivity.

The Illinois Music Teachers' Association held its annual meeting in Chicago, at Handel Hall, with a long and busy program, in which musical discussion took a very limited range on account of the time being given up to musical performances. In the latter respect the meeting was both strong and weak. The strength of it consisted in the performances of several of the best artists of this city, especially Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Liebling and Mr. Godowsky. The latter played a very beautiful and strong recital on one of the hottest nights of the year. On the same day there had been four other recitals in the same hall, presumably before the same audience; the first of these was in the morning and was by Mr. Zielinski, of Buffalo, who played a program of Russian compositions. Mr. Zielinski is a pianist of more than average excellence, and on that account was heard with pleasure. The remaining concerts of the day were mostly occupied with performances of pupils of Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Liebling, with perhaps a few others. Several of these performers were very talented; their playing was interesting, but not commanding.

The multiplicity of concerts on the day had the effect of diminishing the attendance at the evening recital, which, while it was large, was less than the artistic rank of the performance deserved. The recital of Mr. Godowsky, however, was dis-

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tinctly the event of the meeting. This was recognized in as unmistakable manner as possible by those who were present.

Mr. Sherwood did not play a complete recital, but only parts of programs, and in these he displayed his usual brilliance and solid musical qualities.

One of the most remarkable papers given during the meeting was a short address by Mr. Calvin B. Cady upon "Music in the Public Schools." This address was not written and at the moment of writing I had not been able to obtain a stenographic copy of it from the secretary of the association. Mr. Cady made a number of very radical statements, which need to be taken with a certain grain of salt. Among other things he said that "Whenever a music teacher begins to be interested in music as such, at that time his teaching capacity ends." This is one of those wild statements which are capable of doing harm because they seem so profound and subtle and look so honest, but really have nothing in them. Mr. Cady went on to explain what he meant, which was that what a music teacher ought to be interested in was music as a part of "the great thought of the world," or something of this kind. In others words, that music and literature and all other forms of art are efforts at expressing something which is one and indivisible. When pressed to a conclusion Mr. Cady would probably say that this something which music endeavors to utter is the great central world-thought which made the creation. This may all be. It is one peculiarity of hypotheses of this sort that nobody can disprove them. But when anybody tells me that when Beethoven wrote his first sonata he had in mind the creation of the world, the flood, the story of Jonah and the whale, a few of the maxims of Zoroaster, parts of Isaiah, the forty-ninth verse of the sixty-seventh psalm, etc., I receive the information with thankfulness, because it is something that I have not previously known. I do not sit down to disprove it, because I cannot; all I can say against it would amount to no more than the comment of an extremely commonplace little Iowa boy, who, after listening to a remarkable scientific statement by a school-teacher, remarked in a drawling sing-song: "That sounds just like a lie."

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Moreover, if I take the first sonata of Beethoven and notice the manner in which it is developed musically and worked out from specific musical germs, I cannot help thinking that whatever wrestling with the "world-thought" Beethoven might have had, he was not so absorbed but what he could keep his eye on the thorough bass.

There is no radical and insuperable obstacle to the hypothesis that music has been created in an effort to express the beautiful, and that the expression of the beautiful in music aims first of all at beautiful relations of tones; it is also true that beautiful relations of tones are capable of awakening associations or ideas in the minds of the hearers creating reveries of the beautiful.

Moreover there is in every master work of music a certain will-power and individuality belonging to the personality of the composer. This quality is one of the elements of attractiveness in his work and it forms a sort of confidential bond between the works of a composer and minds of like spirit, and it may have in it all of those abstruse and far-fetched somethings which Mr. Cady, in his rapt moments on Pisgah, sees there.

My own opinion is, however, that the easiest way to come in contact with the great world soul through music is first to understand and be interested in music itself, and I think that if music has any of these world-soul movements in it, the sincere lover and hearer of music will get the benefit of them, and will do so with equal reliability by simply hearing the music without straining his intellect to grasp this phantom world-soul.

Moreover, Mr. Cady's statement that a music teacher interested in music thereupon loses his teaching capacity is exactly of the same nature as that the teaching capacity of a teacher of literature ends when he becomes interested in literature as such, or that the teaching capacity of a teacher of drawing ends when she becomes interested in art. In other words, the statement in question more than "sounds just like a lie."

* * *

The meeting of the National Musical Association in New

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York appears to have been very successful. A nominal membership of twelve hundred was reported. The attendance was very good throughout the meetings.

Several interesting discussions were held and quite a good deal of music was given. The reasons for some of the papers are not easily found out. For instance, Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the New York "Times," gave a lecture on the orchestra, which was illustrated by the orchestra present and its instruments; short passages were played showing the manner in which different authors used the different instruments for coloring purposes.

A discussion of this kind from a writer so capable as Mr. Henderson is certain to have been interesting and instructive. It properly belongs, however, in a university course and should have been given the students under Mr. McDowell's charge and not before a delegated meeting of representative musicians, of whom the greater number were orchestral composers.

One of the interesting discussions must have been that between Mr. Richard Zeckner and Miss Amy Fay on the relative advantages of private instruction and conservatory training. This is an old file which is bitten over again by all new-comers. It is perfectly easy to prove either side of the question. If we take the case of the Paris conservatory, where nobody is admitted except those giving evidence of very promising talent and where members are made to study not only their chosen instrument, but also one or two others, it is evident upon the face that it will probably succeed in turning out composers of strong and original works of merit and the student will be a much more symmetrically developed musician than one who has simply taken lessons of one master and a course of composition with another, and then works out a great oratorio or opera without any preliminary training. It is also evident that the average well-trained musician is a more intelligent performer by becoming acquainted with more instruments than one, as he usually has to be if he has trained at a first-class conservatory.

But when we take the case of the American conservatories, where there are no conditions of entrance except that the

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tuition be promptly paid, and where there is very rarely any first-class artist in the entire faculty, it is evident that the well-trained development of the higher qualities of musicianship will only happen by accident, or as a rare exception.

But it is true, on the other hand, that the best pianists and artists of every kind have been made by continued study under some one strong teacher and not by a conservatory course. In short, the schools tend to a well rounded average, but it almost never rises to the completely first-class.

W. S. B. M.

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WHICH SYSTEM OF HARMONY?

BY H. J. WRIGHTSON.

Of systems of harmony there are many, and as to text-books on the subject their name is legion. Yet of the systems themselves all cannot be of equal practical value, and it is the purpose of this article to make some critical comparisons of different theoretical methods, in the endeavor to show their advantage or disadvantage for practical use.

First of all it must be clearly apprehended that a system of harmony is not a statement of absolute scientific fact, but is rather an artificial method of classifying the effects known as music. True, there are some natural principles underlying music, but it cannot be denied that modern harmony has to deal with the aesthetic and not with the acoustical side of the subject. Hence any one system cannot be said to be "right" and others "wrong." It is merely a question of expediency; the science of harmony is a weapon with which to face the intricacies of musical effect and explain them, and that system which does the work the best is the best system; that is all.

It would be unprofitable to go into the subject of the many less valuable and also less used harmony methods that exist, but we will consider two of the foremost which have an important essential difference. One of these—each is advocated by many writers, of course—deals with "altered chords," the other allows of all chords, though chromatic, being essential (apart from passing notes, etc., and suspensions.)* The former has chords of the seventh (diatonic, i.e., all notes belonging to the scale), on each degree of the scale; the other has three generators in a key, from which all discords are derivable, whether diatonic or chromatic. Let us consider the latter system more in detail. The generators are the dominant, supertonic and tonic, and the harmonies

*This school had its origin in Day's "Treatise on Harmony," 1845, London.

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on each of these are identical. These harmonies consist of (besides the generator), in their complete form, major third, perfect or normal fifth, minor seventh, ninth (major or minor), eleventh and thirteenth (major or minor). It is immaterial whether all these notes are present simultaneously or not, and it may be mentioned here that they seldom or never will be, but this gives each possible combination a name and relation in the key in which it occurs, and renders its classification simple.

For instance, if in a passage of music in the key of C this chord occurs (a) we recognize immediately that it is a minor seventh chord, the same as what, if found on the dominant, is called a dominant seventh; but here, being found on the supertonic, it is called the supertonic seventh. In the same

way, if this chord were carried up to its topmost note, the thirteenth (b), it would be called the supertonic thirteenth, or if the upper part were found alone (c) it would still be recognized as the supertonic thirteenth without the generator, third and fifth. Some object to this nomenclature on account of this last indicated chord not appearing as a thirteenth; but this objection ignores the fact that the convenience of the system is its justification. We then have three families in a key to which every discord can belong (excepting the augmented sixth chords, of which later), and we name them after their generators, just as a man is named Smith, Brown or Jones after his father, whether that parent happen to be in the immediate vicinity or not.

Now the other system, in analyzing the last-quoted chord, would call it a seventh on the tonic—a diatonic seventh, not an essential one as described above, with major third, perfect fifth and minor seventh—with "altered" notes, that is, the third and seventh each flattened. This is a simple method of inducing chaos, for any chord can have its notes "altered" this way and that, until it becomes a mere factitious conglomeration of sounds "without form and void"; in other

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words tonality is thrown to the winds and a passage of music, instead of being a natural succession of chords, becomes a succession of disconnected tones—a kind of mad counterpoint, without harmonic basis. Here is an example from the text-book of one of the greatest theorists and composers of the present time:

Let us blame the system for this if we blame anything. What sense of naturalness is there in such a progression? Yet the notes of the dominant triad are only "altered." Then why not admit that it is entirely a different chord and with different relations if it is "altered"? As it stands now it is an augmented sixth chord of the variety known as the "Italian," and as such has fixed relations in certain keys, but not in the key of C; hence its awkward effect here.

Now let us take a passage from a composed work, not an exercise; that is, a passage which is written from feeling which is right and not from theories which are erring. It goes to show the intrinsic worth of the system which deals only with essential harmonies, even though they go up as far as the thirteenth.

What could give more distinctly the effect of a dominant discord at X, and if a dominant discord, therefore a thirteenth?

One other point in favor of this system may be exemplified,

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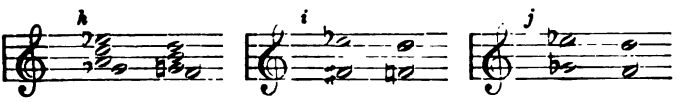
namely, that each collection of sounds in a key has a definite name and derivation, although at one time it may be noted for convenience as at (f), for instance, and at another time as at (g). If a voice rises it is often more convenient and quite permissible to use a sharp, as D-sharp above, when a flat

would be more strictly in accordance with the theory of the chord's relation. That just instanced would be, in the key of C, the supertonic minor ninth, without the generator, and, however it resolves, so long as it does not lead out of the key, it remains the same chord. As a proof that F-sharp is something essential to the chord and that it is not a mere matter of an "altered" note, who ever saw it noted G-flat, even if that part descended to the next note, as at (h)? Or, if we



avoid complicating matters with the false relation and consecutive fifths, it is usually written as at (i), and not as at (j). That the notation does not materially affect the identity of the chord (although, as we have just seen, the identity of the chord often affects to a great extent the notation) is still further instanced by the following passage (k):

This definite classification of each group of sounds in a key, no matter how noted, renders the system much more concise than if the possibility were admitted of altering any note of any chord ad lib. At the same time it does not restrict in any way the infinities of composition. It is, as it were, a small key which will yet fit all locks.

Just a few words in conclusion upon the augmented sixth chords. When the third of one generator is heard in com-

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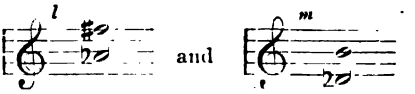
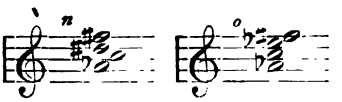
bination with the minor ninth of one a fifth below it, we have the interval of an augmented sixth. For example, the third of the supertonic and the minor ninth of the dominant give these essential notes of the augmented sixth chord, as also do the third of the dominant and the minor ninth of the tonic (l) and (m). These are the only examples of the aug-

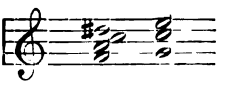


mented sixth possible in the key of C, and the other notes to complete the chords are a third from the bass note (forming what is known as the "Italian sixth"), or a fourth and a third (forming the "French sixth") or a perfect fifth and a third (the "German"). The last-named has been noted, as at (n) instead of as at (o), when the second voice was about to rise and even named the "American sixth" as a new chord



by some writers, but, as we have shown before, the notation is not the essential of a chord, and does not affect its identity; the notation with E-flat is more consistent with the chord's derivation from the generators of the key, whereas D-sharp belongs to none of them.

There are other chords sometimes classed as augmented sixths, but this is only due to their arbitrary notation; e. g., when D-sharp is used for E-flat, the sound represented being the dominant minor thirteenth, rising a semitone in resolution.



That there is a certain amount of ingenuity about the "altered chord system," as it may be called, we will not attempt to deny, but the one which we have endeavored to expound in this article has the immense advantage of grasping the effect—the very essence of music—by means of its three fundamental discords in a key. For it is by these that modu-

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lations are made, and tonality with infinite subtlety wavers and changes; all of which the ear perceives, whether the mind be able to grasp it in definite conception or not.

Despite all the books that have been written, and, perchance, well written, this must ever be the test for a system of harmony: does it fairly represent the indefinite perceptions of the mind? Whether it be in simple Handelian harmonies or in the surges of a "Tristan and Isolde" the ear perceives one thing—effect—and our system must be no arbitrary contrivance, be it ever so ingenious, but must correspond to that effect and express it. The one that does this truly will alone satisfy the demand embodied by the question with which we began.*

*"Day's 'Treatise' on its appearance was denounced by the chief musicians in London and a single believer for some time alone maintained and taught its enlightened views. These have now the acquiescence of many more musicians than originally opposed them. They are upheld by several eloquent supporters, and they are widely disseminated throughout England. They have not yet been promulgated beyond this country [i. e. in 1884]; but the advance they have made here in thirty-nine years may be taken as augury of their admission elsewhere when time and circumstances may be opportune for their presentation."—G. A. Macfarren.

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THE MUSIC OF THE JEWS.

BY SAM L. JACOBSON.

It is maintained by many that "Jewish music" is a nonentity, that the chants and melodies coming to us by tradition are not "Jewish," but merely are, and have been, used by Jews. This is rather a refinement of terms than a matter for serious consideration. There is certainly a class of music that originated with the early Jews—that is founded on modes of peculiar construction, materially differing from others of either ancient or later periods—and that has always been distinctly associated with the religious services of the Jews. Some of the chants and melodies are of comparatively late composition, but being based on the modes in vogue among the Jews of the far distant past, and being used by none other, they belong none the less to the music of the Jews. Investigation has proven the antiquity and sole use by Jews of the traditional chant, and while the traditional melody can not aspire to the same distinction, it has always been the property of the Jews.

The early priesthood studied and practiced music with consummate skill. Bringing the guiding light of religion to the people, teaching being their sphere of industry, they were ever seeking the best means of inculcating the lessons of Judaism; music naturally proved of greatest assistance, being part of the natural language of mankind. Even to-day pedagogy knows no more potent means of instilling an idea into the youthful mind than by association with music, and it is generally conceded that a text garbed in appropriate music is more readily grasped, assimilated and remembered than is one in the form of a plain statement. Artificial language, or word-language, appeals to the understanding, but music, the universal language of the soul, arouses the emotions, and thence progresses to the activities of the mind. Pursuing this train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, they gave each portion of the synagogal and home services the intonation and accent that most closely echoed the sentiment involved. Subsequently each

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verse and each chapter of the Bible, each prayer, each glorification, each benediction, was given an intonation and accent —but always evidencing a class relationship.

These chants gradually became generally familiar, and were transmitted from one individual to another and from one generation to another, until this age possesses them in all the completeness and correctness permissible by, and obtainable through, tradition and painstaking research.

Prof. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller says: "These melodies are to the musician a source of infinite delight. They often appear as the spontaneous outpouring of devout souls, and one is at a loss to understand how such outbursts of melody could have been so faithfully preserved for countless ages without a more substantial and enduring medium than popular tradition. And now, as to their great originality: Our musical thought nowadays is so strictly governed by modern harmony that we could hardly consider a melody without thinking at the same time of its underlying harmonic basis.,But here we have before us continual melodies which, on account of their peculiar intervals, can not be forced into our musical system, and which, in spite of this fact, do not lack a distinctive musical mode as a foundation. Many of these melodies are so touching in expression, others so grand in force, that they affect us powerfully, even though most of us may not be able to decipher their text." (Quoted from "Songs of Zion," by the Revs. Alois Kaiser and Wm. Sparger, eminent authorities on the subject—which work consult for extensive information and copious illustrations.)

The traditional chant is very different from the traditional melody. The former is the intonation of the liturgy, a sort of cantillation, the latter a hymn; the one is ancient in every particular, abounding in augmented and diminished intervals, unrelated to modern musical schemes and having an indefinite rhythm, the other simple and according to rather modern modes.

Investigators in this field claim that the traditional melody is of German origin and dates back only to the first half of the last century, and merely forms an epoch in the history of the liturgical music of the synagogue. However, these melodies

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are characteristically Jewish in sentiment, speaking the highest aspirations, the deepest sorrows, ecstatic joys, dire lamentations—and in music sublime and beautiful. The Jewish heart finds expression in Jewish music.

A well-defined system of notation, indicating the chant to be employed, is found in the Hebrew bible and in some of the Hebrew prayer books, but it is the subject of some controversy. Nevertheless some eminently satisfactory results have been obtained from the different solutions, and it is to be hoped that a positive and impregnable conclusion will obtain. The music of the Jews is veiled in much uncertainty, and although frequently subjected to scholarly research, but faint rays of the light of absolute knowledge come to us.

MODES.

According to Joseph Singer, chief cantor of the congregation of Vienna, the ritual melodies are based on three modes, originating in a pre-Christian era, namely:

Those chants or melodies which differ from these modes are either mixtures of these modes, or are of modern origin.

The Revs. Kaiser and Sparger, in commenting upon this say: "We find that these two modes (1st and 2nd) are undoubtedly of remote antiquity. Measuring their relation to the church modes, we find that mode No. 1 corresponds to the Aeolian, and mode No. 2 to the Mixo-Lydian modes of the Gregorian system. * * * The probabilities are that the Jews, as well as the Greeks and Arabs, obtained these modes from the same source, namely, from the Egyptians.

"For our mode, No. 3, however, we can find absolutely no record anywhere. This mode, which, like the other two, is based upon strictly scientific principles, does not find its parallel in any of the ancient or modern systems of tonality. And it is this fact which makes it as peculiarly important for the development of the music of the synagogue. It is exclusively Jewish."

"Furthermore, the fact deserves special mention that, while in those of our melodies which are based upon the first two modes, slight deviations from the basis of their tonality may occur, the melodies based upon the third mode are always

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and everywhere the same, and that even the closest scrutiny will fail to detect the least deviation from the scale C, Db, E, F, G, Ab, Bb, C. It is more than probable, therefore, that the largest part of the cantilations and melodies of the temple were based upon this mode, while the other two were used to but a small degree.

MODERN MUSIC.

Nowadays, in the majority of synagogues, music of all kinds is utilized—sacred songs, secular songs and selections from operas to which are adapted sacred words, Te Deum, glorias, etc., from Episcopal and Catholic church music with modified text, etc., but this is not from necessity. The Jewish music of modern composition is the fruit of centuries of musical thought and musical training. Extraneous influences have not affected the true style, but all that has proven worthy of adoption or imitation is employed. The compositions of Lewandowski, Naumbourg, Sulzer, Kaiser, Goldstein, Davis and others, whose names alone are voucher for musical excellence, are built on the modes, and possess the characteristics of the music invented by the early Jews, and take position among musical gems.

It is true that the harmony in much Jewish music is decidedly meager, but perhaps the explanation may be found, not in presuming the composers incapable or the themes unworthy, but in expediency. Synagogal music is usually written within the capacity of the mediocre choir and organist, in order that all congregations may have attractive services. With many rabbis and their flocks it has long been an earnest endeavor to resume congregational singing, and this has been a vigorous cause of the simplicity, melodic and harmonic, of much of the music. Able and painstaking musicians overcome this objection by supplying the deficiency.

The music employed in the different synagogues partakes of the nature of the respective mode of worship: in the strictly orthodox service the prayers are chanted, the hymns are traditional melodies, the men alone participate in the responses, and no musical instrument is permitted to be sounded (other than the shofar on the New Year's Day and once at the close

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of the Day of Atonement), while in the reform service the reading of the prayers is characterized by all the refinements and subtleties of the elocutionary art at the command of the reader, the hymns are of ancient and modern composition and adaptations of all varieties, and the music is rendered by choirs of mixed voices, accompanied by organ and sometimes other instruments. One southern rabbi, an accomplished musician and composer, and himself an eminent cantor, invariably secures the best services obtainable, and has at times employed a chorus and a large orchestra in connection with his regular choir.

Mention is made in the Bible of the harp, lute, trumpet, cymbals, bells, etc. The position in the service occupied by these instruments cannot be positively stated, for all the traditional chants and melodies have been transmitted in the melody form alone, the harmony now used in connection with them being of recent accomplishment. Some scheme of harmonization and instrumentation, however crude, probably existed, for the souls that could gush forth in such exquisite melodies must have been gifted with the power to amplify them.

Jewish music, too, has seen decadence and regeneration. Popular airs and folk-song were used (and are occasionally in this age) a la Salvation Army, but better judgment eventually banished them to whence they came. Some cantors possessing superior vocal powers were not above prostituting their sacred offices to a means of self-aggrandizement, and personal jealousies on this account were not unknown. The result is readily imaginable. At the end of the last century, when instrumental music was not permitted in the synagogue, some cantors had assistants who imitated the voices of orchestral instruments in accompanying the solos of the cantor. But conscientious endeavor on the part of the true musicians of the temple arrested the downward tendency and corrected the perversion.

The music of the Jews is a garden rich in choicest flowers. Much of it has been explored and cultivated, but parts of it are yet undeveloped. The soil is fertile and the harvest promising.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

LONDON LETTER.

BY HORACE ELLIS.

The much-talked-of production of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" are proving disappointing. Subscribers were led to believe that the performances would be on the Bayreuth plan and superior in every way to any previous representations seen here. The operas were to be given absolutely without cuts, beginning in some cases at an early hour with intervals for rest and refreshment, and new scenery and effects were to be provided. The result was that most of the seats were taken some months since and from a financial point of view the venture has, apparently, been a success.

Only the unsophisticated expected to find the Bayreuth theater transplanted, in spirit, to Covent Garden, but all did expect that the operas would be given as Wagner wrote them, note for note, and therefore there has been much wailing and gnashing of teeth over the unmerciful cuts made in the first performance of "Siegfried" when practically the ordinary version was given. Hard things were said about the management and the brothers de Reszke, who were the chief offenders. The explanation offered is that Eduard de Reszke had studied the part of the "Wanderer" from a cut copy sent him by Anton Seidl last year and that neither he nor his brother knew of the promises made regarding the matter until after Mr. Schulz-Curtius' circular had been issued. Whereupon they stated they preferred the abridged edition of Herr Mottl and Mr. Schulz-Curtis having practically to decide between the shorter version with the de Reszkes and the complete one without, chose the former.

With regard to scenic shortcomings "Götterdämmerung" bore off the palm. It is practically impossible to follow Wagner's stage directions with effect, but there is no excuse, except insufficient rehearsals, for the awkwardness and carelessness displayed at this performance. More than once the curtain rose disclosing workmen still engaged in fixing the scenery and once it was forgotten to lower the curtain. The solemnity of Siegfried's death was marred by the flight of an absurd raven, which flopped and jerked across the stage, sometimes on its back and at other times (for variety) on its head. In

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the last act the "Hall of the Gibichungs" began to fall to pieces long before the right time, and altogether the scene was most ineffective. I may also mention that the dragon in "Siegfried" was as unwieldy as usual and distinguished himself, with much originality, by dropping one of his fiery eyes into his mouth. I could particularize further, but let these few examples of bad stage management suffice.

The first "Götterdämmerung" performance was marred by the absence of Jean de Reszke, who was to have been the Siegfried, his place being filled by Herr Deppel, who had never sung the part before and whose physique does not fit him for the rôle. But (to perpetrate something in the nature of an Irish bull) the second performance was worse, for there wasn't any. When the audience arrived at the opera last Friday afternoon, before 4 o'clock, they found the building closed and posters up saying that as Mdmes. Nordica and Ternina were both "seriously indisposed," no performance could be given. It is now announced for July 4.

Among the artists Madame Nordica as Brünnhilde in "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" was vocally satisfactory, but left much to be desired as an actress. Jean de Reszke sings the music allotted to Siegfried as it has never been sung before on the London stage. Van Dyck as Loge in "Das Rheingold" and Siegmund in "Die Walküre" did excellent work, although his voice shows signs of wear. Mdme. Eames as Sieglinde in "Die Walküre" was as placid as usual. Miss Brenna as Fricka in "Das Rheingold" and Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre" acted and sang with her customary energy. Herr Van Rooy as Wotan in "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" was a decided success and made the god less a bore than usual, while Eduard de Reszke as Wotan in "Siegfried" was compelled to alter or omit some phases that lay too high for his voice.

Nothing but praise should be alloted to Herr Mottl's work as conductor. He has had great odds to fight against and obstacles to overcome, but he has made his way triumphantly through everything and proved again his great abilities.

The dates of the performances given so far are: "Das Rheingold," June 6, 14 and 27; "Die Walküre," June 8 and 17; "Siegfried," June 9 and 21; "Götterdämmerung," June 11.

Another new Sullivan opera at the Savoy. This time the book is by Arthur W. Pinero and J. Comyus Carr, and is entitled "The Beauty Stone." It deals mainly with the devil and a magic stone which bestows youth and beauty and sorrow on the possessor and always, eventually, returns to his satanic majesty. There are three acts, comprising seven scenes, which need pruning; but even then it will not be a success, I judge. The music is of a more romantic order than that of the well-known Gilbert & Sullivan operettas and does not show the composer at his best.

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Certainly this season there has been something wrong in the Richter orchestra for its work has not been up to its customary high level. I expected to hear a remarkable performance of Tschaïkowsky's dainty suite, "Casse Noisette," at the second concert, Saturday afternoon, June 4, at St. James' Hall, but to my surprise it was not equal to that given by the Queen's Hall orchestra under Mr. Wood. Some of the wind-instrument players failed to produce as good a quality of tone as usual. The soloist was M. Busoni and the program was: Overture to Grillparzer's drama, "Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen," Robert Fuchs; "Wanderer Fantasie," for pianoforte and orchestra, Schubert-Liszt; suite, "Casse Noisette," Tschaïkowsky; "Rhapsodie Espagnol," for pianoforte and orchestra, Liszt; Vorspiel, "Parsifal," Wagner; symphony, No. 5, in E minor, Op. 95, "From the New World," Dvorák.

The third concert, Monday evening, June 13, opened with the popular Tschaïkowsky Symphony, No. 6, in B minor ("Pathetique"), and here again I must say I have heard Richter do better. Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris," which followed, is not an extremely interesting work and is on the usual plan of compositions dealing with carnivals—plenty of hurly-burly, piccolo, etc. The other numbers were the Mozart Symphony, K, No. 385, and the Tannhäuser Overture.

At the fourth and last concert of the season, Monday evening, June 20, the services of the Richter choir were called for and they did well in Brahm's "Shicksalslied" and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The orchestra on this occasion was nearer its usual standard. The purely orchestral numbers were Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes," Liszt, and "Vorspiel und Liebestod," "Tristan und Isolde," Wagner. The soloists in the choral symphony were Misses Fillunger and Ada Crossley, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Andrew Black.

Mdme. Carrêno gave her second and last recital at St. James' Hall, the afternoon of June 9, with her usual success. Among the following pieces the Brahms number stood out for its strength: Fantaisie and Fugue in G minor, Bach-Liszt; Sonata in C major, Op. 53, Beethoven; Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1, Barcarolle, Valse, Op. 42 and Scherzo, Op. 31, Chopin; Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Brahms; Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2, Schubert; Etude de Concert, MacDowell; Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, Liszt.

The evening of this same day the above named lady's ex-husband, Eugen d'Albert, monopolized a large portion of the program of the sixth Philharmonic concert, conducting his Symphony in F, Op. 4, and his Dramatic Solo for Soprano, "Der Kleinen Seejungfrau Tod und Verklärung" (sung by the latest Mrs. d'Albert) and playing Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto and the accompaniments to two of his songs, "The Thrush and the Linnet," and "The Maiden and the Butterfly."

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The "Dramatic Solo" is descriptive of the death and transfiguration of Hans Andersen's little mermaid, the words being by James Grun. It is highly colored and reeks of Wagner, and Hermine d'Albert, a pleasant singer, gave a good account of it.

The Symphony is far more interesting and original than the Scena, but it appears to me, after a single hearing, to be one of those compositions that read better than they sound. For instance, the principal theme with which the first movement opens immediately, there being no "introduction," is inviting to the mental ear, but when it is given out by the orchestra falls somewhat to produce the anticipated effect. The work is divided thus: I. Allegro moderato—F major. II. Adagio sostenuto—C minor. III. Scherzo, Allegro vivace —C major. IV. Finale. Andante. Allegro assai—F minor and major.

I had rather hear d'Albert play the piano than conduct, and, although I have known him do better as far as finger agility is concerned than on this occasion, my predilection was justified by his exquisite singing of the Adagio of the Beethoven Concerto. It was a lesson to pianists in touch, phrasing and shading.

The numbers conducted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie were Overture, "Genoveva," Schumann, and Interlude, "The Feast," from Act III. of "The Troubadour," Mackenzie.

Saint-Saëns was the star of the seventh Philharmonic concert, Thursday evening, June 23, appearing as organist, conductor and composer. It goes without saying that as organist he gave his Fantasia in D flat admirably, while under his bâton the orchestra played his Symphony in A minor, No. 3, smoothly. (I am sorry that he had the bad taste to repeat the Scherzo after a very little persuasion.) His ballade, "La Fiancée du Timbalier," was sung by Mdme. Marchesi, who again demonstrated to us how impressive a singer can be with little voice and much feeling.

Another event of the evening was the appearance of Timothy Adamowski, the Boston violinist, who was kindly, though not enthusiastically, received, for which his choice of solo, Max Bruch's "Scotch" Concerto, was, probably, partly to blame.

Sullivan's "Macbeth" and Weber's "Jubilee" Overtures were the other items on the program. I believe at one time it was customary to always close the Philharmonic season with the last-named work.

Frederick Dawson gave a concert at St. James' Hall, the evening of June 15, when he had the assistance of an orchestra under the direction of Karl Klindworth, whose editions of Chopin, Bach, etc., and pianoforte arrangement of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" are well known. Mr. Dawson played the Beethoven E flat and the Tschaïkowsky B flat minor Concertos (but not as well as he usually does), and Herr Klindworth conducted the orchestral accompaniments and "A Faust Overture," Wagner; Poem Symphonique, "Orphée," Liszt, and Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz.

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Mr. Bispham gave his only recital in London this season Thursday afternoon, June 16, aided by Miss Leonora Jackson, an American violinist, who has been well received by the critics here. The program would take up too much space so I will only mention three Kipling songs by Harry Rowe Shelley, Clayton Johns and Walter Damrosch.

Much to the delight of amateurs Pachmann was heard in a Chopin recital Saturday afternoon, June 18. He seemed somewhat distrait at first, but soon arose to the occasion and did himself full justice. On the valse being encored he added certain embellishments of his own which were not altogether in the best taste. Program: Sonata, Op. 35; Fantasie, Op. 49, F minor; Cinq Préludes, Op. 28, Nos. 1, 6, 7, 23 and 16; Deux Etudes, Op. 10, No. 12, and Op. 25, No. 3; Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 1; Valse (posthume), E minor; Ballade, Op. 23, G minor; Deux Mazurkas, Op. 67, No. 1, and Op. 63, No. 1; Polonaise, Op. 53, A flat.

The only thing given so far during the season at Covent Garden which can be spoken of as a novelty was Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," which, not having been heard here for a long time, can almost come under that head.

I have respect for Thomas as the composer of "Mignon," which is melodious and not too ambitious, but as the composer of "Hamlet" I wish to forget him. The book is the worst perversion of Shakespeare (to be written seriously) that it is possible to imagine, and Thomas naturally must have been greatly hampered by it, but still he did "set" it and the result is so dull and in such bad taste that it does his memory harm. Of course most baritones will praise it and long to appear in the title rôle, for probably no other opera gives a baritone such an opportunity for being on the stage most of the time; and a soprano will consent to be insignificant as Ophelia during the earlier portions in order to sing the "mad scene" at the last.

At the representation given Wednesday evening, June 22, M. Renaud was the Hamlet, Mdme. Calvé the Ophelia, M. Plancon the King and Mdlle. Pacary the Queen, while M. Flou conducted. M. Renaud is to be congratulated for keeping to the pitch as a rule, for he was inclined at times to deviate in the middle of long unaccompanied phrases, but his conception and acting were most stagey; still I do not see how anyone could be anything else when playing this part, for subtle analysis of character such as is called for in Shakespeare's much-debated play is here entirely out of the question. Mdme. Calvé was nothing short of surprising in the management of her voice. Seven or eight years ago I should have deemed it impossible that she could ever sing with such delicacy. The King's prayer was delivered nobly by M. Plancon, and Mdlle. Pacary was satisfactory. The performance lasted nearly four hours and the

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ballet in the last act can best be characterized by the word "silly."

London, June 29, 1898.

MUSIC IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The principal item of interest is the approaching season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House. Manager Leahy has recruited a special company in the East and the list of operas to be produced looks very interesting. We will have Marie Brandis and Anna Lichter for sopranos, and Mary Linck and Bernice Holmes in contralto roles. Sigs. Zarni and Ernesto Brazal will share tenor honors. Maurice De Vries and William Pruette for baritones, and Wm. Schuster and Sig. Wanrell, basses, complete the personnel.

Among the operas to be produced are: Puccini's "La Boheme" and "Manon Lescaut," Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," "I Pagliacci," Bioto's "Mefistofole," "La Navaraisse," "La Juive," "La Giaconda," "Romeo and Juliet," "Mignon," "Lohengrin," "William Tell," "Huguenots," "Hamlet" and "Carmen."

There is nothing more of much interest unless it be the weekly piano recitals for students by William Piutti. His interpretations are not great, but his technique is perfect.

H. E. M.

CLARENCE EDDY IN PARIS.

Early in June Mr. Clarence Eddy gave a concert at the Trocadero in which he had the assistance of a large number of fine performers. The concert was a most distinguished success, and Mr. Eddy's playing was spoken of in enthusiastic terms. Mention is also made of the fact that on his first appearance Mr. Eddy was hissed by two or three persons in the audience, the moment happening to be that of the most intense Spanish sympathy, before the American victories had begun to somewhat cool the ardor of the Gaul.

As soon as the hissing was heard a spectator arose and remarked severely: "We are here to make music and not politics," whereupon there was enthusiastic applause, after which the concert proceeded with great enthusiasm.

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY ON THE LEIPZIG CONSERVATORY.

In the "Etude" Mr. Edward Baxter Perry discusses the Leipzig Conservatory:

"I remember well when I first started for Europe in 1875 I had a vague impression, derived from my teacher, who had graduated at Leipzig under Moscheles, that musically speaking Leipzig and Germany were virtually synonymous and interchangeable terms, and

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that all music pupils, native and foreign, studied in Leipzig as a matter of course. Berlin, I fancied, was a sort of musical suburb of Leipzig, pleasant enough, but of no comparative importance. Fortunately, just before sailing, a well-posted friend, who had studied recently in both places, enlightened me in time and I went to Berlin. Since then I have given the same advice to many students, some of whom acted upon it and others not; but from the latter I have usually received a letter at the close of the first year, confessing the error and announcing intention of going elsewhere.

Historically considered, the musical life of Leipzig and especially the conservatory and the Gewendaus concerts are of great interest. The Leipzig Conservatory is the oldest and the most famous of the German conservatories and has, doubtless, first and last numbered more distinguished names, both of composers and executants, among its pupils than any other. It was founded by Mendelssohn in 1843, and its first faculty of instructors included not only that classic master, but Robert Schumann and the violinist David. Schumann, however, did not remain connected with the conservatory but a few months. His original, romantic and modern spirit did not find itself at home here, and Leipzig was about the last spot in the musical world to acknowledge his merits as a composer and listen to his works.

A few years later Ferdinand Hiller, Plaidy and Moscheles were added to the teaching force, and for the first quarter of a century of its existence the Leipzig Conservatory held and deserved the first place in Europe, having neither peer nor rival among music schools. During these twenty-five years it made the reputation it has been living on ever since. During the latter part of this epoch, however, unfortunately for Leipzig, conservatories were being started in other German cities, more progressive in spirit, and musicians of an original and wide-awake type drifted away from Leipzig and congregated in Berlin and other centers, so that by the early seventies Leipzig had already begun to lose its prestige and Berlin had taken its place as the chief musical center of Germany. Since that time it has lost more and more, Vienna taking its rank as second to Berlin, till it has come to be regarded, by those familiar with recent musical developments in all the German cities, as behind the times and well nigh fossilized.

The cause of this decadence, as explained above, has been in part the growth of musical culture elsewhere, but mainly because of the self-complaint and intolerant spirit prevailing in Leipzig itself, for which the business director of the conservatory, Schleintz, and the musical director both of the conservatory and of the Gewandhaus concerts, Carl Reinecke, have been chiefly responsible. Schleintz was manager of the institution for nearly forty years, and it is safe to say

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he never progressed a single step in all that time, so that naturally toward the close of the period he was no longer up to date; while Reinecke, by nature, habit and intention, has always been friendly to the classics and hostile to the modern schools of music. In that tendency he has been followed and outdone by his adherents and disciples, and we will hope has not been responsible for all the enormities committed at Leipzig, in the treatment of rising composers and foreign compositions of merit.

The leading deficiencies in a musical education at Leipzig for the piano student of late years have been: (1) Adherence to the old school Plaidy style of fingering; because, forsooth, Plaidy was once instructor in the institution and, therefore, canonized as a saint. (2) Neglect of wrist development and octave technic, at a time when Kullak and his disciples in Berlin were making immense progress in that direction, and when all modern music makes such great demands upon the octave and chord technic of the player. (3) A prejudice against and misapprehension of the use of the rubato, amounting to a practical ruling out of this most valuable and most difficult factor in piano playing. (4) An intentional and dogmatic ignorance of modern musical works, particularly outside of Germany, so that the student's repertoire has been confined almost exclusively to works known and played in our grandmothers' time, with the exception of pieces by Reinecke and others directly connected with the institution, who have escaped the general ban against the music of the present.

The principal and most renowned feature of musical life in Leipzig has always been the Gewandhaus concerts; a course of symphony concerts founded, like the conservatory here, by Mendelssohn, at a time when the other German cities had no regular annual series of the kind. They took the name Gewandhaus from the fact of the largest room then in Leipzig being appropriated for the purpose, which happened to be the site of a big dry goods and clothing establishment—"Gewand" in German, meaning garment—and the name has stuck to them ever since the erection of the elegant and spacious New Gewandhaus.

The concerts are twenty-two in number, with twenty-two public rehearsals, to which all pupils of the Conservatory are admitted free; and though there is no direct connection between the Gewandhaus concerts and the conservatory, the leading musician at the institution, from the time of Mendelssohn to the time of Reinecke, has always been leader of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, so that the two have been popularly supposed to be under one management.

The Gewandhaus Orchestra and the Gewandhaus concerts soon became celebrated, not only throughout Germany but all over Europe, and Leipzig was the place where orchestral music was more

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plentiful and of better quality than anywhere else. The Gewandhaus concerts ranked in the concert world like La Scala, of Milan, in the operatic world, as the goal of ambition for every composer and every performer. Like everything in Leipzig, however, their old prestige has waned of late years, so that their merit and importance have been less than that of the symphony series in most of the leading German cities. Mr. Arthur Nikisch, for several years director of the Symphony Orchestra of Boston, who has recently accepted a life-long engagement as leader of the orchestra here, is rapidly raising its standard again, and it is hoped will eventually restore it to its former excellence.

Before closing the present article, I ought, in justice to my subject, to say that I am under the impression that a new era is dawning for Leipzig, when it may, perhaps, recover its lost position in the van of musical culture. I am of the opinion that Leipzig has finished two epochs, one of glory and one of decadence, and is about entering upon a third. There was, in fact, no chance left for this ultra conservative city but to join the ranks of progress or die a lingering death. For many years it looked as if it preferred death to progress, but there are signs of a revival and of a tendency to absorb the quickening spirit of modern times. As already mentioned, the Gewandhaus concerts are again coming to the front, so as to compete with the Berlin courses, though Nikisch, who goes to Berlin to conduct the series by the Philharmonic Orchestra there, is not considered in that city as nearly the equal of Weingartner, the director of the annual course of symphony concerts by the Royal Orchestra.

SUMMER CLASSES IN CHICAGO.

The summer classes in Chicago have been unusually well attended this season, that of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews particularly so. Many musical programs have been given in all of them. In Mr. Mathews' class piano recitals were played by Misses Martha Cotton, Harriet P. Barnett and Lillian P. Hunt, pupils of Mr. Mathews—all playing strong programs and displaying admirable technical qualifications, along with much sympathy and musical intelligence. Miss Hunt has for several years been engaged as teacher of piano at Columbia, Mo. In addition to these Mr. Godowsky played informally a variety of pieces, among them the Brahms Handel variations, and a number of his own compositions, all of which were profoundly admired. The following two programs are particularly worthy of notice:

Miss Blanche Dingley, July 20:

Fantasie and Fugue, G minor, Bach-Liszt.
2d Kreisleriana, Schumann.
Song Without Words, Tschaikowsky.

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Etincelles, Moszkowski.
Scherzo, E Flat Minor, Brahms.
Dammerungsbilder, Godowsky.
Eclogue, Liszt.
Quintet from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner-Von Bulow.
Vienna Woods, Strauss-Schütt.

Mr. Emil Liebling, July 27:

Prelude Melodique and Autumn, Chaminade.
Prelude, Theme and Variations, Op. 25, Bruno Oscar Klein.
Allegro Appassionata, Op. 70, Saint-Saens.
Serenade and Spring Song, Emil Liebling.
Barcarolle Venetienne, Godard.
Children's Ball, Westerhout.
Gavotte and Barcarolle, Rubinstein.
Etude de Concert, Schytte.
Magic Fire Scene from "Walkuere," Wagner-Veit.
Ricordanza, Liszt.
Sonnett de Petrarca, Liszt.
Ruins of Athens, Liszt.

ORCHESTRA AT IOWA COLLEGE.

Programs have been received from the musical department of Iowa College, at Grinnell, under the direction of Mr. Rossiter G. Cole, showing a very gratifying state of progress in the direction of school orchestras. The orchestra of the present season numbers twenty-six players, of which eight are violins, one viola, one 'cello and two bass. All the instruments are represented except the oboe. Among the strings there are five lady players.

Prof. Cole states that they have several times accompanied concertos for piano and violin very successfully, considering the number of instruments and the immaturity of the players. At the commencement concerts on June 22d, the orchestra played the "Anvil Chorus," from "Il Trovatore" (something of a concession to the popular taste), accompanied the Mendelssohn concerto in G minor for piano, Mrs. R. G. Cole, soloist, and accompanied the "Anniversary Ode," a cantata in six numbers written for the occasion (about twenty-five minutes long). This was received with immense enthusiasm.

This college is entitled to record in another important respect, namely, that in the annual tour of the Glee Club and Orchestra the entire orchestra was sent, and the numbers played were such as the overture to "Stradella," by Flotow; "Czardas," by Michiels; "Woodland Whispers," and other arrangements; in addition to this the regular program includes the Vieuxtemps, "Fantasie Appassionata," the violin being played by the concertmaster.

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It is easy to see that this marks a very honorable and distinct advance over the usual guitar and mandolin club of the American college; even light orchestra selections are something vastly superior to the tintinnabulations of the mandolin, which have no musical value whatever.

ROBERT BONNER.

The Providence "Journal" (May 24, 1898) gives the following sketch of the late highly esteemed musician, Mr. Robert Bonner, secretary of the College of Musicians, who for thirty years had lived and worked at Providence:

Mr. Bonner was born at Brighton, Eng., on March 10, 1845. His musical inclinations were manifested at an early age and when nine years old he was placed under the instruction of Bianchi and Sterne. In 1864 he went to Leipzig, Germany, and completed his studies under Moscheles, Hauptmann, Reinecke and Papperitz. He came to this country in 1868, settling in Providence, where he had ever since resided, and quickly built up a large clientage of pupils, which he had steadily held through the ensuing years.

Mr. Bonner was a skillful performer upon the piano, organ and violin, all of which branches he taught, as well as the theory of music, in which he was also thoroughly proficient. But his activities in the musical field were not confined to the practice of his profession as a teacher. Every movement that has been made here for the increase of musical interest or the advancement of musical taste found in him a ready and enthusiastic supporter. He was the first president of the Arion Club, the founder and director of the Providence Symphony Society, and was instrumental in placing before the public many concerts of a high order.

Mr. Bonner's activities were not confined to the local field. He was widely known and esteemed among the leading musicians of the country. In the founding, some dozen years ago, of the National Music Teachers' Association he took a leading and active part, and he was also secretary and treasurer of the American College of Music from the time of its organization, acting each year as one of the Board of Examiners which bestowed degrees upon the candidates.

A little over a year ago Mr. Bonner suffered a paralytic shock and since then had almost entirely relinquished his professional duties. Last autumn two more slight shocks gave warning of physical break-down and a fourth last Saturday was the beginning of the end.

Mr. Bonner was a thoroughly genial and sincere musician, most highly esteemed where best known. His death was commemorated by resolutions in many musical societies and by letters of sympathy

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from many prominent musicians from all parts of the country. He leaves a widow and six children.

THE YEAR AT LEIPZIG CONSERVATORY.

The regular year at the Conservatory closes at Easter and here are the ten programs constituting the "Prüfungen" or public examinations for the past year:

The first, on February 18:

Overture, by Ruben Liljefors (pupil).
Piano, Concerts in F Minor, Chopin.
Soprano, Scene and Aria from "Die Kreuzfahrer," N. W. Gade.
Flute, Grand Rondo, by Kalliwoda.
Piano, Concerto, Op. 24, C Minor, Mozart.
Orchestra, Canonic Suite in Six Movements, Albert Fauth (pupil).

The second, on February 22:

Octette for Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons and Horns, Beethoven.
Soprano, Songs with Piano Accompaniment, Hans Sitt, Alex Mengler and Robert Schumann.
String Quartette in D Minor, Mozart (performed by lady pupils).
Soprano, Songs with Piano, by Brahms, Reinecke and Schubert.
String Quartette, No. 1, A Minor, Robert Schumann.

The third, on February 25:

Organ, Prelude and Fugue, A Minor, Bach.
Piano Concerto in A Minor (first movement), Hummel.
Soprano, Three Songs with Piano, Carl Reinecke.
Cello, Romanza, Berceuse and Mazurka, Otto Wittenbecher (pupil).
Clarinet, Concerto in F Minor, Weber.
Tenor, Recitative and Aria from "Joseph," Mehul.
Piano, Concerto in A Minor (first movement), Schumann.
Cello, Concerto in E Minor, Popper.
Piano Concerto, G Major (second and third movements), Beethoven.

The fourth, on March 1:

Organ, Prelude and Fugue, A Minor, Bach.
Piano, Concerto, B Flat Major (first movement), Beethoven.
Soprano, Romanza from Opera "Mignon," Thomas.
Violin Alone, Chaconne, Bach.

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Flute, Concerto, Op. 69, Mollique.
Soprano, Recitative and Aria from Opera "Der Waffenschmied," Lortzing.
Piano, Concerto in E Minor, Chopin.

The fifth, on March 4:

Pupils' composition as follows:
Symphony, E Flat Major (three movements), Willy Knüpfer. (Directed by the composer.)
Three Songs with Piano, Otto Selberg.
Suite, in Four Movements, for Orchestra, Thomas Crawford.
Organ, Sonata, F Sharp Minor (first and third movements), Friedrich Lünemann.
Symphony in C Minor (third and fourth movements), Alfred von Sponer.

On account of Herr Sitt's sudden illness Prof. Carl Reinecke directed this program without opportunity for a rehearsal.

The sixth, on March 8:

Organ, Toccata in F Major, Bach.
Piano, Concerto, Op. 37, C Minór, Beethoven.
Soprano Aria from "Tannhäuser," Wagner.
Piano and Cello, Sonata in A Minor, Grieg.
Contralto, Recitative and Aria from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens.
Piano, Concerto, E Flat Major, Liszt.

The seventh, on March 11:

Organ, Sonata in E Flat Major, Rheinberger.
Pupils' composition as follows:
String Sextette, in C Major, Otto Wittenbecher.
Piano, Prelude, Fugue and Etude, Sarah Wennerberg.
Oboe and Piano, Sonata, A Minor, Siegfried Karg.
Piano, Prelude and Fugue, Ruben Liljefors.
Piano, Violin and Cello, Trio in D Minor, Clara Ludewig.

The eighth, on March 15:

Organ, Sonata in D Minor, Mendelssohn.
Soprano, Recitative and Aria from Opera "Fidelio," Beethoven.
Piano, Concerto, F Sharp Minor, Carl Reinecke.
Violin, Concerto in Hungarian Style (one movement), Joachim.
Soprano, Recitative and Aria from Opera "The Devil's Portion," Auber.
Organ Sonata in D Minor (one movement), G. Merkel.
Piano Concerto in F Minor, Chopin.

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The ninth, on March 18:

Piano, Rondo Brilliante, Op. 29, Mendelssohn.
Aria, from Opera "Die Folkunger," E. Kretschmer.
Trumpet, Fantasie on "Weber's Last Theme," W. Fuchs.
Violin, Concerto in G Minor, Max Bruch.
Piano, "Wanderer Fantasie," Schubert-Liszt.
Aria from Opera "Das Glöckchen des Eremiten," Maillart.
Piano, Concerto in E Flat Major, Beethoven.

The last, on March 22:

Piano, Concerto in C Major (one movement), Beethoven.
Soprano, Aria from Opera "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart.
Organ, Sonata in A Minor, Thomas Crawford (pupil).
Piano, Concerto, Op. 58 in G Minor, Moscheles.
Soprano, Songs, "Prayer," by Carl Reinecke, and "Three Wanderers," by H. Hermann.
Violin, Concerto in D Minor, Wenlawski.
Soprano, Aria from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens.
Piano, Concerto, Op. 58, G Major, Beethoven.

Excluding those who participated in the various productions of chamber music, nineteen gentlemen and twenty-seven ladies made solo performances which may properly be termed graduating exercises. Of this total of forty-six, nine were from England, three from Scotland, twenty-six from Germany, with Norway, Sweden, Russia, Roumania, Canada and the United States represented by one each. As may be seen from the foregoing programs, the talent for composition was very active, some of it proving to be of a most respectable sort; probably Wittenbecher's sextette was the most valuable of the compositions presented, and the orchestral suites each had movements of great merit. The Symphony by A von Sponer had one of the most effective bits of fiddling we have heard; the beauty lying as much with the bow marking as with the theme. A young German named Stoye wrote a piano concerto which the advanced pupils pronounced to be one of frightful difficulty, and they said he seemed to have technic enough to play it, which he wished to do in one of the Prüfungs. The gentleman's professor objected on the ground that it was too modern, though it is probable that Hans Sitt came nearest to calling the turn, for after looking at the first page or two of the score he turned to the young man and asked him if he had ever heard the E flat Concerto of Liszt's. Upon receiving the composer's reply that he had played the Liszt Concerto in Prüfung the year before, Sitt smiled through the smoke of his cigar and answered, "Das merkt man schon" (We see it already). The highest attendance of the year was about eight hundred; the present attendance is about six hundred, which, of course, will be raised

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again in autumn. The work of the orchestra has been exceptionally good and at the time of the Prüfung work it had a membership of about eighty well-trained players. The only engagement this orchestra filled as a body outside of the Conservatory was in Albert Halle in January. Here they assisted in a program for the benefit of the English Church and many persons remarked that the playing compared favorably with the playing of the professional orchestras which had visited Albert Halle during the season.

Martin Knutzen of Christiania has been added to the vocal faculty.

Prof. Dr. Oscar Paul, Conservatory lecturer on history of music and professor in the University of Leipzig, died on April 18. He also taught piano and theory at the Conservatory and had written several important works on music. E. E. S.

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MINOR MENTION.

Mr. John C. Fillmore, the well-known musical writer, has lately been visiting in Milwaukee for the purpose of attending the annual reunion of the Society of Alumni of the Fillmore School of Music, which he conducted in Milwaukee for ten years or more. The Society of Alumni has maintained its organization and has carried out a systematic club work in study of music continuously ever since its organization, with great enthusiasm. Considering that the previous teacher has been living in California for three years, this speaks eloquently for the educational impulse received.

* * *

A series of programs of piano recitals by the pupils of Mrs. J. D. Horton of Vincennes, Ind., shows a very gratifying standard of selections. At any rate, it is very creditable when individual pupils give an entire recital.

* * *

At Pomona College, California, the graduating exercises of the School of Music, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Fillmore, covered a wide range of musical selections. Two fugues by Bach and a variety of selections by Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, McDowell completed the course. The Pomona College Choral Union, under Prof. Fillmore's direction, gave a concert of miscellaneous selections, the principal choruses performed being from "Messiah," "St. Paul," "Creation" and "Naaman," and was brought to a close by the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." There was a variety of old English glees also, the whole indicating a very satisfactory standard and range.

* * *

At the Quincy Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Mr. Walter Spry, three graduating recitals were given by the piano pupils, the general range of which may be inferred from the following summary: Miss Anderson played Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26, a Suite by Arne Oldberg, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor. Miss Everly played Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique and other selections. Miss Herrick played the Beethoven Pastoral Sonata, the Chopin Polonaise in E flat, etc. It appears that there is also an orchestra connected with the conservatory which at the commencement concert played Handel's Largo and the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." The orchestra is evidently in the early stages of its

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career, as the accompaniments to the Concertos were played on the piano. Mr. Spy is an excellent musician and undoubtedly will raise the standard as rapidly as possible.

* * *

From the State Normal and Training School at Potsdam, N. Y., programs have been received showing a gratifying standard of in- at the graduating concert were Mozart's Concerto in C major, the Hummel Concerto in A minor, and selections of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, and the Hiller Concerto in F sharp.

* * *

Very gratifying programs have been received from the Cedar Rapids College of Music, under the direction of Mr. William J. Hall. In a very long program such selections occur as "Loreley," by Seeling, the Rode Concerto for violin, a Concerto by De Beriot, etc.

* * *

Very creditable work appears to be going on at Doane College in Nebraska, under the direction of Mr. W. Irving Andruss.

* * *

At the meeting of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association, at Lafayette, June 28th to July 1st, the most important musical programs were the recitals by Messrs. Godowsky and Emil Liebling, some highly appreciated solos for the piano by Mr. Oliver Willard Pierce, and some violin numbers by Mr. Hugh McGibeney, including the Ernst "Othello" Fantasie, etc.

The public school discussions at this meeting appear to have been of unusual interest, comprising papers by Messrs. M. Z. Tinker, of Evansville, and Mr. W. T. Giffe, of Logansport.

* * *

The program of the annual concert of the Conservatory of Music at Scio, Ohio, took rather an unusual range, under the direction of Mr. S. Leonard Bell. The program opened with the chorus, "The Heavens Are Telling," by Haydn, sung by the Choral Society, numbering twenty-four voices. This was followed by a Fantasie for two pianos, four hands, from "La Traviata," arranged by Alberti. The last number of the first part was a chorus by Donizetti ("Lucrezia"). The second part of the concert consisted of Costa's serenata, "The Dream," consisting of seven numbers, and this was followed by Liszt's second Rhapsody and by three songs. The third part of the program consisted of a cantata, "The Gipsy Girls," by Karl Merz, with tambourine and triangle accompaniment, in costume. The Scio Orchestra played four selections in the course of the evening, concerning which no information is given. From this and other pro-

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grams that reach us it is evident that the next generation will see a very different state of things in the direction of orchestras.

* * *

A series of programs have been received of the commencement of Lima College, Ohio, showing an unusual variety of musical performance. The candidates for graduation upon the piano gave six recitals, programs of which cover the usual course of well instructed piano playing, ancient and modern writers being represented in fair degree; a few unusual numbers have to be noted, such, for instance, as the Thalberg arrangement of "Home Sweet Home" and Raff's "Cachoucha Caprice." Another unpleasantness pertaining to the attendance upon these concerts was the performance of part or the whole of Mr. Wilson G. Smith's "Thematic Octave Studies" at one of the concerts. These "Thematic Octave Studies" of Mr. Smith's are very well done, but they are very monotonous to hear.

The program of the commencement exercises is also rather unusual, beginning with Beethoven's "Fidelio" Overture, for four hands for piano. The next exercise very properly was an invocation (object not stated), after which followed a mixed program of orations and readings and musical performance, too long to be given entire. For the comfort of those who have designed this program it may be stated that it would be impossible to design an artistic and effective program, including selected readings and original orations and piano pieces, as the trouble is that these things do not go well together, the reading gets one out of the mood for the music and vice-versa, so that the program finally has the character of a lot of unrelated fractions waiting for some one to reduce them to a common denominator.

* * *

A very interesting series of programs have been received from Beloit, Wis., where a very fine standard of music seems to be maintained under the direction of the well-known and experienced teacher, Mr. B. D. Allen. At one of these Miss Edna Briggs played the Bach-Liszt Fugue in A minor, and the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 109, and a variety of other pleasing pieces. Another of the programs shows a very admirable organ recital given by two of the pupils, and still another program given before the Schubert Club, Mr. W. W. Sleeper conducting, of the fine compositions of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.

The Schumann Club seems to be doing very nice work, and to be bringing out a great deal of superior part-music. It appears also that a high standard is being maintained in church music in the college chapel; for example, on Good Friday there was a program given of Faure's 'Crucifixion," upon the organ, followed by appropriate selections from Handel's "Messiah," solos and choruses. Other selections from the "Messiah" were given Easter Sunday morning, begin-

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ning with "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and ending with the chorus "Worthy is the Lamb."

The piano recitals worth mention were those given by Miss Riggs, programs of which include the Bach Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue, the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 110, and a variety of other very interesting and important selections.

* * *

At the tenth annual commencement exercises of Des Moines Musical College, under the direction of Mr. M. L. Bartlett, there were four graduates upon the piano, three for voice and one post-graduate. Among the exhibition pieces were parts of Beethoven's first and third Concertos, Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, Schumann's concert pieces, etc.

* * *

The organist who wishes to find out what compositions of all schools can be played on the organ for pleasure or remuneration will do well to procure a copy of the souvenir program of Mr. Frederic Archer's two hundred free organ recitals in Carnegie Hall in Pittsburg. The list of selections is particularly strong in the line of light and popular pieces, there being an enormous number of arrangements of piano pieces and other light movements. The stronger and more serious compositions for the organ are not represented to anything like the same extent; for example, the organ works of Bach are represented by eleven compositions only, a very small number in view of the enormous number of recitals. The more difficult of the modern German compositions for the organ are entirely omitted, for instance, the works of Thiele and Rhineberger. Ritter and Merkel, however, are represented.

Mr. Archer is particularly fortunate in his own transcriptions; some of these have been published, and they are very musical works, although very difficult. The present list contains twenty pages of these transcriptions, numbering in the vicinity of four hundred pieces. The range of these recitals is something very remarkable in the history of organ playing.

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FIRST WORK WITH PITCH.

BY MISS JULIA E. CRANE.

(Second Paper.)

When definite work in music reading should be begun depends upon many conditions. If the children enter the first year from a kindergarten or from a home where they have heard music, they already possess some musical vocabulary, and begin school music with a similar preparation to that which the home gives for reading. A child enters school with some four years of experience in talking, and six years of hearing English spoken. If during these same years he has heard some music every day, and has made his own childish attempts at imitating the sounds he heard, he may begin to learn to read music at once, with the same propriety that he learns to read words at this time.

But if he has heard little or no music, and has made no attempts at imitation, he is like a child without a vocabulary, and needs to sing that he may gain one, before any signs are presented to him. This parallel has led some to advocate a course of some three years of rote singing before any note singing is begun, forgetting that a child's experience at six years of age tells for something, and that the process which would have been all right at three years is not suitable at six.

In all country schools, first year classes contain those who have heard no music, those who have heard only Sunday school and church singing, and a few from musical homes. With such classes as these, the time required for rote singing before any notes are presented ranges from five to ten weeks. These classes have two lessons each day, one at the opening of the school, when rote songs only are sung, and one, later in the day, when the singing of the scale by rote is introduced in connection with the songs.

By our plan the song singing is continued as a part of the morning exercises during the entire nine years. Kindergarten songs, in the kindergarten; songs selected from

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"Songs and Games for Little Ones," Ditson.
"Motion Songs" (Mabel Pray), D. C. Heath.
"Stories in Song," Ditson.
"Twilight Songs" (Marchant), Novello.
"Rhymes and Tunes" (Mrs. Osgood), Ditson.

for the first year class. In the primary hall we gather the second, third, fourth and fifth year classes. Here we use many songs from the Rhymes and Tunes, Reneck's Songs for Children, Saalsfield, N. Y.; Children's Souvenir Song Book, Tomlins; Novello Sacred Songs for Little Singers, Ward & Drummond, N. Y.; Child's Garden of Song, Tomlins; St. Nicholas Songs, Century Co., N. Y.

This last collection furnishes the more difficult songs, and those most delightful to the children. There is scarcely a poor song in the whole book, and the accompaniments are exquisite. In addition to these, such songs as "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," Ingraham; "The Farmer and the Pigeons," Taubert; "Away in a Manger," Anderson; "The Snowflake," Cowen, furnish us with real music which delights all who hear it, as well as the children who sing it.

Beginning with the sixth year, our International Hall contains all the remaining pupils through the ninth year. Here for the first time children are furnished with books for their morning exercise singing, and here they are capable of reading new songs with sufficient fluency not to interfere with a musical rendering. The books used in this work are "Songs of Worship for the Sunday School," Century Co.; "The Barcarolle," Ginn & Co., and "Cecilian Series No. IV.," Silver, Burdett & Co. In addition to these, "Codas" selected for special occasions give us excellent material at a very low rate.

As will be seen from this and the former paper, our ten minutes of singing during morning exercises have a very definite aim, and pupils come from this work not only with some thorough ear and voice training, but with good ideas of style and interpretation, and with a large repertoire of standard and classic songs.

Teachers whose work is in or near a large city may do what is impossible to us in the country through the assistance of artists who may be secured to sing or play for the children. I wish I could describe to you the real soul awakening I saw in the faces of our primary children when they heard an artistic rendering of Schubert's Lullaby upon the violin. They were familiar with the song and loved it; it was played for them with all simplicity and tenderness. No one present doubted the power of music, or the value of musical training, as he witnessed the spread of that divine contagion.

The singing of the scale by rote, although perhaps not as interesting to the teacher as song singing, may be made quite as interesting to the children. This is the foundation of all music reading, and should be begun with that thought in view. For the first few weeks

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our regular music period, which is the second time in the day when we sing, is occupied entirely with rote work, but the definite practice of the scale gradually takes more and more time, until by the end of the first half year songs are no longer necessary in this lesstrumental music as well as vocal. Among the numbers performed son. We use them at first to relieve the strain upon the attention, as well as to continue the work of the morning in voice and ear training and the acquisition of a musical vocabulary.

From this point our talk will be concerning the work of this our second lesson each day, whose aim is to teach the reading of music. But I wish clearly to be understood that the other work is supposed to be going on all the time; and I should advocate for schools who could not spend a few minutes at the opening or closing of school with songs, that a part of the music period be devoted to them, or at least that songs be sung during the week on given days, if there is not time every day.

After singing the scale once or twice by imitation the hand signs are found valuable in the preparatory work for note reading. From the very beginning it is important that the habit of looking for a sign before singing should be cultivated. In reading music as in reading words, accuracy and rapidity depend upon the power to see far enough ahead of the note being read, so that there is no stopping to see what is coming, or singing of wrong notes from carelessness in seeing the right ones. During the first teaching of the scale, if when teachers use hand signs or pointing upon the fingers, they take pains that the children do not know what tone is called for until they see the sign, a proper foundation for reading will be laid. Many teachers say, "Sing do, re, mi, fa, sol," and then make the signs for these tones. There is no need for signs after this direction has been given, and making them only leads to carelessness in noting them when they are needed. Even while the scale is being taught consecutively, before any skips are given, the changes in going back and forth in the scale may be always unexpected. As soon as signs of any kind are presented, make this a rule without exception when using them: Make the sign being used the only hint of the tone required. This means not only that the teacher shall not sing with the class, but if she is pointing, that she shall not also name the syllables, or tell pupils in any way what they are to sing, so that they have only the one way, that of watching the pointer attentively, to know what tones are indicated. This may seem a trivial matter, but I consider it one of the most important rules in all music teaching. Its importance becomes more noticeable when the scale has been written, and the teacher begins to point to the notes. I have seen more inaccurate reading in the first grade, caused by bad pointing, than from any other one fault. Teachers who are inexperienced

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seem to expect the class to be ready to sing at the same instant their pointer touches the notes. This is an impossibility, and the first lesson a teacher must learn is to move his pointer in such a way that pupils know exactly what is pointed before they make any attempt to sing. If care is taken in these simple points from the first, habits will be formed which will be of the highest value all through the work.

The first lessons in note singing, then, require first, that the children shall have been taught to sing the scale by imitation. Then that some simple sign be presented by which the children may be drilled until scale relations are familiar. The different signs which are used are hand signs, as used in the Tonic Sol Fa system; finger signs, ladder, numerals and the initial letters of the syllables. When classes sing the scale readily, very little of this work is necessary before the notes are presented. Any one of them is sufficient, and my choice is for the hand signs, for these admit of the teacher's facing the class. They are helpful, too, in suggesting the relations of the tones of the scale, and pupils who are deficient in the pitch sense seem to be helped by the moving of the hand before their eyes, higher if they are too low, or lower if they are too high.

When the first notes are shown, the scale in several keys may be written upon the board, if one has no chart containing them. The false idea that the key of C should be presented first is so rapidly losing ground that I do not need to make my protest against it. Scale relations are what we have been making familiar to the ear, now the representation of these relations in notes follows. To present one scale at a time is to give the impression that the tones of the scale are always represented in the same place, when it really should not matter where any one note is found. The point of vital interest should be: Having given No. 1 or do where are the other tones? In other words, it is quite as necessary that the eye should be taught to look for relations between the notes as that the ear should hear the relations between the tones; and it is as pernicious to teach by any plan which fixes No. 1 (do) in any given place on the staff, even for a short time, as to try to teach an absolute pitch for it.

For our first presentation of notes, then, we use the "Drill Chart and Modulator" of the Normal Course; the first page of Chart Series A, Natural Course, or similar scales written upon the board. We will suppose that we have before us a class which has had the preparation indicated, and for material, the scale of F, G, E and D are written upon the board. Teacher blows C pitch pipe and class takes the tone, calling it do. Teacher says, "Sing down to fa."

Pupils do so.

Teacher calls that do. Children do so.

Teacher, with long pointer in right hand, standing well to the

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left of the board, points to the scale regularly, taking care to move pointer quickly in passing to a new note, but holding pointer at the note as long as she wishes the tone to be sustained.

Now she may point 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1; 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 8, 7, 6, 5—5, 6, 7, 8. After three or four exercises similar to these, teacher blows pitch pipe again and has children sing down to re and call that do. Then similar exercises may be pointed in the scale of D. So in the first ten-minute lesson pupils may sing in four or five different keys, as teacher directs with the pointer.

Teachers who feel doubtful of their ability to point correct exercises will find the most valuable assistance in the Galin-Paris-Cheve System, published in this country by John Zobanaky, Philadelphia, Pa.

The first book of this system contains a great number of simple exercises intended to be sung from the numerals. These are carefully graded and might be used either as the author intended or as suggestions for pointing upon the staff. Grade teachers who have much of the music work to do alone and who have had few musical advantages would be able to carry out the work indicated in this system with ease, providing only that they could sing the scale and recognize when it was sung correctly by others.

Teachers using the Normal Course will find help in pointing, on the number cards, which are published for teachers.

Those using the Natural Course will find the order of pointing suggested by the first exercise written upon the charts. Teachers not able to have the full series of charts will find all the exercises in the "Miniature Charts," which may be bought for twenty-five cents.

It seems needless for me to write out suggestions for drill work in this first representation of pitch; for the exercises required are almost innumerable, and are far better studied from some good charts and books than from any series of lessons possible to be written.

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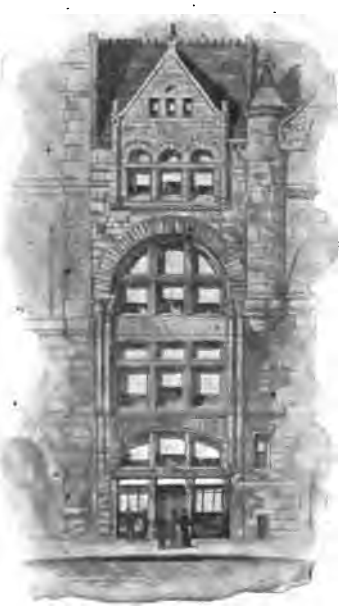

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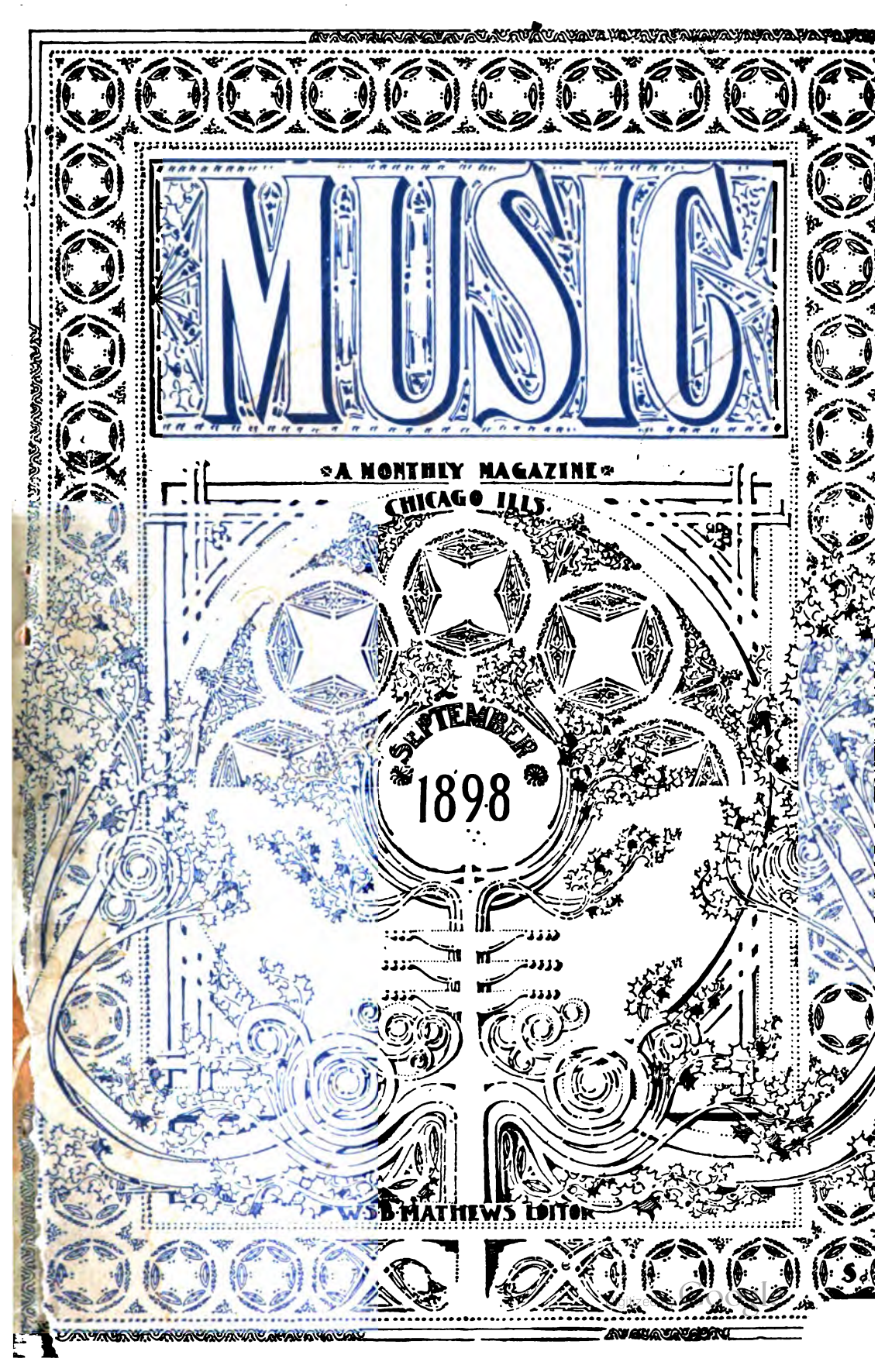
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CORONA SCHROETER.
(The Original of Goethe's Iphigenia.)

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MUSIC.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

THE ORIGINAL OF GOETHE'S IPHIGENIA.

BY ELISE J. ALLEN.

All the reading world knows that Goethe, loyal to his famous utterance: "The eternally womanly attracts us," was always under the spell of a woman. Sometimes she was within his own social circle. Sometimes she was outside of it. Now, she was beautiful; now, intellectual; now, distinguished. His devotion varied in degree, in different periods of his life, and according to the personality of its object.

The most beautiful, and pre-eminently the most gifted of the women whose history is inseparably connected with that of Goethe, was Corona Schroeter. Her name is little known in personal biography, but in the history of "German Art" it is reverently preserved, as that of one who was not only the inspirer of Goethe's "Iphigenia," but was also the first and peerless impersonator of this most lofty and classical of all the poet's creations.

For all that we have been able to find concerning this richly-endowed woman, we are indebted to Rudolf Gottschall, who, some years ago, with reverence and enthusiasm, compiled the facts which are embodied in the present sketch. From Gottschall's work we learn that Corona was the daughter of Johann Friedrich Schroeter, an oboist, and was born in Guben, in the year 1751.

In her childhood, her father moved with his family to Warsaw, and here Corona soon manifested remarkable talent in singing and in drawing, while her singular beauty, and her

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grace of form became ever more generally recognized and acknowledged. Her father was her instructor in singing, but, in time, he was persuaded by his friend, Johann Hiller, the founder of German opera, to move to Leipzig, and Corona became Hiller's pupil. Under the judicious guidance of her new master she made most brilliant progress, and in 1765, when she was fourteen years of age, she sang in one of the Grand Concerts of Leipzig, and won unmodified admiration. To her chosen work she had already brought the full dedication of all her powers; her perceptions were fine, her ideals noble, her industry unflagging, and within a few years she became the acknowledged favorite of the critical Leipzig public. Her gifts of person and of character were as remarkable as were her artistic attainments. "In the bloom of youth," one wrote of her, "celebrated as an artist, renowned for her grace of manner and of carriage, for her Juno-like figure, her lovely features, her brilliant and intellectual eyes, it is not strange that Corona should have had many suitors." Among these was Dr. Karl Wilhelm Müller, founder of the Leipzig Gewandhaus, mayor of Leipzig, and the honored patron of many of its artistic as well as of its civil interests. Early in her career, an unfortunate attachment for an adventurous nobleman brought to Corona a first and permanent disenchantment. And to such a nature, tending as do all artistic natures towards the finest idealizations, this was no insignificant event.

In 1765 Goethe, then sixteen years of age, came to Leipzig to enter the university. The young patrician was as proud and haughty as he was gifted, and he did not find it beneath him to affect a costume which should distinguish him from his possibly plebeian fellows. Keil says that his clothing was of a fashion so dandyish that it made him conspicuous among all the students of the university. The young aristocrat soon attended a concert in which Leipzig's favorite singer appeared. He was filled with enthusiasm, and declared himself "enraptured by her beautiful form, her polished and elegant manners, her earnest and graceful performance." He eagerly sought a presentation to her, and through his friends, the Breitkopfs, was soon arranging with her a series of private theatricals.

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As in most circles, so now in Corona's, Goethe's personality soon became the predominating power, but her adorers appear to have shown much good nature towards their confrére, for the latter relates that numbers of Corona's worshipers were accustomed to come to him and confidently beg his assistance when they wished to have a poem in Corona's honor anonymously published and distributed. And it is not difficult to imagine that Goethe sometimes celebrated the beautiful singer in sonnets immediately inspired within his own youthful and impetuous heart.

In 1768 Goethe left Leipzig and returned to Frankfort, but his youthful meeting with Corona Schroeter was destined to bear later and richer results.

Meanwhile, Corona found another ardent suitor in Johann Friedrich Reichardt, chiefly known to us as a composer of melodies to Goethe's songs. Reichardt came to Leipzig in the spring of 1771. Like Goethe, he came to enter the university, and like his patrician predecessor, he had a stately form, and a skin like milk and blood; and also like him, he delighted in conspicuous toilettes, and foppishly chose sky-blue and rose-tinted colors for the lining of his cloaks. He saw the beautiful singer, and conceived for her a passion that held absolute sway over him during his entire stay in Leipzig. Day after day he spent with her in her little pavilion in the Richter garden, and through the nights he composed songs to her, which she sang to him the next day, but Corona's friendship never went so far as to prompt her to sing these songs in public concerts. In Reichardt's diary we have a glimpse of the earnest influence which Corona's singing had upon him. He describes her manner in the master scenes of Hasse as matchless, and particularly in a grand scene which closes with the aria: "Rendetemi il mio ben, numi tiranni." "I can not hear this often enough," he writes, "and seldom does a day pass in which I have not begged her to sing it, but never once have I heard it from her without the deepest emotion. This exalted enjoyment has alone, perhaps, made me the artist that I have become."

Corona seems to have delighted in the soulfulness of Reich-

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ardt's piano playing, but her heart made no responsse to his affection, and once, in the garden, when he impetuously attempted to snatch a kiss from her, she so haughtily and reprovingly repulsed him, "that," as he writes, "I never again allowed myself that boldness."

The unselfish devotion of this youthful worshiper showed itself in various Utopian plans. Corcna was at that time receiving an annual income of four hundred dollars for her appearance in public concerts, but she had always had an unconquerable aversion for these appearances in public, and knowing this, Reichardt determined to secure to her complete independence by obtaining from friends this annual amount and sending it to Corona anonymously.

This plan naturally failed of fulfilment, but destiny was already preparing for Corona a release from the dreaded obligation of public activity in Leipzig.

On the 7th of November, 1775, Goethe, who had completed his studies, and had already given to the world his impossible "Goetz von Berlichingen," and his "Sorrows of Werther," entered the court circle of Weimar. One writing of him at this period somewhat incoherently describes him as "a handsome youth, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet strength and intellect, a heart full of feeling, a spirit with eagle-wings and full of fire."

Naturally this favored child of the muses became at once the central figure of the court circle, and the favorite of women. The fame of the private concert performances, and of the amateur theatricals, which formed the chief pastime of the Weimar court, is not yet dead. These entertainments were often given in the Tiefurt Park, or in the shade of the Ettesburg Forest, and the soul of them all was the artistic and pleasure-loving Duchess Amalie. But, Goethe said that there was yet lacking the true artistic power—the actress and the singer—who should bring the higher artistic dedication to the dilettante acting of the court ladies and of the cavaliers. He remembered Corona, and so effective was his description of her, that he was commissioned to go to Leipzig and to offer her the position of court singer to the Duchess-Mother of Weimar.

* * *

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Again these two gifted beings stood face to face. Goethe was now no longer the handsome youthful student, bubbling over with lyrical enthusiasm, but the man of noble bearing, the poet whom all Germany was celebrating. Corona was in the perfection of womanly beauty, "her physique was perfect, her eyes more deep and brown, her mouth was amiable and lovely, her skin had a faint, dark glow, and her features were animated and illumined by a lofty spirituality." The muses seem to have lavished upon her every gift in their keeping. She painted, sang, played, was very learned in the theory of music, and declaimed with peculiar power and elegance. "She, like a flower, opens to the world!" Goethe once wrote of her. And again: "——— gently awed, you feel in her combined, all that is ideal in an artist's mind." The Duke Karl August said of her: "She is marble-beautiful, but marble-cold."

That this rarely gifted and wondrously beautiful woman should make a deep impression upon the susceptible Goethe was inevitable. In November, 1776, in obedience to the summons of the Duchess-Mother, Corona entered Weimar. From the day of her arrival, she became a controlling influence in the poet's life, and during five years was the object of his most devoted and passionate love. Everything, indeed, conspired to bring about this result, for besides their own personal external and spiritual adaptation to each other, there was the unceasing poetical and artistic activity which pervaded the social, and even the civic life of Weimar, and in this activity Goethe and Corona were always foremost; and a no less potent factor in drawing together these two receptive and sensitive natures, existed in the romantic beauty of Weimar itself, and of its surroundings. When the artists wearied of the "City of the Muses," there were its lovely, peaceful valley of the Ilm, its beautiful park and garden at Belvedere, and its near suburb of Ilmenaw, to lure them into rural pleasure-makings, or into reactionary idleness. Ilmenaw had always been to the Duke, and to Goethe, a favorite plate of resort, and in a pavilion on the Kikelhahn, a hill near Ilmenaw, Goethe once wrote in pencil an impromptu, which a translator has paraphrased:

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"Hushed now is every wild bird's lay
In the day's calm close;
The trees are all asleep; how still
Is the light green leaf on the topmost spray,
And list as you will, you hear not a trill
In the woodland lone.
O wait, my soul! and soon, repose
Like this will be your own."

And amid the beauty and the stillness of their favorite haunts, the pulses of the two nature-loving artists well might learn to beat in rhythm to all the high and noble possibilities that each knew existed in the other.

But, in Goethe's affection, Corona had a rival whose character was of quite different fibre, but whose attractions were no less powerful than her own. And, as a German writer has truly said: "If one thing more than another is characteristic of the Weimar genius-epoch, it is this dual love of its most celebrated representative." Goethe has revealed in his diary how entirely he divided his time and his heart between Frau von Stein and Corona Schroeter. It is evident, however, that he sometimes found this diversion of affection to be very inconvenient, and that he was occasionally aroused by it to an uncomfortable self-consciousness; yet, nevertheless, he seems continually to have abandoned himself anew to the double spell which the elegant and gracious court-lady and the enchanting artiste exercised over him.

Frau von Stein was the wife of the Grand Master of Horse at the Court of Weimar; she was seven years older than Goethe, and when the latter came to Weimar she was already the mother of seven children. The poet was first attracted to her by her liberal-mindedness, and by her exceptional knowledge of the world, but still more, perhaps, by her gracious recognition of himself. In appearance she was graceful and captivating; she had brilliant, intellectual eyes, and in her countenance were blended a peculiar frankness and a gentle earnestness. Her taste, her tact, her external elegance, her pliancy of form, and her self-possession, all appealed to the fastidious taste of the young patrician. As she could sing, and draw, and had for poetry a love as intelligent as it was sincere,

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she appealed equally to the artistic side of his nature, and soon he had initiated her into the innermost recesses of his literary being. Frau von Stein was liberal-minded, but she was equally firm of will, and by this very poise she was enabled to gain an influence over Goethe's passionate nature which lasted uninterruptedly during ten years. The relation did not, however, remain within the limits of intellectual intercourse; it had the charm of a forbidden happiness, which the worldly-wise woman well knew how skillfully to veil, but which drew its thrall ever more subtly about Goethe.

About the time that Corona came to Weimar, Goethe's love for Frau von Stein was yet in its dawning, and he did not disguise from her the profound impression which the singer made upon him, although he sought to soften his confession by flatteries for the beauty and the superior intellect of his Weimar-muse. From Leipzig he wrote: "The Schroeter is an angel —if God would only let such a wife fall to my lot, that I might be able to leave you in peace—but she is not enough like you." At another time he wrote: "I am at the Schroeter's—a noble creature in her way—ah, if she could be with you but half a year! Best of women, what might you not make of her!" But Goethe misapprehended Frau von Stein when he wrote to her in this wise: "Thou only one, what happiness might be wished for me, if I could but have something dearer to me than thou art!" This worldly-wise court-woman could be satisfied only with exclusive devotion, and in the beautiful Corona, now settled in Weimar, she beheld a formidable rival. Goethe was compelled to reassure her, and some days afterwards he wrote from Leipzig: "Beloved woman: Your letter has somewhat depressed me. If I could only understand the deep distrust which your soul has of itself * * * I shall come soon. But I can not tear myself away from the Schroeter."

In these letters there appears to be either puerile weakness, and vacillation, or the deliberate intention of an arrogant lover to torture one already doubtful, and partly beloved.

Corona was most cordially received in Weimar. She sang in several concerts, and attended the mask-balls, where,

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Goethe writes in his diary, she "always appeared enchanting." At the balls it was Frau von Stein that wore Goethe's ribbon; nevertheless, she made no secret of her jealousy. Meanwhile, the rehearsals at the amateur theater were bringing Corona and the poet ever into more intimate relations. If Goethe played the lover, all the ladies that had parts in the play laid all kinds of traps to play with him the part of the one beloved; but, whatever the character of the play, the role of the heroine was given as a matter of course to Corona; and in the brilliant concerts she far outshone all other participants.

The repertoire of the ducal private theater was not extensive, and material for very high representation was lacking, moreover, at that period, the dramatic muse of the Germans was yet little more than a fledgling. Goethe was already famous, but he himself regarded the stage compositions which he wove into the Weimar court-pastimes, and love-makings, as wholly ephemeral and occasional employment. But these dramatic limitations did not affect the enthusiasm of the noble players, who constituted a public which also took part in all the performances, and were practically interested in all that went on behind the curtain; each had a voice in the decision of scenery, impersonations, decorations, and musical accompaniments, and, in turn, each played the role that was allotted to him. Through everything, Goethe's versatile genius was the inspiring and predominating element, and the more active his productivity, so much the more intimate became the relations between himself and Corona. The companionship in the rehearsals was often followed by an evening in Corona's home, in her "dear little garden" beside the Ilm, in the little old house, the repairing of which Goethe himself had superintended. In this "small, cozy nest," "Crone," sometimes with her lady companion, sometimes without her, passed the whole day long with Goethe, often until the evening, with its splendor of stars and of moonlight, had closed about them. Once Goethe made a sketch of her, which yet remains in his collection. In the winter the two skated together on the ice, and once they journeyed together to Ilmenaw, and far out into the country. In the grotto within the park, on the opposite

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side of the Ilm, they were often joined by the Duke. Wieland once fell in with this "singularly-artistic and charmingly-wild" grotto party, and thus he writes of it: "In the grotto we met Goethe in company with the beautiful Schroeter, who, in the infinitely-attic elegance of her whole form, as in the simple, but yet endlessly-elaborate, and insidious costume, looked like the nymph of this lovely region of rocks." Another time, Wieland describes "the Duke, Goethe and the Schroeter amusing themselves there publicly beneath God's heaven, and in the eyes of all the creatures that pass that way from morning until night."

Goethe was, indeed, living now a dual existence, and he used much finesse in his effort to soothe the wounded Frau von Stein. But this sharp-sighted woman was not to be deceived; with chagrin and resentment she realized that she was being compelled to share with another her dominion over the poet's heart. In the beginning she once entertained the Duke, Goethe and Corona as guests, but soon afterwards she appears to have relinquished all personal relations with the artiste. In the spring of 1777 she made a so unmistakable display of her jealousy that Goethe wrote to her: "I can do nothing but love you in silence. Your conduct in the other matters which torture me so strangely oppresses my soul that I must strive to tear myself loose." And ever and ever again he must reassure her. In October, 1777, he wrote to her: "Why the chief ingredient of your thought lately is doubt and unbelief I can not conceive. This, however, is certainly true, that by your suspicion you can banish from you one that keeps not a steadfast hold upon faith and love." It is plain that, in matters of the affections, the writer of these letters was a poor casuist.

Goethe had always been keenly conscious that Corona's noble figure and lofty bearing, and her gift for plastic impersonation, could not find adequate expression and development in the insignificant operas and sentimental posings of the amateur theater. In order to give her an opportunity for grand and noble declamation he had already written for her his mono-drama, "Proserpina." Now, confessedly for Frau von

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Stein, he composed "Iphigenia," and doubtless that lady gave to the play much of its intellectual individuality, but it was Corona's noble form, and serious grace, that hovered before the poet's vision as the external image of the youthful priestess, and at its first performance Corona impersonated this character with singular power and fidelity. Goethe took the part of Orestes, while Thoas and Pylades were represented respectively by von Knebel and the Duke Karl August. Afterwards, when the phantom play, "Minerva's Birth, Life and Deeds," was performed in the Tiefurt Park, Corona, enveloped only in light gauze, and wondrously beautiful, emerged from the head of the god and encircled with a wreath the name of Goethe, which gleamed in the clouds. Corona also had the honor of being the first to sing Goethe's "Erl Koenig" when the drama "Die Fischeriun" was performed in the open air, on the banks of the Ilm.

The triumph of "Iphigenia" threw around the poet and the artiste a bond which appeared to be most threatening to Frau von Stein, and perceiving this, that gracious and gifted, but ever-alert woman seems to have shaken off every reserve, in order to lead Goethe back to her in undivided allegiance. In the year 1781 their affection appears to have reached a degree of intensity until then unknown to either. Into Corona's life Goethe's love had brought splendor and success, but from now on the singer retired ever more and more into the shadow. In 1783 the amateur theater ceased to exist, and Corona never again appeared upon the stage. She remained in Weimar as the court singer, devoted herself to music and to painting, and educated pupils for the stage. Schiller, who became acquainted with her in 1787, says that she must have been wondrously beautiful, and later he writes appreciatively of her naturalness, and of her power of declamation, and says that between her and himself there existed a sincere friendship. The most important of Corona's pupils was the early-deceased Amalie Neumann, celebrated by Goethe in his "Euphrosyne."

After a few years Corona became a prey to consumption and retired to the lonely mountain town of Ilmenaw, from which she occasionally visited Weimar, and delighted the

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courtly guests by her singing, or her declamations at their drawing room entertainments. On the 28th of August she died and was buried in solitude. Only the porter accompanied the coffin.*

At the brilliant triumph of "Iphigenia" in Weimar, Corona, as Goethe's chosen priestess, had uttered with singular dignity and sweetness of resignation the invocation which he had written for her:

Deliver me, whom thou hast saved from death,
Now from this second death—my lonely life!

Nothing has remained to reveal the effect upon Corona of Goethe's disloyalty, and whether these words ever recurred to her with prophetic significance in her solitude in Ilmenaw, none can tell.

Goethe, in his diary, dedicated to her a cool and sorrowless so-called lament. Long before he had wound for her, as Duke Karl August said, "an immortal wreath" in his beautiful poem, "The Death of Miedung":

"Ihr Frauen, Platz! Weicht einen kleinen Schritt!
Seht, wer da kommt und festlich naeher tritt!
Sie ist es selbst, die Gute fehlt uns nie;
Wir sind erhoert—die Musen senden sie.
Ihr kennt sie wohl; sie ist's, die stets gefaellt;
Als eine Blume zeigt sie sich der Welt.
Zum Muster wuchs das schoene Bild empor,
Vollendet nun; sie ist's und stellt es vor,
Es goennte ihr die Musen jede Gunst,
Und die Natur erschuf in ihr die Kunst.
So haeufft sie willig jeden Reiz auf sich,
Und selbst dein Name ziert, Corona dich.
Sie tritt herbei. Seht sie gefaellig steh'n!
Nur absichtlos, doch wie mit Absicht schoen,
Und hocherstaunt seht ihr an ihr vereint
Ein Ideal, des Kuenstlern nur erscheint."

Thus has he described the woman whom he deserted for the worldly-wise, deliberate court-lady, the faithless wife and mother. Goethe might turn upon himself with his own words in "Iphigenia": "A will above my own hath bound me fast."

ELISE J. ALLEN.

(Adapted from the German.)

*In many cities of South Germany (and probably also in North Germany) there is a law prohibiting the attendance of women at funerals.

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INTERVIEW WITH MRS. JOHN SPENCER CURWEN.

BY MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

Quaint are many of the houses skirting Hampstead Heath, where we found Mrs. Curwen. Healthy and happy indeed should be the people who live on this highest part of Greater London. On holidays as many as a hundred thousand people congregate here, mostly poor, and count it their greatest pleasure to spend a day on 'appy 'ampstead 'eath. It is the home of artists, novelists, musicians and others noted for plain living and high thinking. We await Mrs. Curwen's arrival in her study at Frognal Gardens. This is evidently not the home of people of leisure; books with a purpose crowd the shelves rather than the latest novels, manuscript and musical works are more plentiful than curios. Here is Mrs. Curwen, and we follow her and enjoy her pleasant chat and a cup of tea. We learn something of her aims and work, but let us first inquire about her early life.

"I was born," she says, "in the country, where the people are supposed to have more wit than wisdom, and was trained at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. Mrs. Joseph Robinson, the wife of the leading professor there, gave me many useful hints. Some of her professional pupils, of whom I was one, had the opportunity of coaching her private pupils, and as she always went over the music for these lessons with us, we got her views upon many points of teaching. Having completed my course of training, I received the usual diploma. I taught music for many years before I was married. I was generally successful, and obtained good results, but might have got them with much less labor to myself and pupils and in much less time if I had better understood the art of teaching. I only really learnt that when I came into contact with the Tonic Sol-fa method. The founder of that method was the late John Curwen, the father of my husband, who continues his work."

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"What part of that work has interested you most?" we ask Mrs. Curwen, who is now busy with her needle.

"As the wife of the president of the Tonic Sol-fa College, I have naturally watched the progress of our musical movement in all its aspects. As a pianist, I saw that teachers of the pianoforte as a rule lacked the educational method and enthusiasm that possessed the Tonic Sol-fa teachers of singing, and my aim has been to make pianoforte teaching logical and intelligent, to apply to pianoforte teaching the same principles that are applied to the teaching of more ordinary subjects, principles which are now accepted by educationists as the basis of all teaching. As a rule, music teachers are too busy and hard working to investigate such matters, and I have tried to do for them what Mr. Curwen did for his students. John Curwen took principles and founded on them a plan of practice which might be followed even by very second-rate teachers without detriment to the pupil. It may be objected that this planning for the teacher may result in mechanical work, but a large percentage of music teachers will always be machines, and must have some controlling hand to keep them working. I do, however, aim at training the teacher's intelligence in the normal classes, where the principles are put into practice. Do not suppose that nobody knows how to teach in England; there is an embarras de richesse of good teachers, but they are at the top of the profession, and only know how to deal with advanced students. To deal with beginners is another matter. It is true that scientific teaching is needed. My aim is to show how small children may be interested in music, how the music lesson may be made attractive instead of being presented in its usual repulsiveness, and my plan is to arrange a regular series of lessons from the first time that the child sits down to the piano. The publication of these lessons has been a great success. Other instruction books have the same object, but they profess to deal with the pupil directly, whereas my book deals with the pupil through the teacher. The book is addressed to the teacher ('The Teacher's Guide') and the material (the 'Steps' of 'The Child Pianist') is given separately for the pupil's use.

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The pupil does not see any of the hints necessary for the teacher. Having all the facts put in their logical order, saves the teacher's time and keeps up the pupil's interest. I have also in view the writing of another book which will go more fully into principles. Having shown the teachers the 'how' in my present book, I want to show them the 'why'. Now that I have excited interest, they will welcome more help. The book will follow the principles of psychology and of Tonic Sol-fa, which is founded on psychological laws, as all good teaching must be. Teachers usually learn their work by experimenting on pupils, and as soon as they know how to teach the beginner, they step up in the profession, and leave him to another set of tyros. If young teachers are trained from the first on a consistent and thorough method, this injury to pupils will cease. Questions of technique are quite as serious as questions of method; but books about technique by prominent professors are numerous. I have, therefore, not yet approached the subject in my writings, but I find that I shall after all have to teach a little about it."

"How do you arrange your lessons?"

"If the visiting teacher can only give a lesson once a week, she gives a lesson of an hour in the presence of the mother or governess. The mother thus knows exactly what the child has to do before the next lesson, and superintends the very short daily 'practice.' The long 'lesson' is divided into eight exercises so that the topic is constantly changed, the result being that the children do not tire, but usually want more. Children often say in a disappointed tone, 'Miss ————, is it over?' A little boy whom I have just seen says, 'I like my practice, but I don't like anything so well as my music lesson.' Daily supervision is absolutely necessary because of the constant appeal to the ear to verify every fact, whether of time or pitch. Pianoforte teaching is usually an appeal to the eye, an observation of the geography of the keyboard. With regard to time, which is a purely mental science, children generally have very hazy ideas, and to teach them to read time is the teacher's chief difficulty. In my method, which consists of two 'grades,' with subdivisions into 'steps,' the theory of

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the first grade is nearly all time theory. The locality of the notes is also taught, of course, but the chief difficulty is to develop the sense of time and rhythm. Again, all the re-creative music during the first grade is in duet form (for teacher and pupil) because it is easier to play one part with two hands than to play two parts, however easy, independently. One must take the easiest thing first, and the child keeps to unison playing until certain time difficulties are grasped. Every new development of time, at all events, is first illustrated in the pupil's part of the duets for teacher and pupil."

"Have not you some devices for teaching time?"

"I have adopted the French time-names. The pulse is treated as the central fact in time, and every divided pulse is represented by a word which gives the rhythm by its patter, thus TAA is an undivided pulse, ta-té represents half-pulses, and so on. For a long time I take the crotchet as the pulse sign and do not change it until the child has got a pretty firm grasp of the subject of time and rhythm. The difficulties which children find in reading time are mainly owing to its being presented to them arithmetically and not rhythmically. Any child may be taught that one semi-breve equals two minims or four crotchets, and so on up to thirty-two demisemiquavers; but the same child, when confronted with a mixture of these notes in a simple melody, will fail to grasp the time, though he may be able to explain the relative value of every note and dot. And yet these children will march in time, and the little feet will dance when the organ-man comes round, showing that these supposed dull children have what is commonly called 'an ear for time.' Why is it? Simply because time in music is rhythm, and not arithmetic. How does the advanced musician read? He does not consciously count. The various time-forms travel through the eye to the brain, conveying with them a sense of their rhythm, which is translated by the fingers into sound without a conscious mental effort. Now the time-names teach rhythm. They appeal to something within the child which is associated with music, and they establish the necesary connection between the time

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sign and its sound, a connection which cannot be established by mere arithmetic."

"How do you try to conquer the difficulties of sight-reading?"

"The thing which most hinders sight-reading is the habit of looking down at the hands. The child is able to keep the eyes on the music, if music is provided in the very earliest stages that moves from one note to the next note of the scale, and the tunes are kept within the compass of the five-finger exercises. The ingenuity of my collaborateur, Mr. John Kinross, is remarkable in varying the interest within those limits. This is especially noticeable in the bass, the most difficult part for the composer of a five-finger tune. When the child can read seconds with simple time forms, the intervals of the third, fourth and fifth are introduced."

"Have you not some plan by which children learn to write down tunes that they hear?"

"Yes. This I recommend to be done by the Tonic Sol-fa notation during the first grade, and applying the knowledge to the staff notation afterwards. I am very strongly of opinion that the Tonic Sol-fa teaching ought to go on all along the line, side by side with all the other music teaching, because it gives the best foundation and explains so many apparent difficulties in music."

"You have not spoken of your second grade."

"In the second grade there are higher developments of time, and the subject of key is approached along with the study of the scale, scale-playing, chord building, and transpositon. I think transpositon is not usually begun early enough. It is not required until the higher examinations are prepared for. Students do not think of it until they are sixteen or seventeen years of age, and then they plunge into sonatas or four-part compositions. They are not led up to it. I begin the moment a child can transpose the scale from key C to key G. The child transpose the melody of a simple chant, after each scale in the daily practice, by and bye adding the bass (playing those outside parts only), and when he knows enough about chords, filling them up. Scale-building teaches key-

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relationship, and the child makes up the scales himself, working first by over-fifths and then by under-fifths. My invention called the "Scalometer" is sometimes used. No mechanical appliance, however, will teach music in itself. The "Scalometer" merely helps a child to verify his building up of the scale, and it interests small children, but the final appeal must be to the ear. No exercise is complete until it has been played."

"Is it not desirable to get exercises written by the children?"

"My small pupils have home work to do in writing from the earliest stages. Writing fixes knowledge. Besides, everybody ought to be able to write music. The ordinary amateur MS. writer is very feeble. He tries to imitate print, and laboriously makes holes in the paper and fills them up with ink."

"Do you include any other theoretical work in the system?"

"I teach musical form from the beginning. I think it ought to come before harmony, because in the first place even the simplest little tune has rhythmical and melodic imitations. By finding out the natural breathing places in these tunes, the children form the habit of phrasing naturally, and by and bye they analyze the keys and other matters. Another reason for teaching form first is that for ordinary folk who do not go deeply into any study, a little knowledge of form is of more use than a little knowledge of harmony. They find this especially in listening to music, while in memorizing a piece a knowledge of form is invaluable."

"Don't you find that many unnecesary things are taught little pianists at first?"

"Many things I omit that others include. Neither time signatures nor key signatures are taught at first. A member of my little string band, which meets in this house, was recently much puzzled by a printer's error in a time signature in a way that could not happen with a 'child pianist' pupil, who is taught to analyze time. Of all the facts that we have to teach in relation to time, the signatures come last in educational order. While we have the crotchet for the pulse

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sign, we do not need time signatures, and if the crotchet were always the pulse sign we should never need them. The need arises with the change of pulse-sign, and that is the time to teach them. Key signatures, too, are unnecessary while the pupil is playing five-finger pieces, for at that stage various keys may be employed without any black notes. If the key signature is put in, the teacher must either say dogmatically 'so many sharps or flats,' or teach the subject of scales before a child should play a scale. All the masters of technique are of opinion that scale-playing is begun too soon, and that the early hand-training ought to be begun in the five-finger position. But though the notation of keys is not taught at the beginning, the feeling for key is very carefully cultivated. It is enough for the little beginner to feel whether he is in a 'Doh key' or a 'Lah key,' i. e., a major or a minor key. What major and minor really mean must be left for a later stage."

"Have you any examinations?"

"The first grade is divided into four steps, and there is a little examination conducted by the teacher at the end of each step, for the purpose of testing the thoroughness of her own work at every point. Their value depends upon the teacher's thoroughness, and that value is tested when the child comes up to the appointed examiner for one of the grade examinations."

"How are your teachers and examiners trained?"

"I have in Miss Scott Gardner an able professor, who has a course of training for teachers constantly in progress. I visit her classes and conduct the examinations. She sends me the outline lessons written by the students. The year's course consists of working through the 'Teacher's Guides' with Miss Gardner, writing outline lessons on various topics, giving a lesson in class from time to time, and being criticised by the other students and by the teacher, just as in normal classes in ordinary subjects. A fair number of young teachers have been through these courses and are carrying out my principles. We do not profess to teach musicianship in these teachers' classes; we only teach method. Musical knowledge and technique are requisite beforehand."

"Have you heard any objections to your method?"

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"Teachers whose sole aim is to get pieces played sometimes assert that it is a slow method, and I admit it, but with a reservation. I try to develop all sides of the subject, and it is very many-sided. If a child is to be made independent, every element of sight-reading must be treated separately, and in the long run the method is not slow, because the children learn to be musicians independent of crutches, and when they reach twelve or thirteen years of age they learn their pieces with much more rapidity and intelligence than they could do by the ordinary way. I do not seek merely to make pianoforte players; that is a means rather than an end, but to make musicians. Technical facility is not given to everybody, however hard they practice, but the musicianly playing of a simple piece is always a pleasure, and almost everybody can attain to that if they have the right sort of training. On these lines I teach my own children. They are not geniuses, but so far as they go they know their work thoroughly, and they have a foundation on which they can build in the future. It has been truly said that 'it is more important from an intellectual point of view that art should be understood by the many than that it should be dexterously practiced by the few.'"

"Will you not say something about your public engagements?"

"I am a member of the Council of the Froebel Society, and also belong to the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain. I am also a member of the Incorporated Society of Musicians. I am also a member of the Parents' National Education Union, and have written several articles for their 'Review.'"

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MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE VERSUS MUSICAL INSTINCT.

BY JEAN MOOS.

Music, it is pretty generally agreed, is par excellence the language of the emotions. Musical talent, therefore, if it be of the executive order, consists largely in a capacity to reproduce through the medium of one's chosen instrument the finer emotional shades by which the player is stirred. If it be of the receptive order it implies such emotional susceptibility as enables the hearer to appreciate the more delicate nuances of feeling as they come to expression in musical compositions artistically rendered. Musical talent, hence, by its very nature is instinctive. What is felt as beautiful is not the result of a conscious rational process of weighing off different alternatives against each other, and then deliberately determining which of these alternatives has that peculiar quality which we call beauty. It is a vague, lightning-like insight, and intuitive grasping of the right idea and the right way of conveying it, in which intelligence seems to play no part.

If this be really true, and the whole truth, the educational influences that can be brought to bear on the pupil must certainly be exceedingly scant. To furnish to the pupil musical works of high intrinsic worth, perhaps to play them to him, this would be about all that under these circumstances the teacher could do for the young mind that it committed to his care, after he has imparted the rudiments of music and administered the regulation course of technical training. For the musical sense, if of this instinctive order, is as such beyond the reach of external influences and must be left to unfold itself according to its own inner law. And where no such musical sense is present, not even in a rudimentary state —and how many of the musically poor in spirit does not the teacher meet in his daily work—the instructor would be perfectly justified to submissively lay down his hands in an inac-

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tivity begotten by despair, for the impossible could not reasonably be expected of him, although saying this is far from asserting that it never is expected.

That, however, the pupil's musical nature can be influenced by rational means in more or less direct ways is, I take it, just as generally accepted a fact as that the musical sense in its essence is largely instinctive. Hence, although instinct and intelligence are commonly taken to be opposed to each other in their nature, there must yet, paradoxical as it may sound, be a common meeting ground of the two; the musical instinct, in other words, must in some way or other be capable of being affected for good or for bad by things that appeal to the intelligence. And if this be true the musical capacity of a student's mind, if left to itself, not only fails to develop itself to the utmost fullness, but becomes positively stunted in its growth if any of the means for fully realizing its possibilities are withheld from it. And where apparently the musical sense is missing it is nothing but reasonable to infer that that which stimulates the growth of a faculty must be at least favorable to create a faculty where it is absent, or rather, to waken it into active life where it is merely so feeble as to escape detection. For every teacher that has tilled the musical soil for any length of time must own to himself that what sometimes appears as but an unseemly weed under the proper care has often grown into a fine plant.

It is particularly of one means for furthering musical growth that I wish to speak here somewhat in detail, because this part of a musical education, despite its eminently practical value, has been, and is yet, more thoroughly neglected, almost ignored, than any other field of musical culture. I am referring, namely, to the Study of Musical Form. Most of the other instrumentalities for reaching the pupil's deeper musical sense by the indirect route of his intelligence, as Musical History, Harmony, and even Contrapuntal Studies, have fared much better at the hands of the teacher than the subject of musical form, which is still occupying the unenviable position of a step-child, that receives a surprisingly small portion of his attention, and that little grudgingly.

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And yet, important as are these other branches of musical theory and literature—and their educational value can scarcely be overestimated—the study of musical form, with the possible exception, perhaps, of harmony, if taught with a view to kindle the harmonic perception, and not as a species of applied mathematics, the study of the structure of music surpasses them all in the directness and the practical nature of the results that may be obtained through it. For, surely, if it would do nothing else but bring order into the confusing swarm of pieces appearing under different names, and afford a deeper insight into their inner structure, every effort involved in its pursuit would be more than repaid. And in point of the interest which the study invariably elicits from the pupil, it is vastly superior to every other of the theoretical branches. For just imagine the delight which every young art disciple must take in being introduced into the very workshop of the composer, to witness how, under the warmth of his genius, the merest fragment of melody expands into the melodic phrase, and the more extended finished melody; how different melodies crystallize into larger melodic groups, and how these are welded together into still larger and more complete wholes, until at last we have before us the fully developed, well-rounded musical composition.

And it is by no means necessary to restrict the study to a selected few, who, it may be, are ambitious enough to suppose themselves afflicted by what they consider an irresistible impulse to create art works of their own. Nor is a high degrèe of technical proficiency required to derive profit from the study. Even those less advanced in executive ability, and those who can give but little time to music and yet take a deeper interest in it, may by its means gain a clearer insight into the more complicated works of the great tone poets which they cannot, perhaps, themselves perform. And to defer the work in form until the latter part of the course of instruction is to deprive the pupil of one of the most fruitful incentives to intelligent study. Because, save the frequent hearing of good works, it is undoubtedly the most effective quickener of the musical perceptive power that is within reach of

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the teacher, and especially in the case of intelligent, but otherwise not particularly musical pupils, often the only efficient means to rouse into activity the slumbering faculties.

Besides, it is the surest means whereby to attain a clear, intelligent style of musical phrasing, what one might call living phrasing; that is to say, an emphasizing of vital melodic points, a grouping together of what belongs together, and separating of what should be separated, that springs not merely from mechanical drill, or from printed prescription, but from a living understanding of the inner coherence and due proportion of parts. And to reach this point, every one will confess, is a just cause for pride on the part of the teacher as well as that of the pupil.

But not only that. A knowledge of the structure of a piece goes necessarily hand in hand with a realization of the relative importance of its several parts and division. The player thus is able to get a wider view over his subject matter; he acquires the habit of looking through the mental fog that is so exceedingly liable to gather about him as he plays, that follows him step for step, and hides from moment to moment all that lies outside of the measure with which he is occupied. And, "forewarned is forearmed," as the proverb has it. He will not throw away all the physical effort or strength of which he is capable on an important subsidiary phrase if he knows the main theme will presently be ushered in; nor will he degrade a middle or lower part to a mere accompaniment when he knows that it contains one of the leading ideas of the work which he performs. A wide, comprehensive view over a whole selection that enables the player to have present in his mind the picture of one thing while he plays another, will give his performance that broad sweep, and that repose which is most effectual in checking that current sickly fitfulness which only too often turns a performance into a mere caricature.

And then, we must not lose sight of the inestimable value wherewith a study must be credited that teaches the fine art of listening; an art not too often possessed by any means. Hearing a musical composition and listening intelligently to it are two very different things. In one case we receive passive-

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ly a mass of oncrowding impressions, vague, incoherent and undigested. In the other the mind is alert, active, now peering ahead to divine what is coming, or ought to come; now looking back, endeavoring to trace the connecting thread between what has just disappeared and what at the instant is before it, all the while appropriating, adding to itself all the salient features of the rapidly shifting musical scenery. And where not even the faintest hint as to the nature of this unending kaleidoscopic process assists the mind in assimilating the wealth of material that is offered to it in such quick succession, the faculties, unable to cope with the overwhelming flood of incoming ideas, soon flag, and instead of musical enjoyment all we receive is musical boredom. If, on the other side, we have through the study of the inner structure of music, cultivated and quickened our musical perception, and have stored away in our minds as the result of diligent study an outline, however imperfect, of the chief musical forms, the incoming ideas receive all a ready welcome, are assigned to their places with ease, and become at once part and parcel of our musical being. To become a listener, then, and not a mere hearer, is a prize not only worth having, but a prize within the reach of all who earnestly and intelligently strive after it.

Some few enthusiasts raise the cry that analysis, the cold-blooded dissection of a beautiful musical composition under the keen-edged knife of the intellect, destroys the beauty of an art that is pre-eminently the language of the emotions. Yet it is very probable that the very same enthusiasts would demur if somebody else were to assert that music is an art that presupposes no intelligence, which in fact thrives best when intelligence is relegated to the farthest back seat. A mere uncontrolled sweltering in passions set loose by music is neither a higher, nor a more dignified or lastingly beneficial mental attitude than that state in which the hearer not only feels, but also understands, where emotion and intellect mutually balance one another; where he becomes not the abject, unreasoning slave of the composer, but his understanding, confidential companion, whose momentary feeling of love and grate-

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fulness is not only not stifled by the fact that he thinks, but heightened by his profound admiration of the composer's consummate mastery over his recondite material. All of the works of Bach, for instance, and many of the greatest creations of Beethoven and later composers, must forever remain a sealed book to those who invoke as the sole requisite for musical appreciation musical instinct. For the beauties of many of these works are in a large measure structural. Not that such works possess no emotional significance. No musical composition that fails to appeal to the feelings can be seriously considered as a real art work, and in every art work worthy of this title there is much that no rational explanation is able to reveal to those not endowed with that specifically musical sense which divines beauties far beyond the ken of the most searching analysis. But the structural aspects in all pholyphonic and in much homophonic music are so predominant that only by the aid of a previous knowledge of their main features can the intricate mazes of melodies be unraveled and so the way be paved for the recognition of the deeper significance wherewith these works are teeming. It is a trite saying that we see only what we are looking for. Translated into the language of music it expresses what we all know to be true, that, namely, we hear only that for which we are listening. And to tell us what it is for which we ought to listen, and to enable us to interpret the musical ideas embodied by the great masters in their works in their deeper and more comprehensive bearings, this is the purpose of the study of musical form. And to secure this deeper insight, for himself as well as for his hearer, ought to be the aim of every earnestly striving disciple of music.

Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.

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A CHAT ABOUT JOSEPH JOACHIM.

BY EDITH LYNWOOD WINN.

Joseph Joachim, the eminent Berlin violinist, is one of the modest men of whom genius has seen fit to crown with a celebrity greater than that of any living violinist. His method is used all over the world, and the exponents of his system of violin technic are found in every land. No living violinist can boast of such signal success as his—as a virtuoso, teacher, composer and director of a celebrated school of music.

The German is a worshiper of genius. The aspirant for political preferment worships Bismarck and Hohenlohe; the theologian drinks in the words of Harnack with admiration and conviction; the student of science hails Roentgen as from the skies, and the music student worships the very ground upon which Professor Joachim walks.

Did you notice that I said "Professor?" It is a mark of distinction to hold that title in Germany, for only by the permission of the government is it conferred. One never forgets there to use the title in speaking to a distinguished teacher.

One day I saw the visiting card of Professor Joachim. It was literally covered with titles and marks of distinction. Only military officers wear badges and medals, and yet Professor Joachim has not a few. He is, however, too modest and too sensible to wear them.

I like the dignity of the relation between master and pupil which we find closely adhered to in Germany. It is "good-morning" and a handshake at the door, and a "good-morning" and a handshake after the lesson, or perhaps a cordial "auf wiedersehen."

It is related that Joachim, when scarcely fourteen years of age, went to London to play, and his good friend Mendelssohn led the orchestra. They came to a certain passage in the music of which the orchestral score was faulty. The young violinist promptly told the eminent composer of the error and,

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after some discussion, the latter accepted the criticism. Perhaps it was daring to criticise Mendelssohn's own composition, but since, as some one says, "only geniuses understand each other," the two were very amicable over it.

No living man of this century has been so singularly fortunate as Joachim, having for his firm friends such men as Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms, and that most womanly of women, Clara Schumann. And had he not, too, the powerful influence and friendship of the Count von Moltke? He was but a boy when Mendelssohn knew him, and the latter loved him like a father. On one occasion when the young Joachim went to London to play Mendelssohn wrote to an influential friend a tender and manly letter, in which he said, "What you do for young Joachim, you do for me."

Perhaps Professor Joachim may be excused, being a musician, for the common fault of musicians—extreme liberality, both in the giving of his talent for charitable objects, and also the giving of money. With an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year he is not rich, and, although now sixty-seven years of age on the 28th of June, he is still obliged to take those long, wearing trips to Italy, Austria and England every year with the Joachim Quartette.

He has a wonderful physique, a wonderful reserve force and a wonderful love for and appreciation of talent and industry. It is very pretty to watch the gray-haired teacher as he stands, baton in hand, after conducting a performance of our young countrywoman, Miss Leonora Jackson; then he quite forgets himself, amid the rapturous applause, and shouts "bravo" with the excitement of a man who does not realize his own piece of handiwork in the young woman, whose every gesture, phrasing, tone and conception remind one so of her teacher. Professor Joachim likes to be obeyed, and Miss Jackson plays exactly as he has taught her. I do not blame her. I would prefer to lose my own individuality in the mastery of a style even the one hundredth part like Professor Joachim's.

I am told that Professor Joachim likes Americans very much, but that does not prevent him from declaring that

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Americans go abroad two or three years too soon. He is not a "fad." He does not take private pupils, and he does not need to fill his pockets with all kinds of American money. He can afford to be candid. Years ago, when four young Boston girls, the well-known Eichberg Quartette, went to Berlin and applied for admission at the Royal High School, of which Professor Joachim is director, he was so astonished to see four American women playing in quartette that he allowed them all to enter. And they have done him great credit, for I doubt if any women teachers in this country send more pupils to Berlin than Miss Lillian Shattuck and her associates.

It is wonderful how the pupils of Joachim hold him in veneration. I have seen a life-sized portrait of him in half a dozen studios. I have seen the Joachim Quartette reposing calmly on the inside of a violin case. I have received postal cards innumerable from students, and the photographs of Joachim or of his Quartette exceed all others in number on these cards.

I doubt very much if Professor Carl Halir came to the United States without first asking Professor Joachim's advice about his repertoire. Carl Courvoirsier would not publish an excellent book on violin technic without the sanction of his teacher. Geraldine Morgan would not found a school in New York without Professor Joachim's sanction as to her fitness to prepare students for him. Dr. Kohut would not publish a little volume of the life of the great musician without permission from the latter. And I am told that a certain young American virtuoso refused to go to Ysaye because she would not be disloyal to her old teacher.

A young violinist played marvelously well at a vortrag at the Hochschule last year. After the concert Professor Joachim followed the young man to the rear of the stage, and, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, whispered something in his ear. The boy's face flushed into a rosy glow, but he never told what his teacher had said, save that the great man had said "du" to him! What greater mark of friendship between men can the German language convey than in the use of the words "dein" and "du"?

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To be with Professor Joachim for a lesson once in two weeks is a great honor; to go to him once a week is still more honor, and to be assigned to his instruction immediately on entrance to the Hochschule is well-nigh maddening to the great number who do not go. A bright young student made a wry face as he said of another American boy, "K——— has a terrible 'pull' with Joachim," and he had, but no German would have omitted the "professor" in conversing—no, never.

There is no limit to Professor Joachim's kindness and indulgence in the cases of his "star pupils." A young Austrian, who was very talented, was obliged to discontinue his studies and go back to his country for military service. It was a great blow to him and to his teacher. After a year of service the boy found himself a victim of a chronic affection of the heart. Hearing of this, Professor Joachim begged the Austrian government to release the young musician and allow him to return to his studies, saying, "The world will one day be richer for this young man's life."

The influence of Joachim was successful and the pupil returned to his studies, to be the "star pupil" of his teacher, but the chances are that he will never regain his health.

Not a workingman's club, or an orphan asylum, not a worthy object from cellar to court, meets with a refusal from Joachim, when he is asked to appear at "benefit concerts." His iron-gray hair, his earnest face, his dignified mien, his strong manhood, and his wonderful mastery of the king of instruments, make him respected, admired and loved by all who know him.

I have never seen more perfect dignity than his. Life is to him too serious to be a joke. He may have merry moods, but the seriousness of his calling is constantly before him. On one occasion he and Professor Halir were spending a few weeks in the country. Hearing Joachim playing a certain etude of Kreutzer, Halir rushed in and begged to know why the former was playing that. "I must practice something," the great teacher replied, "and what could be more useful than Kreutzer?"

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Perhaps some music pupil has discarded Kreutzer. Let him remember that Kreutzer and Rode are the tests of his technical ability.

There are reports that Professor Joachim is very irascible and testy. I do not know that any musician of strongly nervous temperament and sensitive organism is always like a summer day. The best of people get out of patience. Professor Joachim has his share of German bluntness, but I believe that he would not convey an unfelt compliment even to Kaiser Wilhelm himself. He would not, however, forget to be a gentleman. One admires his perfect frankness, although I do not doubt that some students have felt his severity.

A young American student felt himself to be a genius. He played to Joachim and the kind artist begged to know what he intended to do in life.

"Do you think that I will ever make a good violinist?" asked the young man.

"What else can you do?" asked Joachim.

"I think that I would like to study for the ministry," was the reply.

Professor Joachim looked him full in the face and replied forcibly, "It is much better to make a good minister than a poor violinist."

The young man afterwards became insane, but I do not think that it was Professor Joachim's fault. His insanity would have been hastened, no doubt, by bad "fiddling."

The friendship between Joachim and Brahms, the loftiest and most spiritual composer of his time, was very beautiful. Professor Joachim was in England at the time of Brahms' death. Professor Heinrich Barth represented the Hochschule at the funeral in Vienna. Soon there were concerts and concerts and programmes in mourning, and at all these Brahms concerts the Joachim Quartette were in demand.

On his return from England Professor Joachim found the Hochschule Orchestra playing a Brahms Symphony. Taking the baton, at sight of which every noise of tuning and conversation ceased, while every boy and girl looked with respectful and loving gaze upon their leader, the man of few

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words said with faltering accents: "I have come back to you. My old friend Brahms is dead. My time, too, may be short. What you do for me, do it now."

There was a hush, and then the young orchestra played that symphony as never before, and after it was all over, and their leader criticised and complimented briefly, they went out slowly and quietly into the air of a spring day, wondering if anything could ever come to rob them of their teacher.

Oh, it is a wonderful thing—the simplicity and the beauty of real genius! Sometimes the younger professors of the Hochschule stand at the outer door to let their master pass out first, and he will not have it so, but they finally win the day, amid much laughter; and so he goes in and out—at 8 a. m. on a bright day and at 8 on a stormy day—punctual, earnest, businesslike, courteous and yet alone, even as genius is in a certain sense solitary.

Few men have had their star shine with such a steady lustre as his. There have been men having as large a technic, but none have interpreted the great masters better than he, none have been better exponents of the severely classical school.

How devoid of charlatanry he is! How faultless and true an interpreter! His own pupils declare that he played Bach as well at fourteen as now, and it was perfect.

On the 1st of March, 1889, there was a great jubilee in Berlin, a fiftieth year of jubilee at the Hochschule. A great concert was given at which Professor Joachim's compositions were played. The concerto in Hungarian style (1859) was performed by his pupils, Hugo Olk (first movement), Johann Kruse (the andante) and Heinrich Petri (third movement).

Then his beautiful overture to Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was played by the orchestra and the overture to "Henry IV."

There was a large and very distinguished audience, who came to pay their debt of love and esteem to Professor Joachim, and he appreciated it, for, on the wall of his salon in the Bendler Strasse, one may see a fine painting of the celebrated people who came to his jubilee.

In the midst of public life and the uncertainty of public favor, Joachim is singularly fortunate, for, as Dr. Kohut says in his excellent book, "All his pupils are attached to him with great love, and one can say, that the maestro has not one personal enemy."

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JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

To a large part of the musical public of the United States, and particularly in educational circles throughout the country, the news of the death of Professor John Comfort Fillmore, at New London, Conn., August 15, 1898, will come as a shock, and will leave a sense of loss almost personal, even in many who have never met this active musical educator. Professor Fillmore was born at New London, Conn., in 1843, and was therefore at the time of his death about fifty-five years of age. His early years were spent at Oberlin, Ohio, where he received a sound literary education and began the study of music. So well were the foundations laid in Oberlin that about 1886 he spent a year at Leipsic, a longer stay being prevented by lack of means. Returning to Oberlin he served one year (during Professor Rice's absence in Europe) as director of the conservatory. Then for ten years he was professor of music in Ripon College, Wisconsin, and again for seven years occupied a similar position in Milwaukee College. Later he established his own music school there, which he maintained about ten years, removing thence to Pomona College, California, in the hope of restoring the health of his only daughter, Miss Margaret Fillmore, who died at Pomona in 1897. Finding himself somewhat tired with the year's work, Professor Fillmore accepted the invitation of the musical bureau of the Omaha Exposition to participate in a conference upon Indian music, which took place the last days of June and the first of July, being participated in by Miss Alice Fletcher, of the Indian Bureau in Washington; Mr. La Fleche, and many Indians of various tribes. Very interesting exhibitions were made of Indian singing, and the musical standpoint of the Indians was carefully analyzed by the speakers before mentioned. From Omaha Professor Fillmore came to Chicago, where he spent two busy and interesting days, being the guest of several friends here and participating in various musical entertain-

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ments of an informal but unusual kind. He complained of having been overcome by the intense heat at Omaha, and said that the few days there had thrown him back to the condition he was in when he left Milwaukee for California. Little was thought of this by his friends in Chicago, the natural expectation being that further rest would restore his usual health. Accordingly he visited his son, Mr. Thomas H. Fillmore, who succeeded to his father's work in Milwaukee, and attended the banquet of the alumni of his former school, and then left suddenly for the East, without returning to Chicago. In a short note he stated that he found himself too tired to come back as agreed, and hoped to rest at New London. The brief telegraphic notice of his death gives no particulars.

Professor Fillmore was a strong and an upright man. Originally of rather a musical disposition, his natural touch had been spoiled for him by indiscreet German teachers, and he declared that what his American teachers failed to do for him of a detrimental kind Leipsic completed. Nevertheless he did that venerable school the justice to say that this was mainly in consequence of his coming away before their ideas had been worked out. He was a sound musician though not at all a player. His original bias in favor of German methods of piano teaching gave way soon after his return to America, and during a period of ten years or so he gradually came around to accept the ideas of Dr. William Mason, and always remained a strong advocate of his system.

His first important literary work was his History of Pianoforte Music, which he founded upon Weitzmann's work of similar scope. The studies connected with the preparation of this work were of great influence upon Professor Fillmore's teaching, especially through his having undertaken at one place in the history to analyze the principles of modern technical treatment of the piano.

He was one of the first of Americans to be attracted to the brilliant but as yet unproven theories of Professor Doctor Hugo Riemann, in regard to the minor scale, and his "New Lessons in Harmony" were made in the effort to apply them to elementary instruction.

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His entrance into the investigation of Indian music came quite by accident. Miss Alice Fletcher had devoted several years of philanthropic work to a study of the Omaha Indians. She lived among them for ten years or more, lived as they did, underwent their hardships, and gained the confidence of the red men for the sake of being able to protect them to some extent against the iniquities of the "Indian Ring," and also for the sake of learning their fast vanishing store of folklore. The musical passion of the Indians attracted her attention and she noticed that music occupied a place of peculiar sanctity in their cult. Some melodies which she had noted were submitted to various eastern authorities for harmonization. These wise gentlemen began by what they called "correcting" the melodies, after which they harmonized them, and this to such a degree that the Indians failed to recognize them when they were played or sung to them. Just then Miss Fletcher happened to notice some writing of Mr. Fillmore upon harmony. Its directness and common sense appealed to her and she sent him several melodies to harmonize. He was delighted with the task and complied with her request so cleverly that the Indians liked the melodies better in their harmonized state than in their original form. This led to his being sent to the Omaha tribe with proper credentials, and the pipe ceremonies were performed in his presence for the first time before any white man. He took down a large number of Omaha melodies, and later many of other tribes. Miss Fletcher was very anxious to have him devote himself to this work and save as much as possible of the musical folklore of all the native tribes; but she was never able to secure more than a meager appropriation for the purpose. Later, when the phonograph came into use, a large number of records were procured and submitted to Professor Fillmore for reduction to musical notation, and very valuable results were obtained.

In the course of this work he contributed two very important ideas to the existing stock concerning the nature and ideals of semi-barbarous music. The first was his discovery that the primitive man makes melody along the track of the major or minor triad; and when he forsakes one triad he goes to another. In other words, that harmony is the basis of barbarous

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melody just as truly as it is of that of the civilized man. This idea seems to be confirmed by a large number of transcriptions of Indian melodies and was heartily confirmed by the delight the Indians had in the harmonized versions of their melodies as played or sung for them by Professor Fillmore, La Fleche and others. The other idea was the curious pleasure they have in complexities of rhythm. Rhythms of five and seven occur, and melodies in rhythms of two and four are accompanied by drum beats in triplet forms—the Brahms trick over again, in this primitive form. In transcribing these melodies Professor Fillmore took almost infinite care. Everything was tried again and again, and whenever possible the written copy was sung over to representatives of the tribe to which it had originally belonged. In order to understand the importance of his work in this particular, it is only necessary to compare it with that of Mr. B. I. Gilman, who made a large number of transcriptions independently. As he noted them the melodies have no relation of tonality, all sorts of accidentals being intermingled. Yet when these same melodies are correctly noted (without changing the intonations in the slightest) they are simple melodies in a single key. The discovery that primitive man makes melody along a harmonic track was highly appreciated by European ethnologists, and Professor Fillmore was intensely and not improperly gratified at the recognition he received from such men as Wallaschek and others.

During the Columbian Exposition he was an active member of the musical section of the Ethnological Congress, and added not a little to its interest. It is a great pity that he could not have continued in this work, for through his sincerity, simplicity and careful study for about fourteen years, he had become more and more expert in tracing Indian melody and in drawing the difficult line between what the Indian was trying to sing and his involuntary aberrations from the pitch intended.

Professor Fillmore not only recognized in the Indian the same kind of music-making instinct as that of the whites, but he went further and held that many of their melodies were of real beauty and pathos. In support of this he played certain

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examples before Mr. Godowsky during his recent visit to Chicago, and almost converted that eminent non-Indian to sharing his views.

Probably Professor Fillmore will be most missed as a writer. His pen was singularly clear and practical. He had a "hard head," and plenty of plain good sense. Accordingly he had acquired, especially in the "Etude," a very firm foothold with teachers; and this clientele would have been larger if his work had been more commonplace in its underlying ideas. Unfortunately too many teachers, when it is a question of work of this kind, ask themselves: "What is the good? Will one play any better, live more virtuously, or understand art any better for reading all this about the "underscale," or Indian harmony?" No one being at hand to give the correct answer, which is that everything helps in rounding out human intelligence and insight, and that in proportion as one's sympathies are widened, intelligence broadened, and facility of taking ideas increased, by so much is life enriched, usefulness promoted, and long life made more probable, the average teacher gave it up. Life is the secret of life.

This sketch would be incomplete did I fail to place on record my own personal sense of loss. I have known Professor Fillmore for somewhere about twenty-eight years. During all this time we had a certain intimacy and great friendliness, and, in general, sympathy. We helped each other, I think, and I never knew a truer friend or a more truthful man. While he was somewhat brusque in manner and at times boyish in expression, Professor Fillmore had a warm heart, and a sincere love of art and of knowledge. Upon these points our sympathy was based. And along these lines his usefulness lay. Mr. Fillmore leaves two sons and a widow. One son and the wife are in California.

For the benefit of those desiring to inform themselves about this work of Professor Fillmore, now that it is definitely brought to a close, the following references are appended to the files of this magazine, of which he has been a warm friend and supporter, and to it a valued contributor from the beginning. December, 1891, "The Acoustics of the Minor Chord" (the Riemann theories) April, 1892, "Piano-Playing

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as a Revelation of Character." In the same number "The Philistine and the Critic" (apropos to Mme. Patti and the old folks songs). July, 1892, "The Beautiful in Music" (devoted to discussing Hanslick's "The Beautiful in Music"). June, 1893, "Russian Folks Songs" (a study of folk music from the Riemann standpoint, with examples of Cossack melodies). September, 1893, "Scale and Harmonies of Indian Songs." (Also in same number a valuable article upon Indian music, by Miss Alice Fletcher.) November, 1893, "Zuni Music as Translated by Mr. Gilman." January, 1894, "Illustrations of Harmonic Melody in Folk Music." December, 1894, "Piano Touch Once More." June, July, October, 1895, "Music in North America" (a historical sketch, made for the Derthick Music-Literary Clubs). November, 1895, "Impelling Forces in Musical History." July, 1897, "The Forms Spontaneously Assumed by Folks Songs."

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THE HEARING OF A SONG.

BY W. J. BALTZELL.

As was said in the preceding essay, one of the purposes of the making and singing of a song is to present it to the apprehension of others. Of course a singer may sing for his own enjoyment, but the larger purpose is the main one. It is in order now to examine the means by which the hearer appreciates the song, as rendered by the singer, and also to consider some thoughts growing out of the aesthetic relations of life.

It is evident that the effect of a song depends upon the sensations produced upon the auditory nerve of the hearer, which sensation is transmitted to the brain, and there interpreted by the mental powers, thus determining the significance of the sensation. It is no part of my intention to take up physiological questions. I merely state the connection existing between sensation and the intellect. As to the intellectual process, it seems to me that it rests largely upon the principle of association and memory. It is through these faculties that the intellect interprets sensations. At this point, I may say, that one aim of these essays is to stimulate the reader to further study. Any increase of mental power is permanent and useful gain.

Music, according to the opinion of so great an authority as Helmholtz, "stands in a much closer connection with pure sensation than any of the other arts. The latter rather deal with what the senses apprehend, that is, with the images of outward objects, collected by psychical processes from immediate sensation." In Poetry the aim is to excite the imagination to the formation of mental pictures by means of language. Still it must be allowed that certain subordinate elements, such as rhythm, assurance, mimetic sounds, etc., depend upon sensation. In Sculpture also the main purpose is to excite in the image of some object, rather than to lay stress upon the means by which this image was excited. Painting approaches music

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in this, that color can be apprehended by sensation without the intervention of the intellect.

But when we turn to music we find that the "sensations of tone" are the materials of the art. Our enjoyment of a song, for example, primarily arises from the hearing of the tones of the human voice; or, in instrumental music, from the tones of the violin, flute, clarinet or horn, and not upon any intellectual process resulting from the sensation. Thus it seems evident that music is "more immediately dependent upon pure sensation" [Helmholtz] than are the other arts. This very difference also indicates that music is not representative to the extent that maintains in poetry, painting and sculpture. These arts aim, generally speaking, to represent objects or scenes in nature. In music, however, the representation is less direct. It may be asked, to what extent, then, is music representative? The answer to this question is, perhaps, indicated by Beethoven, in his directions as to the rendering of his Pastoral Symphony. In the inscription, on the autograph copy occurs this statement as to the intent of the first movement, "The pleasant feelings aroused in the heart on arriving in the country." On the first violin part, and on the programme of the first public performance are these words, "More expression of feeling than painting." These thoughts, of course, apply to instrumental music, which deals with sound, or pure sensation only. In song we have a combination of language and music, and the results are therefore composite, each influencing the other, and influenced in turn.

Since, as just remarked, a song is composite, both in character and consequent effect, we must take cognizance of the impressions produced both upon the sentient and intellectual natures. In hearing a song we may be swayed chiefly by one or the other element. If one yields to the influence of mere sensory excitement, he comes under the dominion of the voice viewed purely as an instrument for producing musical sounds. The results of this view are by no means inconsiderable. There is often a high degree of sentient pleasure in the hearing of a voice in singing, apart from any considerations as to text. There may be many charms of color or warmth in a voice,

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there may be brilliancy in execution, liquid sweetness and purity of tone, etc., and these are powerful agents in producing an agreeable stimulus of one's sensibility to tone. But a song means more than this, and can be more.

Before leaving the subject of music, and its effect upon the sentient nature, it is advisable, I think, to add a few words in regard to the effect of the instrumental portion of the song. It is present as a part of the complete idea, and it has a share in the general effect. This can be, I think, a useful aid to the production of a desired impression upon the hearer, through the sentient nature.

A song, composite in nature and effect, made up of text and music, must depend, on the intellectual side, upon an understanding of the text by the hearer. If he appreciate not the meaning of the words, he will fail to grasp the thought they embody, and his enjoyment of the song will be limited to the effects of pure sensation. Intellectual appreciation and stimulus will have but small, if any share, in his apprehension of the song. Man, gifted with mental powers, derives keen satisfaction from the use of his powers. He seeks opportunity to exercise them. The fact that the degree of power varies in different individuals is not a matter of moment, so far as concerns this discussion. Suffice it to say, that, as cultured people, we have a right to an opportunity to exercise our intelligence in various ways, and further, we delight in such exercise. A singer who does not afford this opportunity, so far as he is able, to his hearers, wrongs them; he deprives them of that which they delight in. The results of hearing a song, I believe to be somewhat as follows: The two impressions are coincident in point of time; that is, the music acts upon the sentient nature, while at the same time, the words, through the intellectual apprehension, arouse in the mind pictures or ideas, which often represent emotions. The correspondence between the two, if evident to the mind, results in a highly intensified expression of the particular concept, and at the same time, in a sense of satisfaction to the intellect. If the two do not correspond, there can not be so great a height of expression, nor can there be that thrill of intellectual

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satisfaction which is so delightful. This is the basis upon which I rest my position that so far as lies in the power of the composer he should strive to "fit," in the highest sense of the term, the music to the words.

As to the hearer, we may promise that to enjoy a song, he should possess a nature responsive to music, and a sensibility keenly alive to the varying characteristics that may be present in the music. In addition he should have sufficient culture and intellectual training to be able to grasp the thought contained in the text to which music has been added.

What is the attitude of the hearer toward the song? It is not wholly intellectual nor is it wholly aesthetic. And yet I am disposed to attribute the major portion to the latter. It is certainly that which appeals to the larger number of hearers. This fact does not, however, indicate that it is the true attitude. But accepting the fact as it exists, I call for a cultivation and development of the aesthetic nature on rational principles.

Whatever faculties have been given to man are his not to be held in abeyance, but to be cultivated and strengthened in capacity. The frequent hearing of music, especially if it seeks its chiefest effects, improves and refines the higher nature. The aesthetic feelings can play an important part in the functions of life toward lightening its burdens and in diverting the mind from the grossness and materiality of ordinary life. Therefore I consider it a duty to increase the susceptibility of the senses to the end that one is constantly rising from level to level, and increasing in capacity to experience and to absorb sentient pleasure.

In drawing to a close I think it may be interesting to quote from a representative of the modern school of psychology as to the place aesthetics occupies in mental science. In his "Principles of Psychology" (Vol. II, Advanced Course), Prof. James of Harvard University, says:

"When we pass from scientific to aesthetic and ethical systems, every one admits that, although the elements are matters of experience, the peculiar forms of relation into which they are woven are incongruent with the order of passively

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received experience. The world of aesthetics and ethics is an ideal world, a Utopia, a world which the outer relations persist in contradicting, but which we as stubbornly persist in striving to make actual. Why do we thus invincibly crave to alter the given order of nature? Simply because other relations among things are far more interesting to us and more charming than the mere rate of their time—and space—conjunctions. These other relations are all secondary and brain-born, 'spontaneous variations' most of them of our sensibility whereby certain elements of experience, and certain arrangements in time and space, have acquired an agreeableness which otherwise would not have been felt. He lays down the following principle, 'There are, then, ideal and inward relations amongst the objects of our thought which can, in no intelligible sense, whatever, be interpreted as reproductions of the order of outer experience.'"

I make no special comment on the above remarks, having quoted them simply to bring before the reader a psychological statement in regard to the aesthetic nature. It seems to me to be somewhat antagonistic to the theory that art is representative, or at least direct in representation.

In concluding, I again quote from Browning:

> **One may do whatever one likes**
> **In art; the only thing is, to make sure**
> **That one does like it—which take pains to know.**

We may enjoy music sentiently, as has been said, but it is right also, that those, especially, who follow the art should study "to know," as Browning says that one "does like" what he hears.

I also add a poetical rhapsody expressive of the emotional effect of song. Let Apollo stand for song personified. It is an extract from "The Epic of Hades":

> **Oh, ecstasy!**
> **Oh, happiness of him who once has heard**
> **Apollo singing! For his ears the sound**
> **Of grosser music dies, and all the earth**
> **Is full of subtle undertones which change**
> **The listener and transform him. As he sang—**
> **Of what I know not, but the music touched**
> **Each chord of being—I felt my secret life**
> **Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns**
> **To drink the summer rain; and, at the call**
> **Of those refreshing waters, all my thought**
> **Stirs from its dark and secret depths and bursts**
> **Into sweet odorous flowers, and from their wells**
> **Deep call to deep, and all the mystery**
> **Of all that is, laid open.**

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CAN CHOPIN BE CALLED A CLASSICAL COMPOSER?

In attempting to decide whether a composer should be called "classic" we must first discriminate between the two senses in which that term is used. Every work in every department of art or literature which has elements of such value as to remain beautiful and true to all time is a classic in the strict sense of the word. Only the test of time can determine, in this sense, whether any work shall be a classic. In the second sense the term "classic," or, more commonly "classical," is applied to a composer whose works have a recognized beauty of form, in a certain style. When musicians speak of the "classical school," they mean that school of composition of which Bach was the real founder, and which was developed and perfected by Handel, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven.

In contrast with this school and succeeding it in point of time is the school now in vogue, known to musicians as the Romantic School. Of this school Chopin, Schumann, Von Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn and their successors are examples, and Wagner, who has not as yet completely conquered his kingdom, is the most advanced exponent.

The Romantic School aims at the embodiment of varied, complex, and strongly contrasted emotional experiences in form plastic to their influence. In the Romantic School form is made secondary, and emotions of the widest range are cast into that form, however original, which is most fluid, and best conveys the musical ideas to be expressed. In classical music form is first and substance is subordinate; in romantic music form is subordinated to substance. According to the belief of the Romantic School, every musical work should have a form definitely its own, arising of necessity from the musical thoughts to be expressed. It must be remembered that every one of the composers now accepted as classical was regarded

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in his own time as more or less of an innovator; and that Beethoven is claimed by some musicians as the first apostle of romanticism.

The artistic career of Chopin may be said to have begun with his life in Paris. When he arrived there in 1832 the old musical ideas were still in vogue in the capital. Shortly after a new school was formed both in literature and music, and youthful talent appeared, which, as says Liszt, shook off with éclat the yoke of ancient formulas. "Romanticism was the order of the day; they fought with obstinacy for and against it. What truce could there be between those who would not admit the possibility of writing in any other than the already established manner, and those who thought that the artist should be allowed to choose such forms as he deemed best suited for the expression of his ideas; that the rule of form should be found in the agreement of the chosen form with the sentiments to be expressed, every different shade of feeling requiring, of course, a different mode of expression? The former believed in the existence of a permanent form, whose perfection represented absolute beauty; the latter denied that the immaterial beautiful could have a fixed and absolute form."

In Germany the Romantic School was represented by Schumann, who carried on there the same battle of the romantic against what was known as the classical, which was waged so fiercely in France by Berlioz, Liszt and Chopin. They were co-workers in that art renaissance which took place almost simultaneously in France and Germany.

Chopin's associations in Paris explain many characteristics of his music. He was received at once into the choicest salons, and knew intimately Liszt, Berlioz, Heine, Balzac, Meyerbeer, Hiller, Delacroix, and George Sand. The social élite as well as the artists received him gladly, and to these luxurious, refined and elegant surroundings may without doubt be traced the similar characteristics of his music. Exquisite, fastidious and refined says one, Chopin was less an aristocrat from political causes, or even by virtue of social caste, than from the fact that his art nature, which was delicate, feminine and sensitive, shrunk from all companions except those moulded from the finest clay. We find this sense of exclusiveness

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and isolation in all of the Chopin music, as in some quaint, fantastic, ideal world, whose master would draw us up to his sphere, but never descends to ours. His music is sometimes morbidly intense, delirious, passionate; there is pleasure intoxicating to the verge of delirium; his pain, grief and despair occasionally border on insanity; in short the passions of Polish and Parisian society, the whole emotional life of a passionate, worldly, intellectual, refined, luxurious, pleasure-seeking aristocracy is mirrored in his music. He is always an artist; his sense of beauty is keen and subtle; his feeling for form is an unerring instinct, his power of invention, both in melody and harmony, is unsurpassed.

Chopin was not only a great inventor as a composer, but as regards the technique of the pianoforte. He was an innovator in that field, as original in his technical methods and treatment as he was in his ideas and harmonies. He produced effects hitherto unattained. "The genre of his compositions is so peculiar that it is nearly impracticable to transpose them for any other instrument. Some of the great contemporary violinists have attempted to transpose a few of the etudes and nocturnes, but without success. Both Schumann and Liszt succeeded in adapting Paganini's most complex and difficult violin works for the pianoforte, but the compositions of Chopin are so essentially born to and of the one instrument that they cannot be well suited to any other. The cast of the melody, the matchless beauty and swing of the rhythm, his ingenious treatment of harmony, and the chromatic changes and climaxes through which the motives are developed, make up a new chapter in the history of the pianoforte." He introduced more important changes in technic than even Liszt. To him all pianists owe a debt of gratitude that the capacity of their instrument has been so wonderfully developed. He did for the piano what Paganini did for the violin.

To the musician Chopin's identity is so marked that he is unmistakable. The trained ear can scarcely fail to recognize the exquisite and novel phrasing, the marked and original rhythms which belong to him and no other. Whatever may be his position as regards other masters his individuality is perhaps more strongly pronounced than that of any other

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composer. He is, in that respect, in music what Heine is in literature. No other poet has written whose productions could be mistaken for Heine's; so no musician has ever composed whose work could be thought to be Chopin's. He is the poet of the pianoforte. With the exception of Beethoven's sonatas no music has been written for the pianoforte which can vie in interest with Chopin's etudes and nocturnes, his impromptus, preludes, mazourkas and polonaises. He is essentially the musician of the moderns. In his music is expressed the unrest, the thousand shades of complex and varied emotions which were unknown to our ancestors. Beethoven in a grander and more universal way was the first to express the modern depth and variety of thought and emotion; still expressed to a greater or less degree in conformity with established form.

The religious passion and elevation, and the widening of men's moral horizon justly ascribed to Beethoven are not to be found in Chopin. He has little apparent relation either to nature or religion. His emotional life is conditioned solely on social relations, and those not always of the healthiest or most elevated. By so much is the Polish composer inferior, in that his greatest works are on a lower emotional plane than that occupied by the noblest utterances of his great predecessor. In originality and power of conception, in invention, in mastery of his musical material he is inferior to no one. Commonplace, says an English critic, is instinctively avoided in all his works; a stale cadence or a trite progression, a humdrum subject or a hackneyed sequence, a vulgar twist of the melody or a wornout passage, a meager harmony or an unskillful counterpoint, may in vain be looked for throughout the entire range of his compositions. In taking up one of the works of Chopin, you are entering, as it were, a fairyland, untrodden by human footsteps, a path hitherto unfrequented but by the great composer himself.

In the words of Shelley:

> He was a mighty poet and
> A subtle-souled psychologist.

Can we not, in view of the absolute beauty and greatness of his genius, anticipate the verdict of Time, and say that he is already a classic?

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The lot of the music lover of the future is likely to be a much more agreeable one than that of the music lover of the present or of the past, for the gift and grace of music-love is an endowment carrying with it certain necessities, which necessities are not always so easily to be met. If anybody remembers how small a proportion of the many thousands who spend one or two years in learning to play the piano ever arrive at the point where they are able to take a really musical enjoyment in their own playing, his first reflection will be that a great deal of time has been wasted. This is not altogether the case, because each one of these persons in applying her mind to the systematic pursuit of an accomplishment has at least gained a certain intellectual discipline which in the majority of cases has probably been worth all it has cost; and in a few cases, where it has resulted in actual musical accomplishment, it has of course been of priceless value. But even those students who go in for six or eight years and become able to play concert pieces upon the piano rarely become what we could call musical scholars. Their love of music and practical acquaintance with it are confined to very narrow limits. Out of the whole vast ocean of music they play only a few spoonfuls.

It is a great thing to be able to go to symphony concerts regularly. When the habit has become established so that the beat of the conductor and the sawing and blowing of the men have become accepted, like the busy traffic of the streets, as mere incidents of an active civilization, the music begins to strike in and all the beautiful threads of melody which emerge at this, that and the other part of the musical web are seen

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and recognized for the ideas they embody; then the symphony becomes a pleasure to be looked forward to from week to week; a pleasure marred only by the occasional intrusion of works which are antipathetic to the individual. This pleasure I think the music lover of the future will always enjoy, because there is nothing in sight which can in any way supply the place of the modern orchestra as an instrument of musical delight and incitation. But it will be a long time before the average music lover is able to enjoy this pleasure, since the modern orchestra is an extremely expensive apparatus, and in the nature of things it will be limited to the larger cities and to a small number of occasions in the year.

* * *

It is quite possible that in the highly civilized and cultivated future the municipality of every town of twenty thousand inhabitants or more will vote the sum necessary to support a well constituted small orchestra of forty-five instruments under a good conductor, of which by that time America will have a very large number native to the soil, many of them cultivated ladies of position and refinement; for in another generation the kind of woman who runs the civic federation and the aesthetic club will find a higher enjoyment still in conducting orchestral concerts of beautifully composed programs for the pleasure of her townsmen. These orchestras will play on two evenings of the week in the town hall nicely chosen programs, with at least one serious work in every evening, and rarely more than one, the remaining selections being detached movements and lighter pieces. Meanwhile, the hearers will sit around small tables with glasses of lemonade, but no smoking will be permitted, except in the smoking vestibule, a sort of conservatory built out on one side of the hall, farther away from the music, with openings into the open air. These small orchestras will be gathered together every now and then as the foundation for a great music festival in which a whole county, or two or three counties, will take part, and the combined forces will be conducted by some eminent master from the nearest city. When this beautiful state of things has come to pass, the country boy living five

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miles from town will be able to take the electric car or come in on his wheel any evening he likes to hear the music. But as it will be some time before this condition of things will be fully established, I have been wondering what would be done meantime, and I have lately discovered a new light.

* * *

Everybody has seen advertisements of a musical instrument called the aeolian. The aeolian is an evolution from the reed instrument known as the American organ.

The aeolian has availed itself of the most advanced improvements in voicing reeds and in qualifying the tones with an artistic character, imitating the principal orchestral voices. Then in place of limiting the playing to the capacity of the ten fingers of the player, the aéolian has the music punched in holes and slots upon a long roll of paper, which, passing over the pneumatic center-board of the instrument, causes the tone to speak wherever one of these holes or slots passes. The duration of the tone is limited by the length of the slot. A trill is represented by two rows of small holes set zigzag. Meanwhile the expression is indicated along the roll. I used to have the impression that the aeolian was a self-playing instrument. When I got one and commenced to use it, I found that this idea was a misconception and that in reality the player has a great deal to do. You control the speed by means of a regulator called a "tempo stop," which permits the roll to move rapidly when it is fully drawn out and stops the movement entirely when it is entirely pressed in; rhythmic nuances are controlled by the degrees between.

This, however, is only a small part of the work which the performer upon the aeolian does, for the instrument has stops like any other organ and you can increase or diminish the volume of sound in either part of the instrument at pleasure. You can control the tempo by means of the tempo stop, and you have also your knee swell for crescendos and diminuendos, and an additional mechanism for bringing in suddenly the entire power of the instrument. Here, then, we have a tone-sustaining instrument with a compass of about six octaves, controllable up to even the power of twenty fingers upon the

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keyboard, with a volume of tone variable at pleasure of the performer from the softest tone possible to the instrument to its utmost force, and we are now ready for music. What, then, have we in the rolls?

Here is where the music-lover of the future will be at a great advantage over that of the present, since without having spent any time in getting up the mechanism of his playing, he will have available some thousands of musical compositions properly punched upon these long rolls. Entire symphonies, all the standard overtures, many pianoforte sonatas, a very large repertory of standard music of every kind, and of light and popular selections as well, have been prepared for this instrument; and since this work has been going on but a short period of five or ten years and is only now beginning to be understood, it is likely the future will see a wonderful increase.

The intelligent music lover of the present time who has discovered that a great deal of his music-lesson time is spent in trying to get the use of his fingers, while the music which he really cares for is far away from him, provides himself then with one of these instruments and joins the Aeolian circulating library which entitles him to an exchangeable stock of one or two dozen of these pieces. He probably begins by buying a certain number of standard works which he desires to have always at hand. Then, with his two dozen selections of the most modern music, or in the particular province of classical music which most interests him, he will take his comfort. According to his mood he puts in the roll of the composition he wishes to hear and proceeds to play it. At first the whole work is strange to him. He fails to secure the proper tempo; it is too fast or too slow; things do not come clear and he also fails to secure the proper expression, although this is plainly marked on the roll, and a certain rude exactness is within the immediate reach of the most careless player. Having run the piece through once, he tries it again, and this time he secures a better result. He is able to turn back and examine any part of the piece which interests him. If he is of an imaginative turn he perhaps would prefer to look at the notes, so he opens his music copy, and while the

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instrument is playing the work he follows the notes, or even the orchestral score, and in this way he is able to improve his registration very much and approximate many of the effects of the orchestra.

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If he is so fortunate as to be gifted with a convenient supply of this world's goods he can go very much farther, even at present, for the Aeolian principle has been applied to the pipe organ, and he can supply himself with a completely appointed three-manual organ of modern construction, with the Aeolian principle added. The specially prepared rolls for this purpose are planned with reference to the different manuals of the organ, so that your accompaniment and melody can be performed in proper proportion, just as they are in orchestral works, and in grand-organ playing. He now has open to him the entire artistic part of the playing of a virtuoso, since the music rolls furnish him his finger work, leaving him free to devote his entire time to the artistic interpretation of the music. Meanwhile, the electric motor has removed the strain from pedalling, and a condition of aesthetic "anschauung" is established and maintained.

* * *

I am also looking for announcements like the following to come to me from schools and colleges in various out of town points: "Lecture recitals. The Music Department announces a course of ten lecture recitals devoted to symphonies and orchestral suites, to be given by the well-known musical authority, Mr. B. Brahms Boring, assisted by Miss Sappho Lusingando, the Aeolianist of the college." Then will follow the programmes of the different evenings and when the audience assembles they will observe upon the stage the well-known exterior of the now universal Aeolian Orchestrelle, of which an especially large size is made for the use of seminaries and educational institutions, and the professor in evening clothes proceeds with his lecture, the citations of which are immediately reproduced by the instrument, and later the entire programme is played through consecutively. The enormous field that this invention opens is beyond computation.

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The Aeolian idea at the present time is opposed from two different standpoints: A certain number of teachers of music regard it as an unholy interference with their calling and as calculated to introduce machine labor where hand labor has hitherto held an undisputed place. It is impossible to say whether this apprehension will be realized within the present generation or not. The chances are that a sufficient amount of available material for the old-fashioned music teacher will be left to outlast our time, and, if it should prove that the new way affords more satisfaction than the old, the music teaching of the future will still be as indispensable as in the past, only it will have changed its ground and will have passed over from being manual training to a real musical instruction, since when the Aeolian is before you and these large compositions are to be undertaken, it is a case where musical intelligence and sympathy are demanded in the player, and an understanding of musical values of various sorts, so that the player who is essentially musical and whose understanding has been trained in this direction will be the one who will succeed, and the teachers who educate their pupils in this spirit are those who will continue to have the work to do. Thus the Aeolian may turn out to be not only a valuable material instrumentality in musical education, but actually a sort of conscience regulator for the whole standard of the profession. This, however, is a large question which will keep until another time.

* * *

I note also that the time has already come when a student with an Aeolian will be able to accompany himself by means of it while he is studying a piano or violin concerto. The idea is certainly not beyond reach. Even now one can get the orchestral parts of concertos for Aeolian and one can easily teach a student, or any friend, to play the accompaniment, and thus one can have all sorts of ensemble performances at home. In like manner a violinist could have the remaining parts of trios, quartettes and ensemble pieces cut for his instrument, and by the assistance of a friend play any of the great chamber music whenever so disposed.

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But as yet the great appeal of the Aeolian is to advanced music lovers and students who have not been able to acquire virtuoso powers, and are therefore shut out of a very large world of music into which they fain would enter. I have been much struck at observing the interest with which young men and women take up the Aeolian and go eagerly through all sorts of important compositions for which previously they had not been suspected of having an appetite. They very soon master the principle of the thing and play favorite pieces again and again.

Curiously enough as yet the Aeolian does not powerfully appeal to the out-of-town student. It is in the large cities that its work and influence thus far have been expended. But there is a great future for the instrument everywhere. It supplies a want long existing if not consciously "long-felt."

* * *

I would also compliment the inventors of the instrument upon the improving character of their transcriptions. They are now beginning to realize the orchestral effects which in the early transcriptions they failed to get in consequence of having them made from ordinary piano arrangements. Thus the multiplicity of particulars possible to the instrument and the rich effect were missed. The later arrangements of the "series B" remedy all this, and are improving all the time. This is the direction in which the future of the instrument lies.

* * *

For the benefit of new contributors sending manuscripts for use in MUSIC, I take the liberty of a few observations upon the conditions of successfully writing for the press, and particularly for a periodical like this, which represents much of the most advanced thought in the provinces of musical art. Taking it for granted that the usual restrictions upon matter for the press are observed (such as to write upon one side of the paper only, to punctuate conventionally, paragraph rationally, typewrite wherever possible, etc.), I come to the essential things, which are: First of all, have something distinct to say. Because you have compiled an essay upon the life and work of Chopin, and have read the same with apparent suc-

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cess at the afternoon musical tea, it does not follow that you have made a suitable article for periodical use. You must remember that as a subject Chopin has been before the world upwards of half a century and has been treated in an endless variety of ways. All the main facts of his life, therefore, are well known, and it is not worth while to occupy the stage with them except in a special series devoted to just such resumptions of standard information.

Moreover, generalities upon the music of Chopin possess no value for a periodical like this; the leading works of Chopin are so well known to musical readers that it is not worth while saying anything more about them, unless there is something new and special to say. If, however, in your own study of Chopin you have come upon beauties and peculiarities of his works not noticed by other writers, then there is a chance of your having something in particular to say, and something, too, very likely to kindle the appreciation of the reader and induce him to undertake similar studies on his own account.

I remark further that the commonplaces of teaching are not legitimate subjects for an article. If you have found out by experiments along particular lines what is useful at certain stages of the advancement of a pupil, a short and clear statement of the fact will be likely to be useful to a few of those who read it.

Your writing successfully for the press turns upon your being able to add something to the common stock of knowledge on the subject selected, or to present it in a new light out of your own experience. All of which amounts to saying that you are to write out of your heart and life, and then if you write what you have to say clearly, you will probably find a press and a public.

It is a very dangerous remark for an editor to make, but I would like to say that I sometimes reject articles because they are too short. An article of not more than six or eight hundred words is available in a periodical of this kind only among the smaller matter at the latter part of the work. Any topic selected for serious treatment in the earlier parts of the magazine should be handled with a seriousness and fullness commensurate with its importance; this is, however, not the same

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thing as advising any reader who has an article covering four pages of typewriting to lengthen the same; if four pages of typewriting say all that he wishes to say upon the subject it is quite enough, but if for the sake of being short you have merely announced conclusions without stating the premises upon which these conclusions rest, you have not written an article but a verdict. There is a degree of condensation which defeats its own object. I have sometimes thought it was a little like feeding a starving man dried apples when he was parched with thirst. To maintain the pomological figure, all the fruit for consumption at this table must be of a fine and original flavor, and if added to this there are qualities that take the eye and attract the stranger, so much the better.

* * *

At the recent School of Methods held in Chicago some very curious reports were made of the musical education in the Longfellow School in Boston, of which Mr. Frederick H. Ripley is principal. It appears that music is so well taught in this school that not only is sight reading of unusually good quality, but pupils in the higher primary grades and lower grammar grades are able to invent melodies and improvise them upon the blackboard. I hope to publish a fuller account of some of the exercises, because I have never happened to notice anything like it in any of the public schools before. Whether the success of the pupils in the Boston school should be credited to the environment and marvelous heredity of Boston (not to mention the close proximity of Harvard and Wellesley), or to the skill of the teachers in the school, is a question upon which information is lacking.

* * *

In every large city there are a few teachers more distinguished than others in their methods and characteristics, and the results which they obtain in their work are generally different. From this it happens that the friends and disciples of these teachers jump to the conclusion that the methods and ideas are opposed to each other. In this connection I have commented in different places in the last ten years upon little differences existing between Mr. C. B. Cady and myself as

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to the question of primary children doing things in music which they do not fully understand. Mr. Cady says, if I understand him, that the first thing to do in the musical education of the child is to form a musical concept, and to train him in hearing and conceiving melodic phrases; especially to conceiving them in a somewhat mature form, as to expression, before allowing any freedom upon the keyboard of the piano. I have held, upon the other hand, that equally good results are obtained in the end and very much sooner by permitting the pupil to do things which he easily can do upon the keyboard, without waiting for a fully developed self-consciousness; the idea being that the hand can acquire facility at the same time that the mind is building up its own musical apparatus.

Closely examined, there is no vital contradiction in these two opposing views. Without mechanical facility we cannot have the finest playing, and equally without artistic conception we cannot have the finest playing; the only question is as to the order of arriving.

So in Boston there is the work of Mr. Carl Faelten, who, intending at the end to produce musical players with full development of originality and individuality, nevertheless prefers that the first year's study shall be carried on in classes; in these classes he provides that a great deal of the work may be done by assistant teachers before the pupil advances to a more purely individual treatment.

* * *

There are two sides to this, for in another point of view the child, as Mr. Thomas Tapper sees him, is an individual and will need to be studied from the outset as to his own particular individuality and the effect of his different traits. From this statement it seems as if the education of every child involved new and peculiar problems. But from the other side the child appears (and particularly in an assemblage) as an average. There are types of children, and while in a given stock one may be a better illustration of the general idea, there are in children of a certain social stratum certain qualities common to them all, such as decent behavior, certain

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weight at given years, moderate differences as to height, color of eyes and hair, and three or four typical temperaments, and there you are. Now in his work Mr. Faelton avails himself of these qualities which are common to acceptable children of certain years and adapts his work to these types, the results being that the fundamentals of musical education, rhythmic, harmonic and melodic perception and conception, together with the notation, are acquired by all pupils upon what you might call a commercial principle, or, as we might say, at a minimum of expense and a maximum of efficiency for a given outlay.

Mr. Tapper, on the other hand, taking each individual child as a distinct type, would find it necessary to modify the teaching to a certain extent, so as to make this education practical and to allow for new developments, the results being probably a little better than in the former case, other things being equal, but at a very much greater expense of time and trouble, and especially at a money expense placing a musical education beyond the reach of any but those of the more favored classes.

I see no more difficulty in recognizing the types of children than in so many roses or violets, or lilies, and when we have our musical violets, or roses, or lilies together, we can do for them all those ordinary things which the gardener has decided to be best for that particular type of rose, or violet, or lily; if, however, we desire to produce a particularly fine specimen of any particular flower, there will soon be a time when special care must be expended upon the environment and nourishment of the selected specimen; in other words, the class teaching will give place to individual teaching, which will be more valuable in proportion to the tact and insight of the teacher combined with his professional skill.

* * *

There is one element in all this musical education which I confess I have never been able fully to solve. In the nature of the case the great bulk of the teaching is to be done by the younger and less experienced teachers. Those that are properly trained perform their work with credit and in many respects efficiently. There is one respect, however, in which

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all teaching differs extremely in value, namely, in the power to awaken the mind of the pupil. There are many teachers who are not stimulating at all to the pupils, and while the average lady teacher of the present time is conscientious to a degree, and is far better qualified for the work than she was formerly, it seems to me doubtful whether her work is as stimulating to the pupil as would be desirable. If there is any theory upon this point I am inclined to think it is because she teaches too well, that is to say, that the teacher does too much for the pupil. The fundamental principle, as Mr. Tapper has recently said in an article in another place, is that it is the first duty of a teacher to "create activities," in other words, to give the pupil something to do; and then to turn the child's impulsive attempts towards high ideals. These questions, however, will keep until the cold weather. W. S. B. M.

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CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

Music forms an essential part of life in China. No marriage celebration is complete without it; the least important person in the great empire is borne to his last resting place with a band of music. The royal rites and the religious ceremonies of Confucius are celebrated with the eight musical instruments. Processions headed by musicians parade the streets on every feast day and holiday. Music is an important feature of all archery practice, the discharge of the arrows taking place at stated times in the intervals between the playing of the bands, and the skill in shooting is held to be subservient to the moral discipline enforced by the music. In fact there is scarcely an act in the life of a Chinaman worth mentioning that is not accompanied by music.

The loud and clamorous tone of Chinese music seldom or never appeals to the taste of an European whose ear has been attuned to a different scale and another method of voice training; the Chinese use falsetto or head tones invariably. But the excellence, beauty of form and variety of decoration of their musical instruments cannot fail to strike the most casual observer. The Celestials are a most careful and painstaking people. They excel in the manufacture of their instruments, and their artistic genius manifests itself in an endless variety of whimsical and grotesque ornamentation. Who but a Chinaman would swathe his drum with stripes of rich silk or satin, or adorn the frame wherein it is suspended with nodding feathers?

There is a tradition among the Chinese that when "Music, heavenly maid, was young," she lived in the Celestial kingdom. It was during the time of Fo Hsi, the founder of the empire. She was called Niuwa, and she was thought to be possessed of supernatural powers which enabled her among other things to invent several of their most important instruments. The

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old historians attribute to Fo Hsi himself the invention of their stringed instruments. But all their traditions anent this subject take us into that far, dim past of which there is no authentic record. Suffice it to say that so long as three thousand years before the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem the Chinese claim to have known and used the eight instruments, which correspond to the eight winds of heaven.

Another tradition with regard to the origin of several of their musical instruments has its root in the belief of the Chinese that their country was once entirely under the dominion of good and evil spirits, known by the general name of Ki, and that among the gifts which the good ones bestowed upon them were several of their favorite instruments. In fact they still believe that the very air is peopled with spirits, and while they worship the good ones, they try by every means in their power, including music, to propitiate the bad ones.

A belief which has a firm hold upon their imaginations is that, whenever an eclipse of the moon occurs, the bad Ki, or celestial dragon, is possessed of a desire to devour that luminary for his evening meal. They pour out into the streets, a vast concourse of people, all of whom, as soon as they perceive the advance of the shadow, throw themselves upon their knees and knock their foreheads against the ground, only rising to make more furious demonstrations and more hideous noises with drums and cymbals, for nothing, they believe, will so effectually appease the anger of quarreling celestial bodies as a tumult of earthly sound.

We read in the Sacred Books that from the dawn of history the Chinese have observed certain rites and ceremonies of which music has formed an important feature. Fixed periods for the worship of ancestors, of Confucius, Mencius and the summer and winter solstices are the most important of these occasions.

The ritual music is accompanied by a slow, dignified dance, somewhat resembling the minuet, in which the different attitudes and genuflections of the performers are supposed to express to the eye the same ideas that voices and instruments are conveying to the ear. Thus it will be seen that music to

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the Chinese has a twofold office. They further hold that certain timbres are supposed to correspond with certain colors, and it is held possible to judge of the tone of a piece of stone—of which their stone-chimes are made—by its color.

The eight instruments used in the ritual are the bell, the flute, the drum, and the sonorous stone; the fife, the plume, the shield and the axe. These last three are not musical instruments, but they are enumerated as such by the Chinese, and they constitute an important part of the performance.

At the temples of Confucius, where the rites are observed, the musicians are divided and stationed, half on the east side and half on the west side of the great hall. A certain number also are placed outside on an open terrace known as the "Moon Terrace." There are always two instruments of each kind, sometimes four, and occasionally six. The Chinese carry their idea of the duality of things into the arrangement of their musicians and instruments; for instance, one drum announces the beginning of the music, its mate strikes the last note; one bell calls and its counterpart answers.

The Book of Rites sets down the entire programme to the last minutia, fixing the number of musicians, of instruments, of singers, of gestures, even of words. From the three thousand ceremonial laws, which are of almost universal usage, there are no deviations. Every movement of the Emperor, who kneels and knocks his forehead against the ground several times, and who offers sacrifices and pieces of silk and satin, which are consumed in the incense burner, is regulated by the drum, which is called "the starter." Alternating with these devotional exercises, the band plays, and the singers chant songs composed for the occasion. This music expresses to the Chinese the harmony existing between heaven, earth and man.

There are thirty-six dancers divided into two groups, one on the east and one on the west, each carrying, according to his position, a peacock's feather, a shield or a battle axe. The leader carries a kind of banner with which he regulates the movements of his followers. All these rites and ceremonies take place at a most unconscionable hour, in the early morn-

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ing. The Son of Heaven has performed his devotional exercises and finished his matutinal music, before the sun shows his face above the horizon; all ceremonies connected with temple and court must be completed before sunrise.

The Lus, or twelve notes of the Chinese scale, which answer to the twelve moons, are credited in their mythology to the magic bird Foung-haung and his mate. As Lyng-lun was walking through a bamboo forest one day, so the legend runs, he heard these notes; the six odd ones, called yang, were uttered by the male bird, and the six even ones, called yin, were the notes of his mate. Lyng-lun cut a bamboo and tuned it to each note as he heard it; when the song was finished he had twelve bamboos which he bound together and named the Lus; these notes are symbolical of the voices of men and women.

The sound of stone to the ears of a Celestial is the most beautiful tone in the world; "less tart and rasping than the sound of metal, more bright than the sound of wood, more brilliant and sweet than either."

They use the sonorous stone singly or in chimes of sixteen, and esteem them so highly as to select specimens for their use with great care and regard for color. The majority are used plain, that is, simply cut and polished, but occasional specimens are carved in the most fantastic shapes; they represent various deities, birds and fish, and are otherwise decorated with streaming ribbons and heavy silken tassels.

The stone-chime is one of the most ancient and highly prized of instruments in China. It is said to have been in common use among the ancient emperors who preceded that infamous She-Hwang-ti. It was he who ordered all books, written matter and musical instruments to be burned. It would have been lost to posterity but for the fortunate accident of these chimes falling into a well, from which it was afterward recovered. From this model all the modern ones have been made.

The single stone is called Tse-King and a chime of sixteen is known by the name of Pien-King. The common shape of these stones is that of a carpenter's square. They are cut out of jade or of a kind of black calcareous stone which is only

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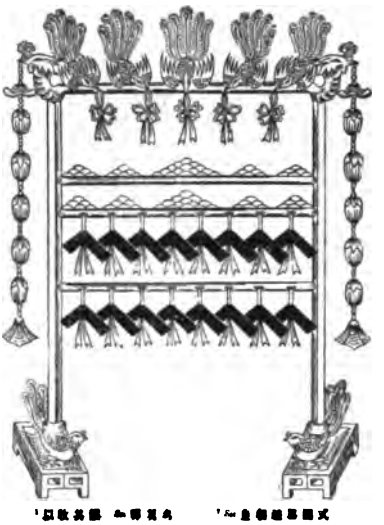
to be found in certain localities. Both the single stone and the chime are suspended in frames, often elaborately carved with dragons and decorated with tassels. The sixteen stones are arranged in two rows, eight above and eight below.



Star Chime, or Pien King.

The stones are of equal length and breadth, the difference in thickness making the necessary variety of tone; the performer stands in front and strikes them with a hammer. The Pien-King is employed only in court and religious ceremonies; it would be considered a profanation to make use of it elsewhere. Each Confucian temple and imperial place of worship holds one instrument, but no complete set can be found anywhere else, though separate stones are not infrequently offered for sale by the curio dealers.

At the Confucian temples the Pien-King is placed on the west side of the hall on a line with the Tse-King, its counterpart; its office is to give one note at the end of each word in order to receive the sound and transmit it to the next.

The singers' stone-chime is an instrument which has become obsolete; it was founded on the same principle as the Pien-King except that it numbered twelve or twenty-four

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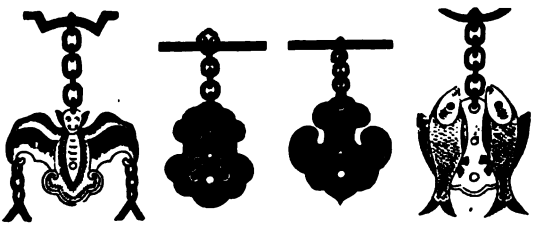
stones, each one cut in a fantastic form. One was shaped like a bat, which is the sign for happiness; another represented the god of music, and still another was cut in the form of two



Fantastic Stone Chimes.

fish side by side; again, one was in the form of a Chinese bell, and all were suspended by chains in a frame, more or less handsome, according to circumstances.

Two bell instruments are also suspended in frames like those of the stone-chimes and are played in answer to them at the ceremonies. The Po-chung is a single bell and corresponds to the Tse-King, or single sonorous stone; when

Bell Chime, or Pien-chung.

the bell sounds the stone must answer; its station is on the right side of the "Moon Terrace." The Pien-chung is a chime

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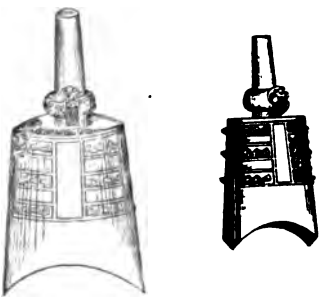
of sixteen bells hung in two rows like the Pien-King and, like that instrument, is said to be of the greatest antiquity. Frequently the frame rests on the backs of dragon-headed beasts, while carved images of Foung Hwang, or the sacred bird, ornament the topmost rail.

The bell-chime is precisely the same as the stone-chime in pitch, music and notation and, with it, is used exclusively for court and religious ceremonies: the bell-chime gives a note at the end of each word to imitate the pitch of the singers. The bell is very popular with the Chinese, as they believe that its noise is particularly distasteful to the Ki, by whom they fancy themselves surrounded.

Very anciently the majority of bells were quadrangular and embellished with sacred designs and texts. During the T'Ang



Old Chinese Bells.

and subsequent dynasties oval bells came into existence. They had crescent-shaped mouths and were hung obliquely. During the Sang dynasty bells were provided with knobs by which they might be hung upright. The Emperor's carriages were formerly hung with bells; eight tiny phoenix bells were also suspended from each horse's bit. The handles of sacrificial knives were hung with small bells.

The great Chinese bell at Pekin, said to be the largest in the world, weighs 120,000 pounds and is covered inside and out with Chinese characters. Standing in a tower near the Nine Gates, it is struck at the same time as the drum which announces the night watches. The Chinese say that the art of casting such a bell as this has been lost since the Ming

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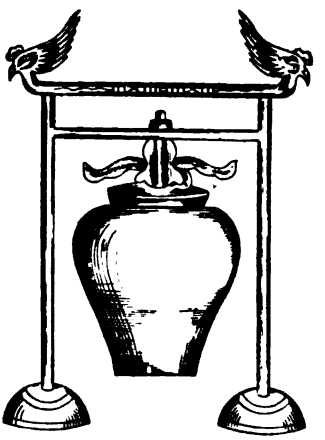
dynasty. Like the majority of Chinese bells it has no tongue, but is struck from the outside by a mallet or beam.

At the time of Confucius there existed a kind of bell provided with a wooden clapper, which was used for military purposes and for calling the people together when the Emperor had a message for them. It is recorded of the great sage that he said he wished to be "a wooden-tongued bell of heaven," i. e., "a herald of heaven to proclaim the divine purposes to the world."

An early Manchu emperor of the present dynasty, with the innovating spirit of freedom of a new ruler, commanded that all the quaint old forms of bells should be destroyed and that henceforth only round bells should be used. These are ornamented with the pakua (good luck) symbols, and are suspended by means of a dragon set on guard at the top.

Formerly when the devout Chinaman came to worship at the temple of his ancestors a curious bell was used, which, with its



Wei-shun, old Chinese Bell.

companion, an equally curious drum, has disappeared. It was cast in the shape of a balloon and hung in a frame. It was called the Wei, from the monkey, which gave the Chinese the idea of suspending their bells. As commonly represented, the monkey of the Celestial Empire has a forked tail and

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an upward nose; in fine weather it hangs from the branches of trees by putting the two ends of its tail into its nostrils and thus forming a circle. This balloon-shaped bell was fitted with a knob for suspending it, which was shaped like the monkey. One writer declares that this instrument was simply a large bell with small round bells suspended inside it as tongues, and that the sound produced was exceedingly shrill. In any case it was a curious bell. It is now obsolete.*

The tiny wind-bells which hang under the sloping roofs of pagodas all over China are a pleasant surprise to the traveler. When the wind blows the ribbons fastened to the tongues move and the result is a gentle music which changes character according to the strength of the breeze. I first heard the sound of these bells in Southern China at night. So unexpected, weird and uncanny was it that I thought the Chinese must be right and that the air was really peopled with spirits. But I soon grew to love the sweet-toned wind-bells and to listen for them as soon as a pagoda came in sight.

The To, or tongued bell, is mainly used at present by the Buddhist bonzes to mark the rhythm of their prayers, which are monotonous in the extreme. There is nothing more wearing to the nerves than to live near a temple where prayers are being said to the accompaniment of a bell every hour during the twenty-four. The bell is an ordinary one and may have either a wooden or metal tongue; it was formerly an adjunct to the civil and military dances, which are great functions.

The Chinese are not so presumptuous as to think their gods have them continually in mind, but are quite pleased if the divine beings accord them recognition when their attention is attracted. So, near the entrance of all temples, hung sometimes under small roofs, we find two bells which the devout worshiper strikes to waken the "sleeping gods." If his prayer is answered he congratulates himself on his success in rousing the gods from their slumber, if not, he comforts himself by saying "he'll have better luck next time."

Gongs are used in the Buddhist temples for the same purpose and they make so fearful a din that one would think all

*An Alst's "Chinese Music."

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the dead gods would be aroused as well as the sleeping ones. This is the most popular instrument in China and the one with which Europeans are most familiar. It has no office in the ceremonial services but is used in theatrical presentations and in all popular festivities. It is cast in the shape of a platter, or perhaps more like one of the huge straw hats which the coolies wear; it is suspended in a frame and is struck by a mallet covered with kid or soft leather.

There are all kinds and conditions of gongs, ranging in size from two inches to two feet in diameter. A big one, hung at the gates of Yamens, is beaten to announce the arrival of visitors; another sort is used on board ship to proclaim the moment of departure; when heard in battle it is the signal for a hasty retreat; its use in wedding and funeral processions is to frighten away evil spirits. It serves to mark time in vocal music, and, in some places, is set up as the sign of a candy shop. When the district magistrate goes abroad with his train of followers a gong is beaten to announce his approach.

The chime of small gongs which nearly every tourist to China and Japan carries home as a souvenir is called yun-lo; this gong chime is used at court, at great festivities and in the "Guiding March," which is played while the Emperor is entering the temple. Cymbals, which are used mostly at theatrical performances, are made on the same principle as the western instrument and are said to have been imported into China from India.

The Chinese have seventeen kinds of drums, ranging from the large one suspended in temples to those of lesser size and divers shapes used in war, in theaters and in bands; in fact, the drum seems to be the most universal instrument. It has no special relation to any of the musical notes, but without it the Chinese cannot harmonize their various instruments. The drum which gives the sweetest and most mellow tone has a handful of rice husks inside it, which softens the sound wonderfully.

Some of the Ku (drums) are carved with figures of dragons, birds, beasts and scrolls; others are wrapped about with long pieces of silk and satin, while the frames in which they are sus-

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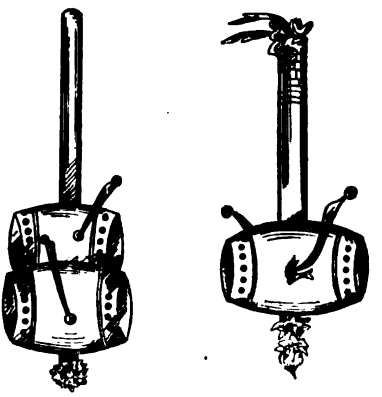
pended are adorned with drooping feathers; the handsomest ones are finished with lacquer, which adds to their richness and beauty. Some are suspended in frames, others are set in a handsomely carved stand, simpler ones rest in a bamboo tripod; there is a kind shaped like a barrel which is suspended around the neck with a chain.

The Ying-ku and Tsu-ku are used at the Confucian temple, having allotted spaces on either side of the "Moon Terrace"; they are companions which call and answer to each other; the former is suspended in a frame by four rings, the latter is set in a stand. The po-fu is a small drum used only in religious ceremonies; like all other instruments it is used in pairs, one being placed on the right, the other on the left of the hall.

There is a curious small barrel-shaped drum, which has a long handle passing through the barrel, so that it may be



Chinese Barrel Drums.

easily carried in the hand; from the center, where the bulge is greatest, there hang on either side two ribbons with a small wooden ball on the end; the ribbons are of a suitable length so that when the drum is twirled in the hand the balls fly to each end and beat the drum-head. Occasional specimens are seen with two drums attached to the handle. These were anciently used in the ritual services. The Chinese frequently hang six or eight small drums in a cluster and suspend them in a bunch upon a frame, as the stone and bell chimes are

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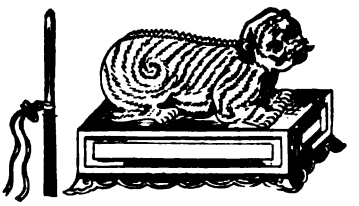
hung; these are shaped like a top without the handle, all the points being brought together in the middle. At the present time the T'ao-ku, the small drum with the handle through the barrel, is used by the peripatetic man-milliner to call attention to his whereabouts and goods; if he cannot make noise enough with this he sets a gong on top and beats them both.

A curious instrument, used only at funerals, is a large telescope-like arrangement which is called Hoa-tung; it is a long cylinder with a sliding tube, which can be drawn out when wanted; it emits only one sound, a prolonged, solemn note which can be heard from afar. There are two varieties of this instrument, one of which is used for military purposes. The itinerant knife-grinder has adopted this instrument for his use, probably because the sound can be heard at a longer distance than any other.

The most whimsical and fantastic Chinese instrument is the yu, or, as spelled by some historians, the ou. It is an instrument of percussion and its sound is as bizarre as its appearance; it is called "the stopper" because it is struck at the end of a verse. It is made of wood in the shape of a crouching tiger, is hollow and rests on a rectangular box; along its back



Chinese Yu.

are twenty to twenty-seven saw-teeth. At the end of each strophe the player strikes the creature on the head three times, and thrice rapidly draws his stick or plectrum across the edge of the teeth; this is by way of announcing the end of the stanza. At the Confucian ceremonies the yu is placed on the west side of the hall. We find no parallel to this strange instrument except the wooden crocodile of Burmah.

The Chinese castinets, or Pai-pan, are larger and more poetical, so to speak, than those of the Occident. They consist of two slabs of a kind of red wood, strung together with silken

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cord; they are struck by a third slab to mark the time, and are in popular use in all orchestras.

In ancient time the castinet consisted of twelve elaborately worked pieces of bamboo, with poetry written upon each, which were used only at religious ceremonies. They have been replaced by another sort, called shou-pan, which have the words of hymns engraved upon them. Each of the six singers carries one on which he strikes the palms of his hands.

Then there is a curious "wooden-fish," shaped more like a human skull than a fish, called Mu-yu; it is hollow, painted

Mu-yu, or Wooden Fish.

red and is made in all sizes from three inches to twelve inches in diameter. It is used by mendicant priests to mark time in the recitation of their prayers as they go from door to door.

And who shall tell us of the infinite variety of stringed instruments used by the Celestials? Fu Hsi, who lived 3322 B. C., is credited with having invented the Ch'in, the oldest one known among them. The Chinese descriptions of their very old stringed instruments are of the most elaborate kind and full of allegorical comparisons. The dimensions, the number of strings, the form and whatever is connected with the Ch'in correspond to some fact in nature. Thus it measures 366.10 of an inch, because the year contained a maximum of 366 days; the number of strings were five, to agree with the five elements; the upper part was made round to represent the firmament; the bottom was flat, as they supposed the earth to be; and the thirteen studs stood for the twelve moons and the intercalary moon.

The Ch'in is used for what is called elegant music; the strings are of silk and the broad end is decorated with tassels. The Ch'in boasts a peculiar system of notation. Each note is a compound of several simple characters, so arranged as to convey at once to the eye of the performer the note to be played, the string to be chosen, the finger to be used. At the

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Confucian ceremonies six Ch'in are used, three on the east side of the hall and three on the west.

The Se ranks next in importance among the stringed instruments, both as regards antiquity and allegorical comparisons. It is constructed on much the same principle as the Ch'in and originally had fifty strings. This number was reduced by the Emperor Hwang-Ti, who was so deeply impressed and saddened by hearing the music of the fifty strings that he issued an order that thereafter there should be but twenty-five strings, thereby dividing his sorrow and relieving himself of half the sadness. The strings are set in clusters of five, representing the five colors, each one elevated on a movable bridge. The first cluster of five are blue, the next red, the five middle ones are yellow, followed by five white and five black. There are four kinds of Se in use, but this general description will cover all of them. Four Se are used at the Confucian worship, two on each side of the hall.

The Tseng is similar to the Ch'in, only smaller, and has but fourteen strings. It is used in preference to the Se at Imperial receptions and other joyful functions. The P'i-p'a, or balloon guitar, is about three feet long, and has four silken strings which represent the four seasons; it is played either by a plectrum or the hand; it is the most popular instrument for blind musicians, as the music can be learned by rote. The strolling players one meets everywhere in China either use the P'i-p'a, the san-hsien, a three-stringed guitar, covered top and bottom with snake skin, or the "moon guitar," the body of which is perfectly round. There are several varieties of the latter instrument, one of which has an octagonal body; it has four strings, tuned in pairs at the distance of a fifth.

The Hu-ch'in and the Erh-hsien are violins, the former having four silken strings and the latter but two, which are tuned at a distance of a fifth. The Erh-hsien is used in all parts of China and is very popular with the lower classes. Those who have heard it only on ordinary occasions when the performers seem to be giving a sort of go-as-you-please performance can have no idea of the music which a good player is able to extract from it. I have never heard a more horrible din than the noise made by the union of one of these instruments with

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a flute and a drum on the festive occasion of the birth of a son, or when they are used concurrently at the head of a wedding procession.

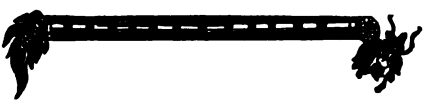
The Chinese make use of a foreign harpsichord which they call Yang-ch'in; it is strung in a peculiar way with sixteen sets of strings, eight passing over the right bridge and through the holes of the left, the other eight passing over the left bridge and through the holes of the right; it is played with two pieces of bamboo.

The most important bamboo instrument is called the P'ai-hsiao, or Pandean pipe, and is said to have been invented by the Emperor Shun. It consists of sixteen tubes arranged

P'aihsiao, or Pandean Pipe.

upon a more or less carved and ornamented frame or pedestal. The tubes correspond to the twelve lus and the first four lus of the grave series, and give forth the same sounds as the bell and stone chimes. The sounds of this instrument represent the voice of the sacred bird Foung-huang and its wide spreading form typifies the bird with outstretched wings.

Of flutes the Chinese have a great variety. The Ti-tzu is the flute ordinarily met; it has a place in most theatrical representations, no marriage is complete without it, and no dead



Dragon Flute.

Chinaman is borne to his long home without the accompaniment of its shrill notes. The flutes used in the ritual music are the same as the ordinary ones, except for the carved dragon's head and tail which decorate the two ends.

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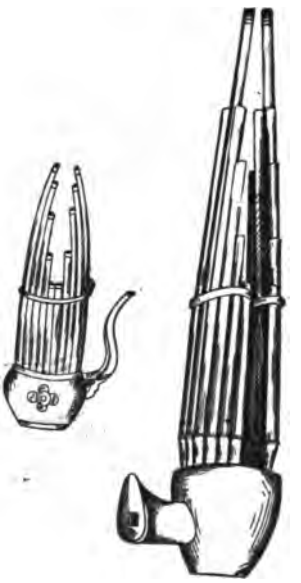
The Huan is one of the most ancient instruments and has never lost its primitive form; it is a baked clay cone profusely ornamented with the imperial dragon, arabesques and similar designs; it has six holes, one at the apex to blow through, two behind and three in front; two Huan are used at the Confucian ceremonies.

The origin of the Shêng, according to Dr. Eastlake, is shrouded in the darkness of the mythical ages. The modern Shêng consists of three separate parts, the gourd, the mouthpiece and the tubes; the latter are of five different lengths arranged to represent the outstretched tail of a bird, the middle ones being longest. These tubes are set into a gourd shaped like a tea-pot, and the long mouthpiece, curved like a spout,



Sheng.

carries the resemblance farther. The Shêng is a very important Chinese instrument, most delicately constructed and having a far sweeter tone than any other. It is said that the principles embodied in it are substantially the same as those of the grand organ. in fact many writers claim it as the parent of the organ. Six Shêng are used at the temple ceremonies, three on the east and three on the west side of the hall.

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A HANDSOME MUSICAL COLLEGE.

About the 1st of June the Chicago Musical College moved into their new quarters on Michigan avenue, adjoining the Fine Arts building. This location is one of the most eligible in the city. The college, for the first time in its existence, occupies an entire building, constructed with special reference to its needs. Inasmuch as the present quarters are among the most commodious and handsome occupied by any music school in the world and considering that the patronage of the college has been drawn from every State in the Union and that its alumni now aggregate more than one thousand, and its average attendance is about twenty-five hundred, its new home is of more than local interest.

To those of us who have watched the growth of this institution from its first inception, in 1867, by President Ziegfeld, when its affairs were carried on in two rooms of the Crosby Opera House, to its present popularity (its attendance probably, excepting that of the School of Music of the Guildhall in London, being the largest of any in the world), its affairs are peculiarly interesting.

From the beginning, its business and educational control have been in the hands of President Zeigfeld, who has surrounded himself gradually with a complete staff of teachers and has trained his sons to attend to the business affairs of the college with the quiet efficiency which is so noticeable a feature in the office.

The front of the building, while very handsome, gives an entirely wrong impression of the space occupied; standing as it does between two of the most imposing buildings in the city, and in the same row with the Auditorium and Auditorium Annex, its really creditable frontage is underestimated by the eye.

The building occupies premises about thirty by one hundred and sixty feet, and it is six stories high. In the rear there is a wide court for light, upon which all the teaching rooms open; and on the first floor there is a concert room seating seven hundred and a connection with the Fine Arts

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THE CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE.

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building, with its great concert room, seating twenty-five hundred. The teaching rooms are models of elegant appointment and completeness. The walls have been so well deadened that were it not for the glass in the doors the sound of the teaching going on in the rooms would not be heard in the corridors passing the doors.

Mr. William Armstrong of the Chicago "Tribune" has the following comments upon this charming place: "Every building has its own atmosphere indicative of the people who inhabit it. This new home of the Chicago Musical College

A RECEPTION ROOM.

is thoroughly artistic in the just sense. The wall decorations, furniture, carpets, hangings, are in admirable harmony. The scheme of decorations is elaborate and the details of furnishing of the many studios varied; but they are always quiet and harmonious. Compared to it in surroundings the most noted music schools of the continent and England make a poor showing. Indeed, in this respect, a new standard has been established in this country, where we have come to regard, although not as yet we should, artistic surroundings as a necessary factor

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PRESIDENT SIEGFELD'S STUDIO.

in the study of art. Thirty years or more ago, when the college was first incorporated, is beyond the recollection of the majority now in Chicago, but it is not difficult to imagine the wide contrast between to-day and those former ones when the prairie stretched for miles where the city now takes its place. Growing with the city, and part of its musical life, the college in its present home has certainly kept abreast of the growth about it."

STUDIO OF MRS. O. L. FOX.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

LONDON LETTER.

BY HORACE ELLIS.

Novelties have been scarce at Covent Garden this season, for which condition of things the production of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" may have been partly to blame. However that may be, Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro" and Saint-Saens' "Henry VIII." were offered during the last weeks as a sop to those who do not care to tread the beaten path continually.

Luigi Mancinelli is well known as a talented and safe conductor, but as a composer has been rather an unknown quantity. In the latter capacity he was first prominently brought before the British public when "Ero e Leandro" was given, in cantata form, at Norwich, two years ago, meeting with enough success to cause a general desire to hear it on the operatic stage. It was performed for the first time at Covent Garden, Monday evening, July 11, and was repeated the evening of July 15.

The book is by Arrigo Boito and is, probably, the worst he ever wrote. It is true that the theme which he had to develop is rather awkward, but it might be moulded into better and more dramatic form.

First we have an unnecessary prologue given to a contralto voice. The first act shows us the temple of Venus at Sestos where priestesses and sailors are making offerings to the goddess. Then appear the principal characters, Ero, Leandro and Ariofarne, the High Priest. Leandro, having been a victor in athletic contests, receives a laurel chaplet from the fair hands of the priestess Ero, and, seizing his harp, bursts into a song of love. After the stage is cleared, Ariofarne, who is in love with Ero, presses his suit upon her, but being met with a decided refusal, retires threatening vengeance. Leandro returns and is kindly received by the lady to the disgust of the High Priest, who brings down the curtain by informing Ero that she must die.

The second act shows the interior of the temple, where Ariofarne announces that it is decreed by the goddess that Ero is to be confined in a tower by the Hellespont, privately offering, however, to save her if she will accept his love. Again his proposals are refused,

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and, after Leandro has made a disturbance and is marched out, the ceremony proceeds and Ero is decked out for the sacrifice.

The third, and last, act takes place in the lonely tower, where Ero awaits the coming of Leandro, who swims the Hellespont to reach her. The lovers' raptures are interrupted by the entrance of Ariofarne and other priests, causing Leandro to spring into the stormy waters again. A flash of lightning and a part of the wall of the tower gives way showing Leandro lying drowned upon a rock, at which sight Ero falls dead.

The whole thing is thin and indefinite. There are tedious waits, such as at the beginning of the last act, when Ero stands by the tower window and listens to voices outside. There is practically no dramatic action and the climax is so ineffective as to be almost laughable. I have the impression that Boito's own idea when writing this libretto was to get it off his hands as soon as possible, no matter what the quality of his work might be.

One of the most noticeable things about Mancinelli's music is that he is not bitten deeply by Wagner. Indeed, he evinces a most laudable desire to keep from imitating anybody. His efforts at originality are, however, of little avail, and the later Italian school, to which he leans, have familiarized us with such devices as the stringing together of empty 5ths, which Mancinelli probably uses with the idea of producing an archaic effect. His orchestra lacks in sonority and he has a fondness for the harp and the closed tones of the French horn. Altogether the work is more fitted to be presented as a cantata than an opera.

The cast was as follows: Prolog: Frau Schumann-Heink; Ero, Mdme. Eames; Leandro, M. Saleza; Ariofarne, M. Plancon; Due Voci dal Mare, Signor Vanni and Mr. Lempriere Pringle. Frau Schumann-Heink had little opportunity to use her fine voice. Emma Eames sang beautifully, but was exasperatingly cold and statuesque, and the same may be said of Plancon, who does not improve in his acting. M. Saleza is a useful but not a great tenor. The composer conducted and was called before the curtain several times and well received, more, I venture to think, on account of his popularity as an operatic conductor than his success as a composer.

In spite of Saint-Saens' reputation in this country, and the number of appearances he has made here at Philharmonic and chamber concerts, he has had no hearing for any of his operas until Thursday evening, July 14, when "Henry VIII." was produced at Covent Garden. The selection was not the best that could have been made had not the censorship of the stage refused to allow "Samson et Delila" to be given with dramatic action for fear of establishing a precedent with regard to the treatment of biblical subjects on the stage. It was a pity, for "Henry VIII." does not show the composer at his best.

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This work was produced as long ago as March, 1883, in Paris, and won immediately the commendation of Gounod, who wrote a most favorable criticism of it in the "Nouvelle Revue" of April 1, 1883, closing with these words: "Go forth, beloved and great artist; your cause is victorious throughout. Since you have been faithful to your art, the future will be faithful to your achievements. God has endowed you with the spirit of genius and the power of a master. May you enjoy both for years to come for your own sake as well as ours."

It is difficult to see how a worse choice could be made for the subject of a libretto than the historical one of Henry VIII. Even Shakespeare, in his play of the same name, is at his worst. So MM. Léonce Détroyat and Armand Silvestre can be congratulated for doing as well as they have. They have taken unnecessary liberties with historical facts, such as making Henry's first meeting with Anne Boleyn occur on the day that Buckingham went to the scaffold, at which time she was in France. Also, they provide Anne with a lover in the person of one Don Domez, a Spanish Ambassador.

The first act begins with a conversation between Don Gomez and Norfolk, during which the Spaniard reveals his love for Anne, whom he had met at the court of Louis XII. Other noblemen enter and speak of Buckingham and his doom, and then the King arrives and presents to Queen Catherine a new maid of honor—Anne Boleyn. Henry immediately sets to work to make himself agreeable to Anne, and the contrary to Catherine, and the act comes to a close with the passing outside the palace of Buckingham's funeral procession.

The second act takes place in Richmond Park, where occurs a meeting between Anne and Don Gomez, and afterwards the King offers to make Anne his Queen. Then an encounter between Catherine and Anne, and the interference of the King, who threatens to divorce Catherine. After this there should be a Scottish ballet —a "gathering of the clans," but on this occasion it was omitted.

The third act takes us to Westminster Hall, where Henry divorces Catherine and proclaims himself Head of the Church of England.

The last act is divided into two tableaux, the first showing Anne's apartments, and the second a room at Kimbolton Castle, where Catherine is residing. Catherine has in her possession a letter written by Anne to Don Gomez, which Anne fears will fall into the King's hands, so hither she comes to try to induce the ex-Queen to surrender it to her. Henry also comes on the same errand, but Catherine burns the compromising document and then meekly dies.

That Saint-Saens' music is scholarly and evidently from the brain of a musician of ideas and one well equipped with the technique of his art goes without the saying, but he does not reach his high-

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est level in this work. I can agree to a great extent with Gounod's estimation (as given in the criticism I spoke of) of Saint-Saens' talents in general, but to call "Henry VIII." a great opera is farther than I should care to go. It is inferior to "Samson et Delila," but it is not Saint-Saens' fault that "Samson et Delila" was not given. The music is never vulgar, and there is no seeking after outlandish effects, but from a melodic point of view it is disappointing and it is not dramatic in the best sense. Here again crops up the old rule of bad book, bad music. Not that I term either this book or this music bad, especially considering the materials which had to be used. The orchestration is suave, but in the voice writing there seems an air of restraint.

The cast was: Henri VIII., M. Renaud; Don Gomez, M. Bounard; Le Cardinal, M. Journet; Surrey, M. Cazeneuve; Norfolk, M. Dufranne; Cranmer, M. Dufriche; Catherine, Mdlle. Pacary; Anne de Boleyn, Mme. Heglon; Carter, Signor Vanni; Huissier, M. Meux; Officer, Herr Simon; Lady Clarence, Miss Maud Roudez. M. Renaud had the most important part and very well he supported it. He comported himself with dignity and managed his pleasing baritone voice with skill. Mdme. Heglon was making her London début, heralded by a considerable reputation in Paris. Her voice is not of very good quality, but she is a fair actress. Mdlle. Pacary's voice was too small for her role. M. Bounard is another useful tenor who has become quite a fixture at Covent Garden.

Saint-Saens was called before the curtain at the close of the performance, but his reception was not so enthusiastic as I anticipated from his reputation here. He seemed to feel this himself and hurried quickly from the stage, only to be dragged back again by Mancinelli, who was the conductor of the evening. The opera was given again July 19.

During the opera season which closed last Tuesday evening with "Roméo et Juliette" (Melba as Juliette), sixty-nine performances were given, of which thirty-two were of works of Wagner. This is a list of them in the order of the number of times they were presented:

"Faust" and "Carmen," seven times each; "Lohengrin" and "Roméo et Juliette," six times each; "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Walkure," five times each; "Die Meistersinger," four times; "Das Rheingold," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung" and "Tannhäuser," three times each; "Orfeo," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Henry VIII." and "Ero e Leahdro," twice each; "Philémon et Bancio," "Mefistopele," "Hamlet," "La Traviata," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Fidelio," "Don Giovanni," "Aida" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," once each.

London, July 29, 1898.

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LEIPZIG NOTES.

July 19, 1898.

On June 4 Arthur Nikisch directed a performance of Millöcker's opera, "The Beggar Student," for the pension fund of the Leipzig City Theater. This was so much of a success that all of the standing room was utilized and many were unable to secure admission. During his Leipzig stay, Composer Carl Busch, of Kansas City (in company with the correspondent for MUSIC), visited Mr. Nikisch for the Philharmonic Orchestra, of New York. This was more of a friendly call than a business one, for the latter gentleman had already cabled his inability to accept the Philharmonic leadership. He expressed his regret at having been in Italy when the Busch concert occurred in Leipzig, so he begged for an opportunity to examine some of the scores, and this privilege will be granted him as early as possible. In reply to a query about the long-talked-of American tour with the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Mr. Nikisch said that he thought the difficulties surmounting the project were such as to make it almost impossible, because the majority of the orchestra members were constantly engaged at the theater, and to secure these in their salaries, to provide for their substitutes and the general expense of the tour would necessitate a guaranty of at least one hundred thousand dollars. When we mentioned the Berlin Philharmonic, he said that while that organization could be taken for less money, the Gewandhaus men were not alone possessed of a more valuable name, but were accustomed to make better music. In this connection we wish to say that so good a man as Gerhard Stehmann of the Damrosch Opera Company tells us that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is superior to the Gewandhaus. If he could once hear these people go in something like the overtures to "Freischütz," "Tannhäuser" and "Meistersinger," or anything else they can get time to rehearse, he would be liable to change his mind. To hear the "Meistersinger Vorspiel" in the Gewandhaus and observe the wonderful clearness and balance which Nikisch accomplishes with the entrance and progression of the various parts, is enough to melt the critical spirit into a shapeless mass, so we just stand around with our mouths open until he has played it again, which thing we require him to do on the spot.

A very successful production of the "Nibelungen Ring" was given here, the dates being July 1, 3, 6 and 8. Herr Schütz was unable to sing, so the "Wotan" supplies were Herr Schrauff, of Dresden, and Beyreuth singer, Herr Plank. Great and well-deserved praise rests upon the work of Conductor Panzner.

Harry Field gives his Berlin concert in October. He is working on a new sonata by the Chicago composer, Louis Campbell-Tipton, which is represented to be a very worthy composition.

Prof. Martin Krause, as critic, succeeding the late Prof. Bernhard

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Vogel of the "Neueste Nachrichten," has inaugurated a most vigorous style of criticism in that daily, and he promises to do Leipzig a great deal of good by his bold but kindly sincerity. As a writer he seems to be possessed of a chronic good humor which is admirable indeed. It is very improbable that he will leave Leipzig to associate himself with a Berlin conservatory, as has been rumored.

E. E. S.

NEW SCHOOL OF METHODS.

The New School of Methods, conducted at Hingham, Mass., and Chicago, under the auspices of the American Book Company, Mr. Clarence C. Birchard, general superintendent, was largely attended this year. The session at Hingham numbered upwards of a hundred students, and that at Chicago about a hundred and fifty. The fundamental idea of this school, in the beginning, was that of educating supervisors of music in the public schools to the best way of dealing with the Natural Course, but latterly the school has taken a constantly increasing range, and many other important advantages are now associated.

The musical department in both sessions rested upon the work of Messrs. Frederick H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper, authors of the Natural Course, assisted by Mrs. Emma Thomas, of Detroit, Miss Love and Miss Julia E. Crane. At Hingham the chorus was under the direction of Mr. Henri G. Blaisdell, of Concord, N. H., whose ability as chorus conductor is spoken of as extraordinary, in its combination of personal inspiration, in interpretation and the art of securing exact training on the part of the singers. Another important factor of the Hingham school was the delightful lectures of Dr. W. J. Milne upon "Pedagogy," which were universally appreciated by the school. The drawing at Hingham was in charge of Mr. William Mason, supervisor of drawing at Philadelphia.

In Chicago the preliminary local arrangements had been carefully managed by Miss Mary Reid Pierce, of the American Book Company, one of those new women who accomplish desirable results with a minimum of trumpet blowing and other unadvisable noise.

Among the accessory advantages of the Chicago session were six unusually interesting and suggestive lectures upon pedagogy by Dr. Tomkins of the University of Illinois; lectures upon geography, or rather, upon the methods of teaching it, by Professor Jacques W. Redway, author of a system of school geographies, contributor to Chambers' and the Britannica Encyclopedias, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, etc. Arithmetic was in charge of Professor M. A. Bailey; drawing, Miss Gilbert, supervisor of drawing at New Bedford, Mass.; penmanship, Miss Smith, and physical culture under that of Mrs. Louise Preece, of Minneapolis. Musical lectures were given also by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor and the Editor of MUSIC.

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The lectures of Mr. Thomas Tapper are said to have improved in value over those of last year, although they were then commended as among the most important ever offered to American school teachers upon the inner principles of school music teaching. Mr. Tapper is clear in statement, ardent to find out the innermost soul of things, and a careful observer of order and time. As he is a clear and simple speaker, his work has the rare merit of presenting new ideas with a simplicity intended to make the hearer think that he has always thought so, or was just upon the point of thinking so. This is one of the utmost merits in a lecturer upon a scientific topic.

Mr. Ripley's work, naturally, concerned itself with the practical advantages of the charts and the system generally, which does not alone rest upon an incessant exercise of the eye in the notation, but also, as the reports from his school show, upon an inner cultivation of the musical ear and conception.

At the close of the school, which had been diversified by many agreeable incidents, very complimentary resolutions were passed by the members. The graduating class numbered eight. Next year the course will be divided into three grades, the highest being essentially a post-graduate study. Many of those in the first year have expressed their intention of completing the course by study during the year and attendance upon the lectures of the next session.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The Worcester (Mass.) Musical Festival will take place September 26 to 30, the conductor being Mr. Geo. W. Chadwick. The principal works will be "Elijah," given for the first concert, Tuesday, September 27, followed by two smaller works on Wednesday night: Mr. Chadwick's "The Lily Nymph" and Grieg's "Olaf Trygvasson." Thursday evening, selections from "Tannhaüser," and for the closing concert Professor H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima." The afternoon concerts will consist of miscellaneous selections. Among the artists will be Mdmes. Gadski, Dudley Buck, Jr., Frangconn Davies, Miss Aus der Ohe, and others.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SUNG.

Those persons who have been attending the performances of grand opera at the Auditorium doubtless know something about the wonders of "libretto English." This is the peculiar form of English used to elucidate the original Italian or German text. The translator attempts to preserve the form in which the line was first written and at the same time make the English sufficiently clear. Perhaps an idea of this particular kind of English could be con-

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veyed by telling just what would ensue if two persons met in State street and conducted a libretto conversation, at the same time acting after the manner of grand-opera characters.

Let it be supposed that Jamesio is passing along State street, more or less wrapped up in a tan mackintosh and carrying a closely wrapped umbrella. He meets Maggioli (Maggie), who is determined to show her new spring frock and wear violets no matter what the weather may be.

As soon as he sees her he puts his left hand over his heart, and, with his right hand advanced, strides toward her. She turns from him, and, with her face half-averted, says:

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!" running the scale.

Then they converse in recitative as follows:

Jamesio—"Ah, it is you here that now I see."

Maggioli—"Yes, it is I now that here you see."

Jam—"Once more again I thee meet."

Mag—"'Tis true. It I cannot deny."

Jam—"Oh, most beauteous thou, is it not that my heart beats at sight of thee?"

Mag—"Joy! Joy! He me doth love, even so as I should it wish to be."

Jam—"Tell me, what bringest thou here that I should already meet thee in State street yet?"

Mag—"Listen!"

Jam—"Yes, yes."

Mag—"I am shopping."

Jam—"She here is shopping."

Mag—"Noble sir, you have my inmost thoughts discerned and knowest now that I am here, even that I may my shopping do."

Jam—"What wouldst thou purchase?"

Mag—"He asks me! He asks me!"

Jam—"I repeat it once yet, Oh, beauteous Maggioli, what wouldst thou purchase here that I find thee now in State street? Answer!"

Mag—"Ah, dare I tell this noble gentleman what? Dare I? Dare I?"

Jam—"Speak! Dost thou not observe that soon I am impatient!"

Mag—"Then I must tell."

Jam—"Now she must tell."

Mag—"Listen! I come to buy a yard and three-quarters of salmon ruching."

Jam—"Merciful heavens! Wouldst thou now have it that my heart is to break?"

Mag—"'Tis true! Oh, how much now in my heart do I the feeling of regret know."

Jam—"Perfidious woman! Thou toldst me even yesterday it was yellow insertion that thou wouldst purchase."

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Mag (kneeling)—"Forgive me!"

Jam—"No—no. It I cannot do."

AIR—"MAGGIOLI IS UNTRUE."
(By Jamesio.)

Maggioli is untrue now that she comes
Here—to where I do see her now
That she would by her nature to deceive
—Oh, sorrow now that I do know
She did I love even with my soul
Now that in the happy days gone by
When I to her did my affection tell.

Mag—"List! I can explain!"

Jam—"No—no. I have not the time. Seest thou not I am busy? I am away!"

Mag—"Oh, to you do I ask that you shall not leave me in anger."

Jam—"'Tis so."

Mag—"Do not the words repeat."

Jam—"'Tis so again."

Mag—"Oh, accursed ruching! Now in deep penitence behold me."

Jam—"My love to hate has turned for thee, Maggioli."

Mag—"Oh, sorrow! Oh, sorrow! Oh sorrow!"

DUET—"ALL IS NOW OFF."
(By Jamesio and Maggioli)

"All is now off, and we shall each
Soon to the other his or her presents return
That in the glad days joys seemed bright.
Ere that sorrow soon shall be.
When in the vows of true affection,
Each to the other would that it should be,
Even so before this dire misfortune
Which it will be to separate."

Mag—"You would not away?"

Jam—"Even so, and now without delay."

Mag—"To where wouldst goest thou to, O Jamesio?"

Jam—"Dare I tell her?"

Mag—"Will he tell me?"

Jam—"Dare I tell her?"

Mag—"Will he tell me?"

Jam—"Insistest thouest?"

Mag—"I dost."

Jam—"Then hark, even that I should say it where I am going."

Mag—"Aha! He speaks!"

Jam—"I go—must I speak?"

Mag—"Yes—yes."

Jam—"I go—to the matinee!"

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Mag—"You—to the matinee?"
Jam—"I—to the matinee."
Mag—"Alone goest thou?"
Jam—"Quite so."

AIR—"HE TO THE MATINEE."
(By Maggioli.)

"He to the matinee now departest,
Where in enjoyment there to enjoy himself.
While I—most unhappy one,
Here to work hour upon hour
That I may buy yet my ruching.
Oh, that he should desert me,
So that my heart is thus beating for him
Seems it not more to be cruel?"

Jam—"Enough, Maggioli, I must quit thee."
Mag—"Duckest thou, love?"
Jam—"Even so."
Mag—"Oh, heart of stone, canst thou not sometimes yield?"
Jam—"Nay, nay."
Mag—"Not once?"
Jam—"Not once—or twice."
Mag—"Then I die."
Jam—"Here?"
Mag—"Here—if I choose. What matterest it thou to thee?"
Jam—"Enough—sorry I am now that I did speak. Farewell!"
Mag—"Leave me not! Look! I have gold! This will I spend even for sweet confections."
Jam—"Temptress! No, no! Me you cannot dissuade. Now to the matinee goest I."
Mag—"Jamesio! Pardoni mio, pleasio!"
Jam—"Away!"
Mag—"Help! Help! Watch me! I faint!"
Jam—"She faints. I must away!"
Mag (again kneeling)—"Here again would I tell all that you may know it is not as it would seem. Ask me! Jamesio!"
Jam—"No—no! Again—I go. Farewell."
Mag—"Jamesio! Hey!" (Whistles at him.)
He rushes away with both arms in the air. She falls on the sidewalk in a dead faint.—Chicago Record.

AMERICAN SUPREMACY IN MUSICAL INVENTION.

Upon the occasion of a piano maker's dinner at Boston, that astute observer and clever writer, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, had something to say of the reason of American inventiveness in musical directions, and the reason of the same, which are worthy of preservation.

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Dr. Hale began by quoting the saw of a relative of his, that if you do not know anything, go to a dinner party and ask. At a dinner party, he said, you would meet men who knew everything. He referred to the various congresses of professional men, the doctors then being in session at Denver, and referred to Bellamy's plan of regulating society by advices from congresses of experts in the department in question, these recommendations being accepted by the national congress, and the reform thereupon instituted. Then he goes on:

"Now, why is it—how is it—that we in America—we should have such congresses when they do not have them in other countries? Why is it, again, that we are making pianofortes in this country to such a large extent, when, in other countries, they devote their energies to industries of a cruder form? I have got in one of the rooms of my house the first piano Jonas Chickering ever saw.

"What moral can we find in the circumstance by which Jonas Chickering's attention was turned from being a machinist in a cotton factory to enter upon the taking up of this industry in America? Why is it that a machinist in New Ipswich, or in New Hampshire, turns to making pianos? Does a blacksmith in Bulgaria turn to making pianos? Is there anywhere in Nijni-Novgorod, or in Archangel, or in the center of Russia, where such a change of conditions is brought about? Is there any country in this world where a man turns about, as you see everywhere in this country, from the cruder forms of manufacture into the making of pianofortes, or of watches, or of locomotive engines, or from every trace or indication of the profession he started in, excepting America? No. It comes in America because America is America, and because the Constitution of America is what it is.

"So long as you choose to misgovern a country it is bound to decay. We have the example at present in the country with which we are at war—Spain, which has been misgoverned for five hundred years. So long as you choose to misgovern a country, as is the case with some of the countries of the world just now, so long you will have no Jonas Chickerings manufacturing pianos, and you will not have nine states represented in a convention of musicians such as you see before you now. You will not have fine art developed in the way the Mayor has just pointed out, by a steady process, which you have had here because we live in a government of the people, for the people, by the people.

"I was saying, Mr. Miller, the other day that we cannot see that it is a certain natural development of a race which we call the Anglo-American race, I believe, just now, because it happens to be made up of five parts Northmen, three parts Saxons, five parts Lombards, and ten parts God knows who. (Laughter.) You can't say that it is the characteristic of our particular race. I said, Mr.

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Miller, that the men who leveled their muskets over the ramparts at Bunker Hill—and I hope he will take you down to see Bunker Hill—those men leveled the identical muskets that had been used in the reign of Queen Anne; and in my boyhood's days Queen Anne's muskets were still spoken of. Why was it that between 1710 and 1775 there had not been the change of a scratch in the shape of a musket? They still used the old lock which was used in Queen Anne's day.

"The men that fought at Bunker Hill wore clothes that their great-grandmothers brought over from Plymouth and Holland. Why was it that the manufacture of linens had not been improved in a century and a half; that the other day, when a baby was born to the Emperor of Russia or somewhere, and they wanted to send for the finest swaddling clothes to wrap the baby in, they sent up to Ballardville to get the cloth? (Laughter.) To that can be traced the impetus that is given to the brain of every gentleman who sits around me here, so that he has suggested some new novelty, or some new fad, or something or other which has had its influence in making the best piano in the world. (Laughter.) And that came not with the Declaration of Independence; no, it came with the day that Ben Franklin and Lord Shelburne made the treaty which made America independent. And from that treaty came the determination in America of open promotion; that, if the man who made chairs went to preach the Gospel he might preach the Gospel, and that, if the man who preached the Gospel wanted to make watches, he might make watches; if he wanted to be President of the United States, he might be President of the United States; he could get the office if he could get over half the people to say he should. Open promotion for everybody is the living principle of this government."

MINOR MENTION.

At the Royal Conservatory of Music, in Parma, Italy, under the direction of Maestro Tebaldini, they do things very well. One of the recent programs contained Saint-Saens' septette for piano and quintette for strings and trumpet; at the same concert was given a march for orchestra, by the director, Mr. Tebaldini.

In this connection it is noticed that in a concert given by the orchestra from La Scala, Milan, in London, under the direction of Leandro Campanari, formerly of Cincinnati, this same march of Tebaldini was given with fine success.

There have also been played at the conservatory at Parma some very interesting programs of old Italian music by such composers as Bassani, Scarlatti, Zipoli, Marcello, Vinaccesi, Lotti, Tartini and Galuppi. The compositions were for violin and piano, piano alone,

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piano and flute, motette for three voices, quartette for strings and selections for orchestra. For purposes of this kind it is an advantage to the school to have had a past, an advantage which is perhaps almost in excess in Italy.

* * *

Miss Mamie L. Sherratt, the brilliant pupil of Mr. Godowsky, has been engaged as piano teacher in the Chicago Conservatory.

* * *

The Des Moines Symphony Orchestra has been giving some concerts at Chautauqua in that place, with such selections as the "Jupiter" overture by Hoffmann, and various concert overtures. Mr. Fred W. Carberry, the tenor, has appeared a number of times as soloist with great distinction.

* * *

The press notices of the lectures by Dr. Bartlett are all of a very flattering kind, showing that his long musical studies and wide experience have borne good fruit.

* * *

The Philharmonic Society of Newport, R. I., has inaugurated a valuable innovation in the form of twenty-minute intermissions, during which time the members by previous arrangement perform solos. The list of the compositions given last year is a very creditable one indeed, ranging from preludes and fugues by Bach to all sorts of selections by Beethoven, Schumann and later composers, of piano and chamber music, a variety of arias and songs and vocal quartettes, the range being wide and interesting. The value of this feature lies in its tending to keep up the interest of the members.

* * *

The "Amphion," a fortnightly review of music and fine arts, published at Lisbon, is suspended for some months, but intends to resume later with improvements.

* * *

The Tivoli Opera Company commenced their season of grand opera at San Francisco with an exceptionally fine production of "Aida." Marie Brandis sang in the title role with much dramatic power. Mary Linck was also very fine as Amneris. Of the men, Rhys Thomas as Rhadames and Maurice De Vries as the Ethiop King divided the honors, both being in splendid form. Mr. Thomas won great praise by his superb rendering of "Celeste Aida." Sig. Wanrell as the High Priest and W. H. West as the King completed an excellent cast. "Lucia" followed with Anna Lichter in the title role and Sig. Zarni and Wm. Pruette as Edgar and Henry Ashton, respectively.

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THE SONG ELEMENT IN PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY CAROLINE V. SMITH.

To define the value of the song element in public school music is rather difficult, for it represents in the broadest sense everything that is possible in music. The history of the music of a people is largely contained in the song element, beginning with simple melody, reaching at last divine harmony. It would be interesting to trace the history of song from the early Grecian period, through the centuries, to a motive or chorus by Wagner, and yet through all ages song has been infinitely comforting as an expression of joy, sorrow, courage, hope or triumph. The song element is essentially the culture element in music, representing attainment, that for which we are striving--an expression of that which is best in the human heart.

"A school song in the heart of a child," says Phillips Brooks, "will do as much for his character as a fact in his memory or a principle in his intellect."

A school music course has naturally its limitations. If a love and taste for good music be inspired, it matters little whether children have acquired every form of music or not. Surely a love for that which is beautiful in music will furnish a child with unlimited possibilities later in life.

Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann will have a deeper meaning if the child has learned to appreciate true music in any form. The song element, because of both the words and the music, is a never-failing source of inspiration and in the hands of a musical teacher can form the basis of many interesting lessons. There is much to tell about the song itself: the various characteristics of the melodies of different nations, the introduction of modulation, the musical expression demanded by each tune, a study of the words, the thought expressed by the song, and many other collateral subjects which, though they may look very learned on paper, are quite capable of being explained to the simplest mind in the simplest language. The interpretation of a song,

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quite often, possible of being thoroughly artistic, will greatly assist in cultivating the musical taste of pupils. A lullaby, for example, has a wonderfully quieting effect in the schoolroom and can be made the means of securing a pure, sweet tone when all else fails in correcting poor tone-quality.

"From the earliest period of our national life we have been receiving from all parts of the world accessions of those who have come to our shores to help build up this great republic. These various classes have brought with them their characteristic national songs, folk songs and ballads, which have become by our association with them interwoven with our national musical literature."

The school music reader has done much to perpetuate the music of other nations. This is explained by the fact that when music was first introduced in our public schools about fifty years ago, foreign music and methods were largely retained. There is, however, at present this difference between music in European schools and our own: we are solving the sight reading problem far more successfully, thus furnishing the means for future study, while abroad the song element, or culture element, is still prominent.

As a people we are without songs, apparently so. With due reverence for songs generally borrowed from other nations, especially Germany, is there not something of interest in our land, which might serve as material for songs? Have we really no composers, no poets? In the musical world, at least, it is generally acknowledged that the American composer is writing the best short song of to-day. If our own Gilchrist, Chadwick, Foote, Gerrit Smith, Neidlinger, Margaret Ruthven Lang, Shelley, Mrs. H. A. A. Beach, Mrs. Jessie Gaynor and others satisfy the artist, need we hesitate to accept our song writers at school?

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

There is but little hope for national music until the American composer finds his way to the heart of the American people through the schoolroom. This would not exclude many gems found in the German, English and other school song books, but the American genius or spirit ought certainly also to find a home in our schools.

Consider for a moment our surroundings, which furnish the subject matter or text for most songs—our own flora, the dainty trillium, anemone, columbine, gentian, meadow rue, goldenrod, our birds and trees, the thousand and one things naturally of interest to the child because well known and loved. Why offer so exclusively the daffodil, cuckoo, linnet, nightingale—all interesting in themselves, but strangely foreign to the average child?

The same is true of the spinning, hunting and other songs in-

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variably requirng translation. I have never been quite able to understand why a child in the primer class should be singing hunting songs; at that tender age this seems like encouraging rather a dangerous practice.

Again, poets of the earlier periods seem to occupy a remarkably prominent place in our music readers; do we of older growth sing daily those excellent old poets, Chaucer, Cowper or Keats? How refreshing Frank Demster Sherman's verses or Eugene Field's exquiste lines would appear in school music!

Song ought to be a perfect instrument in the hands of the teacher for ministering to the inner life of childhood. But in order to do its most effective work each song should be an embodiment of that which the child can comprehend, feel and enjoy.

THE SERIOUS SIDE.

There is a serious side to school music—serious and sacred, the sacred music being so full of that which is most lofty in sentiment and thought. But even then the spirit of joy can prevail, expressed best of all carols, many of which are so full of interest. Every child would be happy in singing Haydn's sweet old carol, "Holy Night, Peaceful Night," and many others equally beautiful. Carols have come to us, quaint and gay, sweet and tender, with curious references to legends and customs, and certain events of history. for the people of the olden time caroled about everything that seemed to them of any particular importance. The historical character of many carols would make them interesting in the schoolroom, and they would occupy a place of so much more importance than the meaningless rhymes offered so frequently in school music readers.

The joy of school life could be expressed very appropriately in songs of a ringing, stirring character. Such songs as "Marching Through Georgia," De Koven's "Stone Cutter's Chorus," his "Tinker's Chorus" from "Robin Hood," Lacome's "Estudiantina," Lohr's "Out on the Deep"—all songs which are of a bright, martial character ought to be well represented in the school song book.

In the advanced grades the songs assume a more universal rather than local character, as in the primary classes. People's songs (folk songs), popular songs like "My Old Kentucky Home," the classics, such as Beethoven's "Creation Hymn," Handel's "Largo" and "Hallelujah Chorus," and patriotic music, both of our own as well as other nations, should frequently be sung. The literature and music contained in patriotic selections is interesting from an entirely different standpoint than that of ordinary music, having a much broader significance.

Perhaps the most concrete illustration of what children are capa-

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ble of doing in song can be found in the boy choirs of to-day. It is true that voices are selected for this purpose, and special training and advantages are enjoyed; this, however, only proves that children are capable of rendering and enjoying the best there is in music at a very early age. It is only by looking beyond the every-day horizon into that larger world of music that we realize the possibilities of the song element in public school music.

It is to be hoped that the average school music reader may be greatly enriched by making use of the wealth of material lying all about us—and so realize more fully day by day the words of the poet, "We are better for every good song we hear."

(Note: Read at the last Minnesota Educational Association, illustrated by Miss Barbara F. Russell, of LaCrosse, Wis., a graduate of the Class of '94, state normal school, with a number of songs by American composers: "Morning-Glories," "Robin Red-breast," "Violets," contained in "The Child's Garden of Song," Tomlins; Eugene Field's "Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street," arranged by DeKoven, and other selections.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA THOMAS.

Question: I am a grade teacher expected to teach music and knowing very little of music myself. We have no supervisor so have to come occasionally to "MUSIC" for assistance. Will you suggest something that will be helpful?

Answer: If possible I would try and take a course in music even if it must be short. You can perhaps find a teacher who can help you or you can take a course by correspondence. I would look over the work I was to accomplish very carefully and would single out little problems that you know would trouble you and work particularly on those. If you can conquer them you have gained a great battle. Then make out a plan of work for the term and try and accomplish well what you have undertaken. Make your music helpful not only to yourself but to your pupils.

Question: Would you advise holding grade meetings? My superintendent leaves it with me and I feel my teachers do not like them.

Answer: I most certainly should hold regular grade meetings. If in a large city call all the teachers together. Explain the work and outline your plans for the coming term. Then as soon as possible have the teachers meet you by grades. Try and persuade the teachers to become familiar with the work in the preceding grades and also with the work that follows their grade. They will then

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know what they have to prepare for. At the meetings go over the work for the month, song, chart and book work making helpful suggestions.

Question: I was told that you had written for your schools a verse about Dewey to be sung to the time of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Kindly have it printed.

Answer: The following was written for my schools by one of my teachers and we in Detroit use it as the fourth verse of the "Red, White and Blue":

Oh! Dewey! the pride of the navy!
The glory and boast of our land!
We lift our glad voices to honor
The bravery of you and your band,
The sailors who answered the orders,
The men who commanded so true
The flag that was floating above them,
The glorious Red, White and Blue.

Chorus:

Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
Oh! Dewey's the pride of the navy,
Three cheers for the man and his crew.

Question: Will you please give me the names of some high school songs, both unison and part songs?

Answer: The following I think will do nicely for a high school:

Kipling's "Recessional," arr. by DeKoven. Published in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"The Mariner's," by Randegger. Published by G. Schirmer.

"Heaven and the Earth Display," by Mendelssohn. Published by Ginn & Co. (Coda.)

"The Bridal Chorus," by Cowen. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co.

"Sweet Marden Bells" (quartette), by Walter Spinney. Published by Clayton F. Summy Co.

"Mighty Jehovah," Bellini. Key of D. Ditson & Co.

"May Day," Hadley. Schirmer & Co.

"Out on the Deep," Löhr. Key of Bb.

"Estudiantina," Lacome. Key of C.

"The Toreador" (solo and unison chorus). From "Carmen." Bb minor.

"Calvary," Rodney (solo and unison chorus). Mezzo soprano.

"Jerusalem," Parker (solo and unison chorus).

"Nazareth," Gounod (solo and unison chorus).

"O Holy Night," Adam (solo and unison chorus).

"Venetian Boat Song," Blumenthal. Mezzo-soprano.

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"To Thee, O Country," Eichberg.
"Rose Maiden," Cowen.
"Sion," Rodney.
"Bonnie Fish Wives," Foster.
"Pilgrim's Chorus," Wagner.
"Sweet and Low," Barnby.
"Evening Melody," Barnby.
"The Largo," Handel.
"When the Heart Is Young," Buck.
"Lead Kindly Light," Gillette.
"Men of Harlech," Welsh.
"Sailors' Dance," Molloy.
"Hark, Hark, the Lark," Schubert.
"Welcome, Pretty Primrose," Pusuti.
"Bells of Saint Mary," Rodney.
"The King of Love My Shepherd Is," Gounod.

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MUSICAL CLUBS

THE AMATEUR CLUB.

(Indianapolis.)

Following is the circular of the Indianapolis Amateur Club for the present season. The program is given in full on account of the intelligence shown in arranging the material for agreeable and productive study:

The "Amateurs" will enter upon the sixth season of their work for 1898-1899, October 1st, the president's day.

Recalling the past successes of the club and the ever increasing interest of the members in the work, the program committee have decided to continue last year's plan, and they rely confidently on the loyal support and active participation of all concerned.

The work will be along the lines pursued to advantage last year in Mathews' "How to Understand Music." The course, as contemplated, embraces a systematic advance, beginning with lesson 22 in the text book, and at the close of the meetings a gradual review of the previous chapters, all enlivened by copious illustrations.

The fifteen meetings will be held on Saturdays, 2:30 p. m., as per program appended, twelve being for work and three purely social. The program on each occasion will be in charge of the host or hostess, and will be arranged to do "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Those who have been regular attendants of the meetings realize the good they have derived from the work, and they, with all past members, are urged to prove their zeal by prompt and regular attendance in the coming year.

All past and present pupils of Mr. Leckner are cordially invited to join the club. By filing your application at earliest convenience, a great favor will be conferred, as the detail of work will be arranged with reference to the participants.

Further information may be obtained from the president, Mrs. Max Leckner, 709 North Pennsylvania street, or the undersigned. Miss Bertha Coulter, Secretary, No. 933 Fayette street.

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PROGRAM.

1898.

October 1—At the residence of Mr. Max Leckner, No. 709 North Pennsylvania street—Social.
October 15—Lessons 22, 1, 2.
October 29—Lessons 23, 3.
November 12—Lessons 24, 4, 5.
November 26—Lessons 25, 6, 7.
December 10—Lessons 25, 8, 9.

1899.

January 14—Lessons 26, 10, 11.
January 28—Social.
February 11—Lessons 27, 12, 13.
February 25—Lessons 28, 14.
March 11—Lessons 29, 15, 16.
March 25—Lessons 30, 17.
April 8—Lessons 30, 18.
April 22—Lessons 19, 20, 21.
May 6—Social.

MISCELLANEOUS PROGRAM BY AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

(From "Music and Its Masters," by W. S. B. Mathews.)

For the convenience of clubs and classes desiring programs not so difficult of performance and confined to one or two composers, the following is composed, embracing examples from Messrs. Edgar S. Kelley, Wilson G. Smith, Homer A. Norris, E. R. Kroeger, Geo. W. Chadwick and Mr. William Sherwood. All of these gentlemen have made thorough studies of composition and several of them have exercised themselves in the larger forms, including orchestral and chamber writing. This is particularly true of Messrs. Chadwick, Kroeger and Kelley.

Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelley was born April 14, 1857; he is a native of Wisconsin, and was formerly a pupil of Mr. Clarence Eddy, after which he studied in Stuttgart. He has produced quite a large number of orchestral pieces, but only a small number for the pianoforte alone. I believe that dramatic music is his main delight. He is also a lecturer upon musical subjects, bringing to his task a large amount of knowledge upon the subject and plenty of enthusiasm.

I have here only two examples of his work, the first is entitled "The Flower Seekers," a very pretty and melodious scherzo, having the motto from Chaucer's "Court of Love:"

> "Fourth goeth al the court, both moste and leste,
> To feche the flowers freshe, and branche and blome."

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The second is entitled "Confluentia," and the motto upon it:

"Here is the conflux of the Rhine and the Mosel. This led the Romans to call the city Confluentia. These streams which rise in regions so remote—are here united until they pass into the eternal sea beyond."—Hans von Brechnowski, David Rockwell.

It is a piece in nocturne style with a melodious voice coming in in all sorts of forms, a little in the style of the well-known Schermann Warum.

Mr. Wilson G. Smith is a native of Ohio, educated under Otto Singer in Cincinnati, and at Berlin. He is a pianist and composer and has published a very large number of pieces (something like one hundred and fifty), among which it is quite possible more attractive selections could be found than these upon the present program; still these are the best I know of his. His work is light, melodious and pleasant to play.

The list from Mr. Smith comprises several very pleasant pieces. The "Valse Menuet," opus 43, No. 1, the "Reverie at the Piano," a sort of song without words; the second "Polka Caprice," which is very bright and pleasant, and the "Marche Fantastique," opus 73, which is more brilliant and diversified in its style than the others.

Mr. Ernest Kroeger is a native of St. Louis and has received his education there. He has written a large number of pieces for the piano (eighty or more), many songs, and quite a list of chamber and orchestral compositions.

I have here three sonnets; the first one is in G minor, a sort of cheerful nocturne, with the nicest melody and good musicianship. There is a vein of melancholy about it. The next one, allegretto in B minor, is very charming, and the last one is the strongest of all, I think. If a stronger representation of Mr. Kroeger's art is desired, his first suite for the piano can be taken.

Mr. Emil Liebling is better known as a teacher and pianist than as a composer, but it has been his good fortune to win high commendation for the few works he has published. He made his studies in composition under the late Heinrich Dorn, the same who was the master of Schuman in composition—though this may be no more than a coincidence. Mr. Liebling, although born in Berlin, has resided in the United States for nearly thirty years. He is essentially American.

The two Romances represent the most serious side of his work, in addition to which I have put in that very popular little scherzo, "Spring Song," and a very pleasing parlor valse.

Mr. William Sherwood, the distinguished pianist, is not generally known as a composer, but in any other country than this his strong tendency towards composition would have found encouragement and he would have been well known and probably as distinguished in this department as he is now in playing.

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I have placed Mr. Sherwood's compositions last because they are the strongest of any in the list, and also the most difficult, when well played they are very effective and deserve to be better known than has hitherto been the case.

The songs upon this programme represent two other composers. At the head of the list is placed those highly impassioned compositions by Mr. Geo. W. Chadwick, of Boston. Mr. Chadwick is one of the most accomplished American composers. From this set of songs called "Told in the Gates," selections are to be made at the convenience of singers.

This collection as a whole is one of the most remarkable of recent times. It would be difficult to find twelve equally stirring songs in the whole repertoire. The keynote is set by the very first song, "Sweetheart, Thy Lips Are Touched with Flame," and in examining it one hardly knows what to admire most, the symphonic skill of the accompaniment, or placing of the emphasis for the voice, or the intimate feeling for musical expression, which enables the composer to arrive at such thrilling effects. At the same time it is not a song for a timid singer or timid player. The second one, "Sings the Nightingale to the Rose," is of a more quiet and reposeful character, well written. The third, "The Rose Leans Over the Pool," a delightful scherzando, in which playful spirit and skillful use of material combine to produce its effect.

The fourth, "Love's Like a Summer Rose," has been noticed before. A very charming song, indeed, for more ordinary occasions, well within the resources of ordinary singers, but with an effect very unusual. The next, "As the Waves Without Number," a baritone song with a very elaborate accompaniment and the usual masterly opportunity for the singer. "Dear Love, When in Thy Arms I Lie," slow and very expressive melody, with a delightful bit of obligato in the first measures, where a 'cello would produce a charming effect; modeled a little after a song in Schumann's "Poet's Love."

"Was I Not Thine When Allah Spoke the Word, Which Formed from Earth the Sky?" a collossal song for baritone, having in it tenderness and the most intense passion. "In Mead Where Roses Bloom," adapted for mezzo-soprano. "Sister Fairest, Why Art Thou Sighing?" a gem adapted for the female voice. "O Let Night Speak of Me," dedicated to Max Heinrich. "I Said to the Wind of the South," dedicated to Miss Edmands; a song for mezzo-soprano, beautifully done.

PROGRAM.

Edgar S. Kelley—

The Flower Seekers.
Confluencia.

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Wilson G. Smith—

Valse-Menuet, op 43, No. 1.
Reverie at the Piano.
Second Polka Caprice.
Marche Fantastique.

Homer A. Norris, songs—

Twilight.

E. P. Kroeger—

2d, 3d and 4th Sonnets.

Emil Liebling—

Romance Dramatique.
Spring Song.
Madeleine Waltz.

Geo. W. Chadwick, songs—

According to the taste and convenience of the singers.

Wm. H. Sherwood—

Romance Appassionata, opus 8.
Gypsy Dance, opus 10.
Mazurka, opus 6.
Scherzo Caprice, opus 9.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Thinking from your knowledge of musical matters in general, etc., that you would be posted on the United States copyright laws relating to music, I would like to ask you the following questions: First—Can the words of a song be copyrighted separately from the music. Second—If said song (words) is adapted to an old air and produced, does that combination destroy the copyright on the original song?" M. I. B.

—

The words of a song can be copyrighted separately from the music. If the words of the old song were copyrighted, that is, if the writer published them in connection with the music, and one copyright entry was made, this copyright entry will protect both words and music, but if you can show that the words have been printed anywhere before they appeared in the copyright song, and appeared without notice of copyright, then you can set them to other music in this case and the copyright of the old song would not be interfered with at all. Your copyright will simply protect the arrangement of the old air to the old words, and every writer would be at liberty to do the same.

The copyright entry of small pieces of music protects each piece of which a separate entry is made. It is very doubtful whether the copyright on a book protects the individual pieces. What you copyright is the title page of the collection of pieces which make up the book. You will find that all musical publishers put a new copyright on each separate piece of music which they are very anxious to preserve.

It will not be safe for you to use the words from a copyrighted song unless you can prove that they were printed before appearing in the music.

I believe I have answered all your questions.

"In Mathews' Graded Course, Vol. II, page 19, exercise 20, bar 5, there are two groups of triplets marked with 3 for the first two beats, then six eighth notes without sign; also in bar 11 one group of three notes marked and nine eighth notes without sign. What

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does this mean, and how are they to be played? Will you kindly answer and oblige a subscriber?"

—

In both measures there are four triplets; the first one is marked and the others are not, but it was supposed that a player finding twelve eighth notes in a common measure, one marked triplets and the remainder grouped in three, would cipher it out that all alike were triplets.

"In my teaching I am using Mason's 'Touch and Technic,' and Mathews' 'Graded Studies.' Do you think it necessary for me to use any other technic exercises in connection with Mason's?

"What book would be suitable for a pupil who has finished Hugh A. Clark's 'Practical Lessons in Harmony'?

"I want a primer for beginners. I see your advertisement in MUSIC of Mason & Mathews' Primer. Is this suitable for beginners who have had only a few months' instruction?

"Respectfully, MRS. N. M. W."

—

In my opinion Mason's "Technical Exercises" are not only sufficient, but ample up to and including the end of the fifth grade. There are many of Mason's exercises which are excellent later on, but I do not think a pupil should ever discard the two-finger exercises. That is to say, when something else is put in the place of these, the touch presently deteriorates. The technic beyond the fifth grade is very largely drawn from the higher class of studies, such as Clementi, Chopin, Bach and also Brahms. I do not care to recommend a harmony book to follow Dr. Clark's "Practical Lessons." You had better refer that to him.

The "Primer of Music," by Mathews and Mason, is a book of elementary theory, intended to cover those parts of the instruction which are commonly slighted in private lessons. As the pupil ordinarily acquires his elementary theory, he gets it more by haphazard than by any kind of system, and the consequence is that many things which he knows well enough how to do he can not properly explain, in fact, has no adequate verbal forms to put his knowledge in. The Primer has been very much complimented by many teachers on account of its value in just such use.

"I find it a very hard task to secure proper music for my pupils. Could you, and at what price would you, furnish me the names of teaching material, studies and pieces and the manner of combining them? A. M."

—

I am not ready at present to undertake the contract above suggested, But if you care to know some of my ideas you can do so

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at a moderate expense in the manner following: Understand, first of all, that after thirty years' acquaintance with them, I prefer Mason's technical exercises to any other for the formation of tone-production, passage freedom and general mastery of the keyboard.

Upon the question of the proper manner of combining material for study, you will have in my "Graded Materials" (The John Church Company) my ideas of a sound course, containing the cream of passage studies, with a great deal of purely artistic material along with it; the whole covering the ground from beginning to graduation in eight grades and about four years' to time. In the "Standard Grades" (Theo. Presser) you have an earlier work, in which some of my ideas give place to perhaps better ones of Mr. Presser himself, who was an experienced and capable teacher before sinking to the position of a great music publisher. Take either of these as foundation for solid work.

Then upon the side of poetic playing and the cultivation of fine taste, use in the third and fourth grades my Book I of "Studies in Phrasing," and in the last of the fourth and in the fifth grades Book II of the same. This will give the pupil a wider range of fine and classical music than pupils usually get, and in a manner to improve her taste. In addition to the foregoing you now need pleasing pieces for parlor playing. I co-operated with Mr. Presser some years ago in making a collection of pleasing pieces, of which the first four grades are now in print. Also last year in connection with Mr. Emil Leibling I prepared a collection of pieces, ranging from the first to the fourth grades, which are now or soon will be issued by the Church Company in two volumes. In addition to these books any publisher will send you teaching music and popular pieces "on selection." Mr. Presser does a very large business of this kind, as also does the Hatch Music Company, and probably the John Church Company. If you will go through this material somewhat carefully (it will not take long nor cost very much) you will have in it the substance of my ideas—such as they are.

W. S. B. M.

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MUSIC FOR CHILDREN.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. Emma A. Thomas. (American Book Company.)

This collection of songs is intended to be used in connection with a book of stories, a story to be told in connection with each song. The pieces, most of them, are very pretty and are intended apparently for kindergarten and primary school use, where a piano is available for giving the songs in complete form with accompaniment.

On page 21 is the melody of Schubert's "Hedge Roses," without accompaniment. The omission of the accompaniment of this song, when it is given in connection with others far inferior, is not easily explained since the harmony is necessary to the accompaniment.

A SHORT COURSE IN MUSIC. Frederic H. Ripley, Thomas Tapper. (American Book Company.)

This first book of a short course in music consists primarily of favorite melodies and later of exercises for reading music in the different keys. In the earlier parts of the book nearly all the portraits are of the authors of the words. The use of the very serious hymn, "Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah," for primary schools, is rather questionable, and to set it to the prayer from "Zampa" is perhaps yet more questionable.

To the reviewer it seems a question whether the percentage of old music is not too large. At least it can be said that in this small compass are brought together a large number of attractive melodies and a great deal of really good music.

(C. F. Summy Co.)

PLAYTIME SONGS. Alice C. D. Riley—Jessie L. Gaynor.

"A Tiny Fish I'd Like to Be."
"The Gingerbread Man."
"The Jap Doll."
"The Slumber Boat."

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This collection of little songs is intended to be sung to children for play; the compositions belong to the same class as others already published by the same authors; the words are attractive and the music clever. The whole perhaps would answer as well to the American woman's universal attributive, "cute," as any explanation that can be given. Perhaps of all the waltz sons, "Baby's Boat Is the Silver Moon," is the prettiest.

SIGHT SINGER'S AID. A. L. Mackechnie, London. (Robert Cocks & Co.)

Part 1, The Major Modes.
Part 2, The Minor Modes.

These two octavo pamphlets, of fifteen pages each, are very curious. The first one consists of a certain number of nonsense verses for assisting pupils to the intervals of the major scale, and the second to the same for the minor scale. They might be used as incidental helps in the schoolroom at least without harm, and perhaps with positive advantage.

(From Miles & Thompson, Boston.)

A HOLIDAY. Six piano pieces by L. E. Orth.

1. "A Holiday Morning."
2. "Dance in the Grove."
3. "By the Mill."
4. "The Mowers."
5. "Fireflies."
6. "Midsummer Night."

In this collection of little pieces Mrs. L. E. Orth has made a very nice addition to the repertoire of teaching pieces available for the second and third grades. The pieces are all pleasing, practicable and useful. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 6 are what teachers sometimes call finger pieces, running work being the main intention. No. 3 is a melody with accompaniment, No. 4 a mazourka. These pieces all should prove practicable and valuable playing for children.

THREE LITTLE PIANO PIECES. By L. E. Orth.

"Bugler's March."
"Bouquet Walse."
"Dancing Girl."

The three little pieces in this collection are easier than the preceding ones and are available in second grade. The first is a march, the second a waltz and the third a gavotte.

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(From Novello, Ewer & Co., London and New York.)

TWELVE ACTION SONGS. Composed by Myles B. Foster.

"The Crow Boys."
"Swing Song."
"The Proud Pig."
"Pussy Asleep."
"Pussy-cat Mole."
"The Little Carpenters."
"Haymakers' Song."
"The Colliers."
"The Soldier-boys."
"Dancing Leaves."
"The Fly."
"Hush Song."

This is a collection of very pleasing songs with libretto for action, the music is given in the standard notation and in the tonic sol fa.

(From A. B. Stevens Company, Boston.)

AS IT BEGAN TO DAWN. Homer A. Norris.

This Easter anthem arrived late in the day, but it is none the less acceptable, the first part, consisting of a long recitative, is a very interesting illustration of the modern use of dissonances and passing notes and altered chords. The choral part of the work is perhaps less interesting. In the middle there is a very excellent bass solo, "I Will Extol Thee O Lord, My God."

ALLELUIA. An Easter Song. By Homer A. Norris.

Like the preceding, interesting as an illustration in composition.

(From Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston.)

PIANO MUSIC. By Mr. G. W. Chadwick.

Congratulation. Opus 7, No. 1.
Scherzino. Opus 7, No. 3.
Irish Melody. Opus 7, No. 5.
Two Caprices. No. 1, C major; No. 2, G minor.

At the beginning of the season is a good time for teachers to make selections of sterling compositions for use a little later. The pieces above mentioned, by Mr. G. W. Chadwick, have all been published several years and have been lost sight of, nevertheless they all have so much intrinsic worth that they deserve to be better known throughout the country at large. They are all characterized by decided vigor of rhythm, harmonic freedom and a considerable degree of melodic invention, and are therefore extremely well adapted

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for illustration in musical clubs, when the American composer is in question, and are thoroughly sound and admirable pieces for teaching purposes. The first one is short, only two pages long, with free and hearty rhythm. The player will do well to notice that the chords in the first measure are tied.

The Scherzino, No. 3, Allegro con fuoco, in the key of E flat, is a piece of about the fifth grade, or fourth, vigorous and worth hearing.

The Irish Melody is a serious melody in Irish style, treated contapuntally in a very serious way. It is only two pages long and is thoroughly unique.

The best of all this collection, perhaps, is the Caprice No. 2. It is extremely well done and might have been written for orchestra. It is about the fifth grade, and is well worthy a place in concerts and exhibitions. Almost as much might be said of the Caprice No. 1, which is not quite so difficult.

COMPOSITIONS BY ARTHUR FOOTE:

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The first and last of these selections are revised editions of compositions which were published about twelve years ago. The Prelude is well made and vigorous, the Romance pleasing, the Capriccio very good indeed, as it needs should be if dedicated to Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler. The three pieces for left hand have been noticed in these columns before and are mentioned again as a reminder. The same may be said of the other two, the Caprice and the Etude, both of which are valuable for study and for playing, and belong to the sixth grade.

(From the Boston Music Co.)

COMPOSITIONS FOR THE PIANO. By B. L. Whelpley.

"Albumleaf."
"Through Brake and Brier."
"Dance of Gnomes."
"In the Forest."
"Under Bright Skies."

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All these pieces are remarkably well adapted for teaching purposes and for parlor playing. The first one is a rather quiet melody in the time of a slow waltz, fourth grade. The second one is a valuable finger study for sustained speed (fourth grade).

The third a very charming Scherzo with a great deal of refinement in the harmonic treatment and in the rhythms; extremely well worthy attention for teaching.

Fourth, "In the Forest," is a sentimental piece of about the fourth grade.

"Under Bright Skies" is an excellent study in quick changes of hand positions, at the same time it is musical and spirited.

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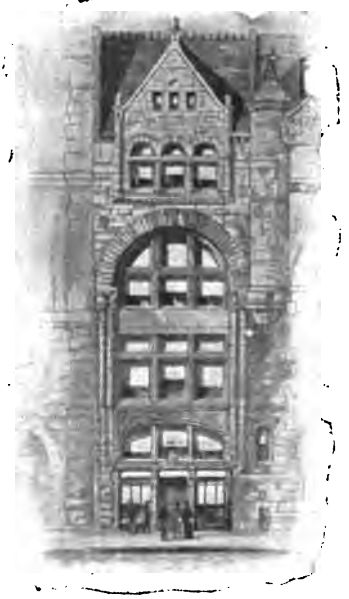

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WHAT GIVES A VOICE VALUE?

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

What is it that gives value to a voice? Makes a voice worth cultivating? Makes people desire to hear a voice again and again? Is it the amount of tone, the volume? Not primarily. Is it the range? Comparatively few of a mixed audience have any clear notion on this point, unless some "phenomenally high note" has been extensively advertised, and is distinctly pointed out by the singer when it comes. Then what is it that determines the value of a voice; decides whether it is fine, medium, or poor? It is the quality of the tone.

Tone quality is the test. The voice is an instrument just as the violin or a piano is an instrument, and everywhere the supreme test is quality. Of course, to make a perfect instrument there must in addition be sonority, volume, compass and flexibility. But these are entirely subsidiary to the quality of the tone.

This is true of music in its every branch, both in theory and in practice. When you come to the final analysis of that which is most forceful and most lasting in its effect, it is always inseparably bound up with the emotional power of beautiful tone. This is why an Ysaye hunts the world over for a perfect violin, because as an instrument it is capable of giving forth a tone such as other instruments can not. With another instrument his technique is the same, the poetry of his imagination, the grasp of his intellect, are the same, but the tone is not there, and he cannot draw it out. So it is with every other instrument upon which men play, so it is in the highest

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degree with that most expressive of all instruments, the human voice.

It is not how loud you can sing, nor how high, nor yet with what runs and arpeggios, but it is the tone. For the moving power, the emotional power of the voice lies in the beauty, the sympathetic quality of the tone. The undisputed reign that Patti held for so many years in the hearts of all the people of all civilized nations came from the quality of her voice. It was not that she could sing any higher, or louder, or longer, or any more difficult passages, because she could not. Many a worthy German lady of ample girth could pour forth a volume of tone such as Patti could not rival; nor did she try. In the recollection of those who remember Patti in her prime, it is not on the brilliant feats of bravura, with which she used to electrify the audience, that they love to dwell. It is upon her singing of some quiet passage of sustained singing in which she could pour out her voice in all its limpid purity, which produced an effect too deep for words or applause, but which remains in the memory as a moment of perfect enjoyment.

So it is with Melba today. Because her voice can give out a tone of such beauty she is what she is. The critic and the musician may complain from now until the end of the chapter that she only sings the same old "barrel organ tunes," that she is not an actress, nor a fine musician—but that is not the point. She has the voice, and its power is that of the Stradivarius. So long as Melba and Patti, and those in the years to come who shall have such voices, sing the "barrel organ tunes," the people will love them.

But it is not merely in the old operas of the Italian school that the quality of the tone is all in all. In the Wagner opera of today the same law holds. No one at least in this country has ever made Isolda and Brunhilde speak to the people with such power as Lilli Lehmann, except perhaps Klafsky. In each it was because they could sing those parts, with all that means, not shout them. Their voices were beautiful instruments and as such could give a meaning and a power to that beautiful music such as no declamatory force could ever approach. It is not vociferation, not strength of lungs and iron throat, that moves an audience, whether in song, opera, or in

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the drama. The singer or actor in tearing the passion to rags and tatters is simply calling the audience to witness his impotence.

The moment any artist, however great, permits himself to overstep the bounds, to forget that his voice is an instrument, and put power before beauty, marks the beginning of his downfall. No intellectual grasp, no declamatory power that seeks to bring out the meaning of each word, can for a moment supply the lack of that tone quality that speaks to the sense of beauty.

A distinguished artist was once speaking on just this point in reference to two great men, whom he had many times supported in the same role, Jean de Reszke and Max Alvary, in Tristan. "Much as I admire Alvary as an artist," he said, "I must admit that de Reszke is the greater, for he never loses sight of the great fact that the music of Wagner must be sung, and that if in declamation you carry the voice beyond a certain point it inevitably loses the beauty of the tone quality. No matter what force and meaning you may put into each phrase, the great effect of the whole is lost if the singer forgets that his voice is an instrument, and that the power of an instrument to move depends upon its tone. Alvary sought to produce his effects by declamation, and when carried away by the excitement of the scene, forgot that he was singing and demanded more of his voice than any voice could stand. He forgot that the voice is an instrument. Now Jean de Reszke is always studying just how far the voice can go, how much he may give in passages of the most intense emotion and still keep the tone. Time and again I have seen him shake his head and heard him say: 'That was too much; that will spoil all.' That is why he has mounted higher and higher each year and is today a greater artist and a better singer than ever. He knows that the great effect, that which thrills an audience, is produced by intense passion, so controlled that it does not overstep the possibilities of the voice. For the voice is an instrument, and the music of Wagner, if its beauty is to be revealed, must be sung."

Now, what is the first question the student asks of his teacher? Nine times out of ten it is: "Is my voice strong enough?" The tenth time it is: "Have I enough range?" while that

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which really determines the value of a voice, the quality of the tone, is apparently never thought of, or at least is passed by as of minor importance. It is of course true that to sing the great works a voice of power and range is demanded, but of what value are power and range if the tone is of such quality that people seek any means of escape until the singer has finished?

Every pupil should keep firmly before his mind as the goal of his ambition to make his voice an instrument capable of producing beautiful tones; and let him set this down for a fact that beauty of tone and ease of production are so interrelated that you cannot have the one without the other. The two form the foundation of good singing and the long life of the voice. Everything that is correctly used will grow strong by use. The voice that is easily and well produced will grow more powerful with each year. But let power or range be the goal, let the pupil bend all his energies toward getting as much volume as possible from his voice, and just so sure the voice will lose whatever quality it may have had, sound forced and labored, and in the end be another ruined voice to add to the list.

To develop a voice is a work of time. It must have time to grow, and as it grows must be watched with the utmost care that it develops symmetrically. Above all it must not be forced. It is easy, if the teacher is regardless of consequences, to obtain a very rapid increase of power, and gain several additional notes. But this is simply forcing the voice, and as sure as one day follows another will result in a strain.

Next to the quality of the tone, that which makes most for the value of a voice is the ease with which it is produced. The first requisite for ease of production is that the voice shall not be given heavier work than it can stand. It is a delicate question to decide just how much a voice can do without any forcing, and the teacher must be the judge. The beginnings of forcing, like other bad qualities, may escape all but a most practiced ear, but it is then that the remedy can easily be applied. If a voice is left to the tender mercies of some ambitious pupil until it is strained, the result is evident to all, but to restore it to freshness and strength is a long work, if indeed it can be done.

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Nothing gives more pleasure in singing than spontaneity or "naturalness." When we hear any great singer we are not conscious of the difficulties, it is all done with such mastery and repose that, as we say, "it seems as though any one could do that," yet let a singer be ever so great, if he goes beyond that mysterious line, which no one can describe, though all can recognize, and begins to force, he fails of his effect. We know that is wrong.

It makes no difference what sort of a voice a pupil may have, whether large or small, with a wide or limited compass, if he will confine himself to music within his capacity, he can sing it so as to give pleasure to a cultivated listener. Then he does not need to strain merely to reach the notes, but can pay attention to the sentiment of the music. If he sings in such a manner with some conception of the music and without forcing the voice, it will grow with each year. In time he will be able to sing with ease and feeling music such as would, if attempted too soon, have injured his voice. It is in this way that the voice and the singer develop together until at length that intangible something called an "artist" is formed.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann began her career as a public singer with a voice of light, high character, as a coloratura singer. As her voice grew she developed in understanding of her art, she began to sing the heavier and more sustained roles. But she always followed the growth of her voice as an instrument and never demanded of it what it could not do well. In this way, by never forcing the voice, she could always sing whatever music she attempted, until in her prime she was the greatest interpreter of great roles we have heard, because she could sing them. Her voice was an instrument of beautiful quality, perfectly at her command. So the expression of grandeur, of deepest sentiment, of greatest passion, was to her possible, not merely because she could imagine all the beauty of the music, but because her voice responded to her. What she desired to express she had the means to express.

This is the test of the great artist. The audience does not know and cannot know how perfect an image of beauty there may be in an artist's mind. The audience only knows what he makes them feel by tones he actually sings. Let the music be never so beautiful, the poetry never so perfect, if the voice is rough, or harsh, or the singer labors and grows red in the

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face, he cannot produce the effect of beauty and repose. A great artist may win our admiration by wonderful interpretation even though his voice falls short of our desire, but he does this in spite of such shortcomings, not because of them.

An old Italian teacher of singing once said: "You must learn to sing first. Anybody can learn to shout at any time, but if you learn to shout first, you will never learn to sing."

It is because so many singers feel themselves wanting in the art of vocalizing that they begin to lay such stress upon declamation and interpretation. But declamation, so-called, is usually not singing, and interpretation in the highest sense is absolutely dependent on a finely attuned instrument. We study the art of singing not as an end in itself, but merely that we may adequately sing the music of the great masters. Technique for itself alone is nothing. One who depends on his technique, be it ever so perfect, will never be a great artist. But interpretation depends absolutely upon technical skill. No matter what may be a singer's feeling for music, his thought, and study, if his voice, the instrument by which he is to express himself, be not finely adjusted so that it will respond easily and surely to the varying emotions, he cannot express, cannot interpret.

To sing the music of the great masters is every singer's ambition, but it can only be as a result of long, steady development both of his artistic perception and his voice. The two qualities demanded of an artist are a tone beautiful and sympathetic, and repose. If these two qualities are to be found in the finished artist they must begin with his first lessons and grow with his growth. If the young student does not produce his tone with ease, hard work and more difficult music will not give it to him. If the tone be rough, or forced, or tired, there is something radically wrong somewhere. "As the bough is bent, so is the tree inclined," is as true of voices as of anything else.

As the voice starts, so will it grow. If the first ideals of the pupil are ease, and beauty, and repose, his voice when he has reached maturity will likely have very different qualities than those it would have had if his first thoughts had been all for power and compass at whatever cost. For it is tone, clear, beautiful, ringing tone, that flows out so easily it seems as though it were making itself, that marks the great artist.

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JOSEPH WOELFL, RIVAL OF BEETHOVEN.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAY BY
E. A. RICHARDSON.

"At Vienna he was the rival of Beethoven, some said that he surpassed him."—(Fétis.)

"Opinions upon the superiority of one or the other were so much divided, it would seem nevertheless that the majority are in favor of Woelfl."—(Allg. Mus. Zeitung. 1. 245.)

I.

Whether Beethoven played his own works or improvised, it was by no means an easy task to take at the piano the place which he had just left. The most artistic virtuoso effects of elegance and bravura might well appear colorless after the sublime fire of this most inspired musician, and many celebrated masters, such as Steibelt, Hummel, Dussek and J. B. Cramer, followed each other in the drawing rooms of Vienna (which was then the undisputed capital of the musical world) without being able to offset the prestige of Beethoven in the judgment of serious dilettante. One single artist, so say his contemporaries, was an antagonist of equal force, and still I know not by what irony of fate the name of this musician has almost entirely fallen into oblivion. We seem to have forgotten his great success, his almost triumphs. Only to those to whom the life of Beethoven is familiar, something is known of Joseph Woelfl; still it would not be sufficient to have read the biography of Wilder, which passes over in silence one of the most curious adventures of his hero.

The circumstances in which Beethoven and Woelfl met, however, are recorded for us by Chevalier Ignace de Seyfried, in the following terms:

"Beethoven had already made himself known by many compositions. He passed in Vienna as a pianist of the first order, until there arose in the last years of the century a rival worthy of him; then was played over again, as we might say, the ancient Parisian dispute of the Gluckists and Piccinists, and the numberless amateurs of the imperial city divided themselves

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into two camps. In the one, made up of the admirers of Beethoven, was found the amiable Prince de Lichnowsky; while with the zealous protectors of Woelfl appeared Baron Raymond de Wetzlar, a man of universal culture and truly British generosity, whose splendid villa (situated on the Grunberg, near the imperial residence of Schonbrunn) offered during the delicious months of summer a very pleasant asylum to artists, foreign or national. It was there that subsequently this interesting strife between two champions procured to a choice audience an indescribable play of art."

Later on, a more detailed recital follows, in which the narrator describes the two artists as now improvising and now playing their works; we will look at this presently. For the moment observe this only: That the great Beethoven, who estimated with a cool and experienced eye the rivals that were in opposition to him (because he knew very well his own proper value), consented to appear by the side of Woelfl, to play his compositions alongside of those of his opponent, and to improvise turn and turn about with him. In order that this great genius could take pleasure in these contests, many times renewed, that he should be willing to divide with his rival the favors of the Vienna musical world, it must have been true that this Woelfl possessed magnificent resources, solid instruction, joined to rare temperament. The simple episode recited by Seyfried gives to the figure of Woelfl a relief so extraordinary that it appears to me interesting to inquire carefully what was really the role of this artist; to speak of his wandering life, his premature death and his ephemeral glory.

First of all, Woefll possessed pianistic virtuosity the most accomplished that could be imagined; all his contemporaries agree upon this point; all writers mention this peculiarity and that he had extremely large hands. The author of a very well-written article which appears in the "Allegemeine Music Zeitung," expresses himself upon this point (April 22, 1799):

"Woelfl has a profound musical erudition and very rich imagination; he executes with facility, precision and neatness, full of traits which appear almost impossible. (Undoubtedly the very large size of his hands gives him very much aid.)"

Wencelas Tomaschek confirms this saying, in his autobiography, by the following anecdote:

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"The extraordinary reputation of Woelfl made all the musicians in Prague desirous to hear him; the concert took place in the theater; it was crowded with hearers. Woelfl played a concerto of his own composition with a purity and precision unequalled, because he defied all comparison, owing to the prodigious development of his hands. Afterwards he played a fantasie in F minor by Mozart, absolutely as it is written, without omitting a single note, and above all, without shortening the value of the notes in order to facilitate execution, unlike the would-be romanticists, who think that they can conceal all their faults under a frightful confusion of the pedal. He played this piece without a fault; afterwards he gave an improvisation in which he introduced the theme of "Sunday's Child" with beautiful and brilliant variations. The concert made for him a remarkable success. His virtuosity was as unique as his hands and his figure, which was that of a "scare-crow." I think I may use this expression in speaking of a pianist six feet high whose enormously long fingers compasses the interval of a thirteenth without the least effort! Lean to such a point that he was almost a skeleton, his extraordinary aptitude permitted him to undertake very easily and very surely difficulties which other pianists declare impossible, without ever losing his tranquility. By the side of such a virtuoso all our pianists are mere nobodies, in spite of their eminent studies, and in their would-be improvisations they have never known the significance of true art; they can only imitate in his bravoura effects with grotesque and extravagant pretenses."

But this story, apart from its exaggerations, also corroborates sufficiently well the appreciation already mentioned. The talent of Woelfl appears to have been characterized by a very pure style, joined to prodigious mechanism and delicacy of touch. Were these the sole qualities for which his playing was to be admired? It would be necessary to answer yes, if we have to believe Thomaschek, and one is very much surprised to see him conclude his awkward apology in the following manner: "The singular virtuosity of Woelfl apart, his playing had neither light nor shade, it was absolutely deprived of masculine power; this was the reason undoubtedly why he failed to move his hearers above all by his gymnastic capacity."

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And one of the principal biographers of Beethoven, Thayer, has the following conclusion: "The partisans of Woelfl at Vienna would evidently place before everything else this extraordinary virtuosity, while admirers of Beethoven included among them those who demanded in music the feeling of art."

I take the occasion to declare this judgment false. It undertakes to make of Woelfl a simple acrobat of the clavier, and without taking time to show the want of logic which shines on the narrative of Thomaschek, I take the occasion to remark that it fails to explain the famous success of Woelfl at Vienna and the estimation which was held of him in all Germany, and above all, the peculiar estimate which Beethoven gave of his own regard. I am surprised that Thayer had the poor judgment to record this equivocal verdict and yield to the mania of biographers to diminish everybody else in order to make their hero more great. Beethoven, nevertheless, could dispense with this proceeding better than anybody else.

It would have been extraordinary if with so tall a figure his appearance was not that of a "scare-crow," and if with his enormous hands he had lacked vigor; but if his playing had neither light nor shade I would inquire how it could be that he would measure himself with Beethoven; the latter had himself technic of the first order, and how was Woelfl's clearest playing to sustain comparison with him if he had not the feeling which Beethoven poured off in such torrents. Woelfl no doubt showed in a much more moderate light in this respect. I take my authority from an article in the "Allgemeine Music Zeitung," of which I have already quoted a fragment:

"Always clear was the verdict of critics concerning the interpretations of Woelfl; he is wonderfully agreeable and seductive in adagios, played without dryness and without emphasis; one hears him not only with admiration, but with true enjoyment."

Like Steibelt and Hummel, Woelfl attached himself to the school of Mozart. His principles are at least less narrow than those of Clementi, Dussek and J. B. Cramer; he sought a free interpretation more than minute exactness. His playing, while free from faults, was far from being wanting in art, but he pleased above all by his grace, his elegance, and the prettyness of his phrasing. Beethoven was the greater pianist, as he

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produced upon the piano effects more unforseen, more rare, more powerful. Like Woelfl, he had broken with the traditions of the dry playing which clavecinists had made the fashion. His points were an admirable legato, but he lacked clearness; at times, too, he outraged expression and fell into confusion in consequence of maltreating the instrument.

Speaking of the technic possessed by Beethoven, all biographers mention in their report the story told by Wegeler of his transposition of the horn trio in C major to C sharp, because the piano was tuned too low. It is curious to know that Woelfl gave a similar proof of his capacity in a concert at Dresden. Observe the episode as Wegeler has told it:

"When the piano was brought into the hall where the performance of the concerto in C major by Woelfl was to take place, he found that it had been tuned half a tone too low; the tuner required an hour to raise it to pitch. 'What for?' asked Woelfl, coolly; 'if you will have the goodness to commence I will transpose,' and so he played in C sharp one of the most difficult concertos that I have ever known, with facility, with ease, with exactitude and precision, which playing astonished all the orchestra."

III.

The art of improvisation was held in great honor in those days, although it is now lost, or at least limited to organists, who conceal their scarcity of ideas behind the long sustained tones of rolling sounds of their instrument. Following the example of the old master clavecinists there was no pianist at the end of the last century who did not offer improvisation at his concerts; nor was there a public which did not require this proof of talent.

All those who had the opportunity of hearing Beethoven declare that in his improvisations he displayed the fire and force of genius. Among several testimonies this notice is from the "Allegemeine Music Zeitung": "It was curious to see with what facility and at the same time with what sureness Beethoven's ideas developed themselves one after another, upon the spur of the moment, with any given theme. I speak of true development, and not of that fictitious development which is all that many virtuosi have to offer."

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When we remember that under his fingers inspiration flowed abundant and varied as the ideas of his immortal sonatas, when one remembers the humiliating check which Steibelt experienced one day for having dared to appear in this role at the side of the Bonn Master, we can measure the high faculty of Woelfl.

On the subject of improvisation, which constituted nearly all the playing at the famous concerts at Grunberg, the Chevalier Seyfried gives the following details: "Each one played his newest productions; then sometimes one and sometimes the other gave himself up to a free course of voluntary improvisation, according to his fancy; or perhaps they put themselves at the piano and improvised turn and turn about upon themes which were assigned each other reciprocally; in this manner were created more than one caprice for four hands which certainly would have been rescued from oblivion if it could have been written at the moment of its birth."

Seyfried speaks further on of the astonishing mechanical facility of Woelfl, and later with a pathos justly characterized by Thayer as bombastic, he says: "Beethoven improvised ecstatically in an infinite kingdom of sounds, his muse, having broken the yoke of slavery, soared triumphant and radiant into luminous regions. His playing had a sparkling character; at the end he would sink into obscurity and then into lamentations which lost themselves in sweet melancholy."

Arresting himself after some more of the same sort, Seyfried goes on in tones much more simple: "Woelfl, on the contrary, was formed in the school of Mozart and remains always like himself, never superficial, but constantly clear, which rendered his playing comprehensible to the great number. His technic was only a means of attaining his end; he never made any kind of parade of it. He knew how to awaken interest and to sustain and develop it, too, with successful, well-ordered ideas. All those who have read Hummel will comprehend what I wish to say."

So with Woelfl as with Beethoven the treatment was not a pure display of virtuosity with an amount of accessory ornament, but a logical development of ideas, an indispensable element of life and work.

Maybe Woelfl was less emancipated and more scholastic and

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confined himself more to the wise art of old Bach. But it is established really that he was more clear and serene and refrained from the profoundly human and pathetic acts of Beethoven. If he employed the same means of expression he had not the same warmth nor the same fire of inspiration; he did not attain the same height. Beethoven also injured his expression by his brusque transitions, but he enchained and ravished and delighted in every way. Among the hearers the greater number applauded these astonishingly gifted masters, while the initiated formed a center of enthusiastic applause, admiring highly the immense talent of Woelfl in which he revived the style of Mozart.

IV.

Woelfl was mainly known as a writer for the theater, but his operas, written with an easy pen after the manner of the day, have no other pretention than of having amused their contemporaries. Many of them made a fair success ("Das Schone Mildmadchen," "Der Kopf ohne Mann," "Der Hollenberger"). They contain several pretty pieces, and the little lyric poem for soprano, "Die Geister des Sees," is an excellent example of the ease with which Woelfl treated the human voice. There are three allegros separated by two andantes, written with simplicity, justness and sentiment. But it is above all in piano music and in that for chamber that Woelfl demonstrated his style and showed the good training he had received. The complete list of his productions is given with greater exactness in Grove's dictionary than in Fetis. It contains more than thirty sonatas for piano, six for piano and violin, twelve trios, fifteen quatuors for strings, eight concertos for piano, two symphonies, etc.

Many of his compositions are written in a good and well-sustained classic style. See, for instance, the trio, opus 25, and the concerto in F major entitled "The Calm." The workmanship is solid, the themes spiritual and gay; there are address, clearness, variety, inventiveness and brilliancy. In other pieces, it is true, these qualities are not all illustrated. They sin by a certain monotony in the harmonization, modulations are too rare (quatuor, op. 10); certain andantes of lovely conception are too little developed (3d concerto); certain finales

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are a mere emptiness of pure velocity (sonata, "Non plus Ultra").

It would have been interesting to have known which works of Woelfl were produced at Baron de Wetzlar's. They were, maybe, the sonatas opus 1 and 3, which permitted him to sustain his reputation under the eyes of the first dilettanti of Vienna. And Beethoven was not slighting in bringing forward his three sonatas dedicated to Joseph Haydn (opus 2), so genial. It was then that Woelfl offered to his august rival the dedication of his three sonatas, opus 6. Maybe he had written them when he was fresh from one of these contests, or his spirit as improviser had been kindled by that of the master from Bonn; and one might almost find an inner meaning in the dedication to Beethoven.

I am tempted to attribute to this period the grand sonata with introduction and fugue, the remarkable merit of which has been consecrated by the monumental edition of the regretted Professor Marmontel, in his "Classical School of the Piano."

The introduction of this sonata is almost as beautiful as that of the "Fantasie in C minor" of Mozart; it has no other fault than of resembling this great one too much, but here it has the character of prelude and announces the fugue which follows it. This fugue, sufficiently scholastic, is nevertheless melodious and living in each one of its parts. The following allegro reminds us of Beethoven by the abundance of its themes, large and singing, the profound significance of its features, and the sobriety of its developments. In the adagio the ideas, disposed in a beautiful order, are Mozartean in their serenity; the modulations remind us of Beethoven; the rhythmic designs and the treatment of the left hand are entirely personal to Woelfl. Of an admirable freshness of movement, the allegretto finale possesses an orchestral character; it is richly developed with a variety and logic perfectly sustained even to the close. Thus, by the vehemence of the inspiration, the elevation of the ideas and nobility of style, and by its harmonious proportions, this sonata surpasses everything of Steibelt, Cramer, Dussek or Hummel at their best. Without rising to the rank of the more sublime of Beethoven's sonatas, I affirm that this would not be unworthy of being in their company. In its conception it relates itself to the ancient traditions; but

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towards the end it is the modern heart which palpitates, and we feel already in advance, Weber.

If they were a little more erudite and a little less routine in their selections, contemporary pianists would find in this work great elements and resources of success.

Woelfl wrote few pieces of this character, and while in his own time fame followed him, it did not outlast two generations. His short life and perpetual tribulations evidently made their impress upon him.

V.

The fanciful Tomaschek compares Woelfl to a "scare-crow" and gives the impression that he was a man to be shunned, reputed for his lack of manners. This verdict is characterized by Thayer as "lively." In reality Woelfl was large and of a beautiful presence, with a face fine and regular. The author of the parallel between Woelfl and Beethoven speaks of his good manner. "It is natural," says he, "that his modest and considerate manner should have rendered him more sympathetic to the aristocratic than Beethoven." So also says Grove: "He has that indescribable charm of manner which contributes so much to worldly success." All who saw him were astonished at his gigantic hands. According to Tomaschek he struck a thirteenth without the least effort. This appears to me a little exaggerated. I like better what Seyfried says, "that he could execute a series of tenths as others play octaves."

On the whole, we see Woelfl too much a virtuoso to devote himself entirely to composition, and perhaps too desirous of immediate success to consign himself to the quiet and thoughtful life which would have permitted him to produce lasting works; a great pianist among the greatest, he knew the pleasure of great triumphs; but his glory has scarcely outlasted the echoes of the applause which his own ears heard. For myself, I hope that I have shown Woelfl as a composer badly seconded by destiny, who fails to enjoy the rank he merited; and that Woelfl as virtuoso is worthy a chapter in the history of the piano.

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HOW I CAME TO BE A SINGER.

BY DAVID BISPHAM.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy;"

And in the same scene Hamlet obliges his friends to swear that they will not divulge his secret. Mine is no secret, however; I do not bid you put "your fingers on your lips," and you are welcome to my little story.

A Philadelphia Quaker, old English, set of forbears does not seem a very promising soil for the cultivation of an operatic artist, does it? And yet I have heard that some of these good souls belonged to the Singing Quakers—namely, those who, for the life of them, could see nothing wrong in their singing—as it was their nature to; and so they sang.

"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to."

George Fox, however, stepped in to stop what he could not stop; you know the old riddle, why can't you stop the Mississippi? and George couldn't muzzle his followers, all, for some of them had in them a stronger impulse. Hamlet again:

"But it is no matter; let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his bay,"

As Beerbohm Tree reads it. And so it was that my parents had in them some, and much, of the beauty of holiness, and the sweetness of melody also was not wanting; and I remember how that my good mother desired that I should go to meeting on the First Day with her as a boy in Philadelphia; and I did so. Later, my father, who played upon the flute most beautifully, and was a Philadelphia lawyer besides, and, moreover, saw through the wiles of Fox, desired that I should sometimes go to church with him—for meeting was irksome to his freer soul. And so it was; to church I went. Then it was war time, say about 1864. Rhythm was in the air (to think that music should lead men to make mincemeat of each other! Fie upon them all! why not eat each other, too?), but

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then it was that the drums beat and the shrill fifes tooted, and my own little drum went paddy-whack, and rhythm and martial music are my five-year-old remembrances. Then we went to live in the New Jersey country, and I, developing a voice, used to sing in the volunteer choir in which my father was much interested. On alternate Sundays, meeting. Which appealed to me more? What use to ask? You don't have to lead a duck to water. Last winter I was in that very church with many of the same people—they never die in ————; long may they live, dear friends; and how many thoughts crowded into my mind! The music, and how tired my neck used to get during the sermon, and my first sweetheart; these were my principal recollections—music, sermons, love:

By music caught, and in love's mesh,
She often looked toward me;
The first and third are ever fresh,
The second always bored me.

Also the Psalms of David brought up memories of my painful self-consciousness when my name came pounding out as if everybody had turned around to look at me. And this was my introduction to the public. Shortly after I was presented with a lute, biblically speaking, really a guitar; and also I learned to play upon an instrument of ten strings, and more, namely a zither. Oh, who did give me those silly time-wasting toys?—all very well for the eastern monarch, I daresay, but no use in our civilization. Still they may have taught me what was better, and they did; but no one ever taught me to use another instrument; that strong Quaker tendency lingered about, preventing the intelligent cultivation of music; but it "would out." The winter theatricals, the summer serenades, the Glee Club singing at college later on, only served to show me that there was an inner man crying out for emancipation. I am reminded of the contralto, Antoinette Sterling, who a few years ago attended the Quaker meeting in London, and, being greatly impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, found herself singing "Oh, Rest in the Lord"—she could not help it, that was all, and because she was a singer she was afterwards refused admission to that religious denomination! Do you wonder that I preferred church as a boy, and joined it as a man? No, no.

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The dog will have his bay
He is built that way.

Let us skip some years to 1876, when I graduated at college. They tried to make a man of business of me, with very poor result—uncommonly poor. And so I had a long journey over Europe, as an incidental divertisement; it was both incidental and diverting; and then business was more irksome than ever. Several years were lost in that Maw of Time we read of, and my only delight was in all the music I could get as an amateur. I took singing lessons from Giles, now dead: I was invited to join the choir of Holy Trinity Church, and of St. Mark's afterwards; and became a member of the Oratorio Society, and the Orpheus Club, all under the late Michael Cross, to whom I owe my introduction to a rather extensive knowledge of choral music, sacred and secular, and to the masterpieces among string quartettes; for once a week, for several years, I attended his quartette parties; and so I came to know what was what, to distinguish between the good and the bad and to hate the latter—not forgetting that much of the former is dull, than which nothing is worse! I was becoming a singer whether or no, and I was acting very often in plays and operettas in various amateur organizations, so that I began to take a fearful delight in the thought of making public professional appearances. It was as though I was being drawn unwillingly, yet holding back reluctantly.

The wife of Professor Huxley once said to me that she believed "many people lived long in life ere they found their souls"; I think this was so in my case; I was struggling against surroundings to find and seize that part of me without which I was not complete, that manifestation which makes a man whatever he is. Italy followed; and Vannuccini, in Florence, thought that a public career would be a success. Many concerts at the Sala Filarmonica confirmed his opinion. On a visit to London, however, Shakespeare said "No," he did not think the voice (that was nine years ago) had sufficient power. Smoking I abandoned—"one man's meat is another man's poison"—and tobacco is my poison. Constant lessons followed with that strictest and most honest of masters, Shakespeare, who had said "no." A beginning was made in concerts with my old friend Sims Reeves; and one day there came

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a letter from my mother—bless her memory!—removing, at one stroke that must have cost her a mighty effort, all the former opposition to my making a career of concert singing. One restriction, however, there was: I should go no further than oratorio; that, you see, was a glorified sort of hymn singing, and as such, might be allowed. In reply I craved her indulgence "if so be as how" an operatic engagement should come along, and went on merrily with my concerts in the hopeful meantime.

A week of amateur performances of professional dimensions brought an offer of real opera; the gentle apron-string was pulled, the loosened knot yielded, and I found myself, in the autumn of 1891, just seven years ago, making my debut in opera at the age of thirty-five, or all but—for the curious, and not being a girl, I don't mind saying that I was born in Philadelphia on January 5, 1857.

The debut was at the Royal English Opera, London (now the Palace Theater), intended by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Carte to be the home of opera in English. Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" and Messager's "Basoche" began and ended the undertaking, and it was in "The Basoche" that I made my debut. It was a success, I am glad to say, and in order that it might be so I studied comedy with the French actor, Marius, and Shakespearean tragedy with our compatriot, Herman Vezin.

And now comes the strange part of this eventful history: Early in 1892 the opera closed, and did not reopen. I was naturally in doubt as to the proper course to be pursued in my work. Be it known that I am not a spiritualist, though naturally interested in the phenomena of spiritualism and kindred subjects. I was, however, the recipient of a communication which was so strange, and so immediately and permanently affected my future, that I will give it, with a few unimportant omissions and additions, as I sent it to Mr. Wm. T. Stead's magazine, "Borderland," of October, 1893, Vol. I, No. 2. It read:

"London, August 15, 1893. Dear Sir—I have been advised by several persons to send you an account of my experience with 'Planchette,' and the outcome of the advice then received and at once acted upon. The closing of the Royal English Opera early in 1892 caused me some anxiety, for I was uncer-

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tain whether I should devote my attention to concert and oratorio or to opera; I refused several offers for comic opera, though I was frequently heard in concerts in London and in the provinces.

"One day my friend, Baron Alphonse Walleen, brought a Planchette to my house; a few sittings amused us, but led to nothing. Subsequently, however, in March, 1892, he and I and Baron Rudbeck, who is specially gifted, sat in Baron Walleen's house. Rudbeck, whom I then knew but slightly and who is not musical, had his hand upon Planchette. Walleen asked the questions for me, very seldom touching the instrument, while I did not touch it at all. This is what happened:

"'Should I (Mr. Bispham) pay particular attention to concert or opera?'

"'Opera, by all means.'

"'What operas should I study?'

"'Those of Verdi and of Wagner.'

"'Which of Verdi's operas?'

"'Aida.'

"'Which of Wagner's?'

"'Tannhauser, Tristan and Meistersinger.'

"'What parts should I study?'

"'The principal ones, of course.'

"'In Aida, for instance?'

"'Amonasro.'

"'In Tannhauser?'

"'There is only one principal part.'

"'But there are several basses and baritones.'

"'Wolfram.'

"'Which part in Tristan?'

"'Kurwenal.'

"'And in Meistersinger?' (I had some time before begun to work at Hans Sachs, but to my surprise, I was told)

"'Beckmesser.'

"'When shall I be engaged to sing in these operas?'

"'In a couple of months you will know.'

"I was so much surprised by the clearness of all this that I began the next day to study these parts. On Wagner's birthday, May 22, 1892, there was a great Wagner concert at Ham House, Lord Dysart's place near Richmond. I sang

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the parts of Alberich in the 'Rheingold' and Wotan in the 'Walkure.' Sir Augustus Harris (the great impresario of Covent Garden) was in the audience. I had never met him then but, to my astonishment, I received from my agent the next day the following letter (Mark the 'couple of months'—March to May): 'Dear Mr. Bispham, Sir Augustus Harris gives you the opportunity, if you can be ready by June 30th, to sing Beckmesser in Italian in "Die Meistersinger" with the de Reszkes. Take it in hand immediately and write me a letter, saying that you are prepared to do it.'

"The opera was rehearsed, and the day fixed for its production, but Monsieur Jean's throat trouble prevented the performance from taking place until the next season.

"Crossing the stage one day after rehearsal Sir Augustus Harris asked me if I knew Kurwenal, for Herr Knapp would not be able to take the part at the performance of 'Tristan' two days later. I sang it practically without rehearsal."

Let this end the quotation, but allow me to say that Beckmesser, Wolfram and Kurwenal, besides many other parts, have been among my principal Wagnerian roles, and that, to carry out the prophecy, as I was coming from Covent Garden one day during 1892 poor Monsieur Castlemary, the stage manager, asked me if I knew Amonasro, in "Aida," as Maurel was ill and might not be able to sing the next night. Fortunately I could say "yes."

Bearing in mind, however, that I should pay particular attention to Verdi's operas I went to Milan in February, 1893, studied Falstaff, saw the early performances, and immediately on my return to London sang the title role at Sir A. Mackenzie's lectures upon it at the Royal Institution, and have since sung it on the stage more than twenty times with the original cast. So now I am awaiting the revival of "Falstaff" and am studying Iago and Rigoletto. We must give the greatest living composer a show. He is far ahead of all living composers in "Falstaff," and we ought to delight in such merry music—only the powers that be say "no, the opera does not draw." I dare say they are right, but I am sure musical people are tired of the everlasting old repertoire, and would welcome an enlargement. Most opera-goers are not musical, however, so there we are again, around the circle once more. When will

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come the time that Americans—so keen for education, so utilitarian, so able (more than any other nationality) to enjoy to the utmost all that is beautiful—will look upon music as a thing to be revered? But there—time only can bring to humanity the knowledge of the "Beauty of Holiness" and of music.

DAYBREAK.

(Schumann, Op. 68, No. 17.)

BY WALTER FRANCIS KENRICK.

The lilies lift their heads snow-white
Above the water's tranquil blue,
And drink deep of the golden light
That tints each chalice with its hue.

The robins sing their matin lay
To wake again a slumbering world,
With bursts of song they wing their way
O'er wood and field with dew impearled.

All Nature's host, the birds, the flowers
To morning's call make glad reply,
New Heaven and new Earth are ours
Each time the Sun ascends the sky.

Awake! awake! The morning light
Brings joy and hope, dispels all fear;
Old cares are vanished with the night—
Anew, another day is here!

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ON THE EDUCATION OF INTERPRETERS OF THE MUSICAL DRAMA.

FROM THE PROGRAM BOOK OF MR. VICTOR MAUREL.

(Translated by Edgar F. Jacques.)

In the remarks which I am about to submit to you I have combined and unified the introductions to a series of recitals given by me last month in Paris. I then undertook to be my own lecturer, because my object was to give an account of personal experiences and ideas that had been lived (vécues); and fearing that my thoughts might to some extent suffer at the hands of a word-virtuoso (virtuose de la parole) I did not hesitate to risk the disadvantages of singing after having spoken.

A leading idea formed the basis of the Paris recitals; namely, the duties of the interpreter in modern musical drama, and it was towards the complete equipment (formation) of this interpreter that I wished to contribute my experience, the fruits of a long career during which the subject in question has constantly occupied my attention. I confined myself, however, solely, neither to theory nor to practice, but strove to unite them; for theories, presented alone, are in danger of remaining sterile; and practice, to be understood, must be thoroughly explained.

To give illustrations and to explain them: to present theories and exemplify them—these were my aims. My remarks are, therefore, but one part of my task—the recital itself is the other.

I.

"Everything has been said since men have commenced to exist and to think," said Pascal. And of course I have no new ideas to offer on the subject of music in general and her marvelous powers. This has been amply treated, by illustrious writers, and besides, a course of musical esthetics does not fall within the scope of my present plan. But stage-song (le théâtre chanté) has experienced the influences of evolution, and

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these I have followed in the best possible way, by taking my part in them as a conscious interpreter. I was not simply carried along by the movement as a disabled bark is borne down stream; but sparing no effort, and utilizing all my intelligence, I strove to discover how, within the measure of my powers and my duty, I might assist in this progress towards an ideal. And in so acting it does not seem to me that I have at all exaggerated the importance of the functions falling within the scope of the interpretative artist's calling.

The author remains the author, and the only author. He conceives a thought, he realizes it, and, in one sense, he is therefore its interpreter. But he remains an interpreter in the first degree. The other interpreter—the only one for the public—has no right to the title of creator, which is often wrongly given to him. He is simply the interpreter, in the second degree, of the author's thought, but his task, none the less, is often extremely difficult—sometimes even more so than that of the author. To interpret one's own thought by means of words or notes; to interpret the thought of another by means of movements, gestures and sounds—these, then, are the two tasks. But the interpreter in the second degree produces his own means of expression; he derives them from himself; and it is with his own person that he has to complete the materialization of the idea undertaken by the author by means of the resources of language and music. It is no metaphor to say that the interpreter gives his flesh and blood. Let him be but thoroughly convinced and he gives himself, whether he will or no. The author's work is on a higher mental plane, but for this reason it appeals only to a small number, and cannot dispense with the assistance that shall translate it to the great public, for which, if a work for the theater, it has been specially designed.

But from this it follows that to properly fulfill his task, the interpreter in the second degree must identify himself with the thought of the interpreter in the first; must study it from all sides, note its every intricacy, penetrate it and understand it in its minutest details—in a word, he must make it his own. Then will he present of it a more sensitive reproduction and interpretation, colored by the prism of his own temperament and vivified by the means of expression at his command. Only

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under these conditions will the interpreter avoid the risk of proving unfaithful to the unity of idea that presided at the birth of the work. His fidelity is assured, because in expressing the thought of the author he is expressing also his own.

This is the true role of the interpreter, exaggerated neither by the under nor over statement. This is all it includes; this, also, is where it stops. And to the complete development of modern lyrical art such interpreters are indispensable. But how are we to form them—these interpreters?

I here purposely pass over all discussion of the subject which is at the basis of all lyrical interpretation, viz: voice production. It is not one that can with any profit be treated briefly; and as I have, for some years, had in preparation a book on the subject, I postpone what I have to advance on this point till its publication.*

I proceed then to consider the artist as in possession of his art so far as singing goes, and will occupy myself with him only as an interpreter of the musical drama.

Musical drama, the definite and complete form of theatrical representation, is living art in its highest and most perfect expression. By the union of three arts—poetry, music and dancing, it should give an image of life, though, of course, in conformity with the laws of theatrical perspective.

What follows? This: That the theater being an image of life, one must understand life to be able to represent it properly. One must, I repeat, understand life, which does not mean that we must have the experience of it that comes only after long years, and often too late to be profitably utilized, but that we must understand that interior life which is the cause of the outer life, and the secret of which is less difficult to penetrate than that of the latter; for, as Decartes has remarked, the soul is easier to understand than the body. It is therefore the life of the soul in its most intimate manifestations that we have to observe, for it is the soul which dominates and compels us; it is that half of the world which links together the spiritual and material parts of our nature (qui nous enchaine à nous-même) and determines our acts. The gestures

*See on this head "Probléme d' Art" (Tresse and Stock, Paris), and a lecture given at Milan in 1890, published in my "Dix Ans de Carriére" (Dupont, Paris, 1898.)

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of our souls, so to speak, are the essence of our essence; they originate the gestures of our bodies, and they must be understood if they are to be accurately expressed. That is to say: the interpreter, to fit himself for his task, must devote himself to the thoughtful observation of frames of minds (états d'âme) and then proceed to ascertain for himself the psychological causes of each interesting situation in ordinary life.

This is the first portion of his duty, but there is another. It is not enough to understand and to feel, he must also express, that is to say, make others understand and feel—in a word—interpret.

This brings us to the central point of my argument. I lay it down as a principle that:

In order to be able to satisfy the demands made by modern dramatic music, the lyrical interpreter should, in the room devoted to study, and without the help either of costume, scenery, or lighting apparatus, be able to call a character (personage) into being. He should, before thinking of presenting his character on the stage, have realized for himself the perfect union of the three arts: poetry, music and dancing. (This word "dancing" I do not use in the narrow sense given to it at the present day, but with the larger meaning that it possessed among the ancients, to whom it meant, not only what it means to-day, but also the science which has for its object the study of the laws governing the expressive movements, gestures and play of features constituting the art of mimicry.) This union once realized, the correct expression is found, and the transition to the stage will then be made without the painful efforts so often witnessed, even at the best theaters. If all those who have assumed the responsibilities of tuition had understood the evolution of the lyric stage, they would have seen what modifications had been effected in the position of the interpreter, and, at the same time, what importance ought to be given to truth of expression.

But to achieve it—this truth of expression—what devious routes do not artists enter upon!

I am sure (for numerous experiences have proved the fact) that the path I have indicated is the surest. But I shall be asked: "Is it really possible to give to a piece, in the study, all the shades of meaning and expression that it needs—is it

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possible when one is at the piano, in a jacket—or, perhaps, even in a dressing-gown—to give the impression one would convey in the theater accompanied by an orchestra and clothed in the costume of the character?" I answer: "Yes, it is possible; and my ambition is to try and prove the statement." In order to do so I thought that no better means could be found than the concert-platform. On that comparatively narrow field I determined to attempt the realization of that which, in the theater, I had been able to achieve each time that, in the study, I had already found its true expression.

II.

Before bringing my demonstration into the concert-room, however, I took great pains to select pieces thoroughly suitable for the purpose I had in view. I sought out compositions in which the musician had revealed a ruling desire to compose for the poem, that is to say, to effect a complete fusion of the music with the words; in such sort that the subject had become translated into a language that is neither poetry nor music, but is music and poetry so intimately united that the power of music added to the power of words together form a means of expression that is absolutely homogeneous. This, of course, describes the tendency of the musical drama, and the same tendency had to characterize the pieces selected. To enter now into details, I would remark that this union of word and tone can realize itself in compositions of various kinds which I shall enumerate, starting with those having most affinity with the musical drama. Indeed, my selections include pieces which are nothing else but dramas in miniature, by which, in a few bars, the impression of a drama is given. Next in order are pieces in the nature of meditations on a given subject; others which give a description either of a landscape (paysage), an environment (milieu), or an epoch; others which deal with an abstract idea to which they, so to speak, give life; and, finally, pieces in which the portrayal of emotion is mixed with that of material things, as, for instance, in Beethoven's "Adelaide."

The feelings (les sentiments) are Music's domain. She depicts them better than any other art, because, in questions of feeling, to define (preciser) is often to destroy, and Music does

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not define—she makes us feel, and alone is able to say what words are powerless to render.

III.

The theater, embracing life in general, includes every variety of expression. From this arises the difficulty which the interpreter finds in adapting himself to the needs of every situation, and of every role. But after the apprenticeship which I advise him to make on pieces of no great length, he may perhaps, if he be intelligent, find himself able to approach modern stage-song (le théâtre chanté) with dignity, with the conscience of his duty and the means of fulfilling it. To enter more fully into the matter, let us suppose that an artist has to prepare a part for the theater, or even a concert-piece belonging to one of the categories I just now enumerated. What is he likely to do? One might safely bet a hundred to one that from the very commencement of his task he will drown himself in details. This is indeed precisely the defect which marks the immense majority of interpreters—even those most deservedly esteemed: inability to grasp, by synthetic process, the scheme of a work as a whole. What first strikes them is a detail here, a detail there. They fail to see the connection between such details, they do not perceive the dominant idea. They concentrate themselves upon the study of a role without occupying themselves with its connections. In a word they follow a route exactly contrary to that of the author. They see the details before they see the ensemble. Small wonder that the author fails, as happens only too often, to recognize his own work!

This, on the contrary, is the plan that should be pursued—whether for the study of a small piece, or of a dramatic piece of large proportions: The first effort should be brought to bear on the thought of the poet, without the least notice of the work of the musician. This thoroughly understood—but not till then—we may examine how the musician has interpreted it—that is to say, how he has conceived and effected the fusion of word and tone. We have to note how the thought of the poet, translated by words, is amplified by sounds, and how music, creating an atmosphere in which this thought may blossom and develop, manages to foreshadow it ere words can even make it clear.

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After this glance at the work as a whole, it becomes necessary to proceed analytically, in order to observe details and classify them according to their relative importance in the general scheme.

Finally we have to seek in the music those phrases which are of first and second rank and those (called neutral) which form the background on which the melodic design is displayed.

This study, which presupposes the thoughtful observation of mental states which I have already referred to, constitutes the first part of the interpreter's task.

As regards the interpretation itself, the artist must obtain an absolutely correct pronunciation and articulation of the words; scrupulously observe the musical accent; bring out the most minute shades of emotional meaning contained in the poem; and find the gestures and physiognomical movements that shall faithfully convey these to the spectator-listener.

To sum up: It is evident that the interpreter will greatly advance himself by being able to render small pieces in which the various tendencies of modern works find themselves embodied. It is obvious that if a singer has accustomed himself in such works to thoroughly understand the thoughts of poet and musician, and to seek out the means by which they may best be expressed, he will not be dismayed when confronted with works of larger scope. The difficulties in these are more numerous, more complex, less easy to surmount; but they are difficulties of the same kind. The frame is smaller but the picture is one of the same genre. The perfect adaptation of note to word is the chief aim of the musician; exactness of expression remains that of the interpreter. These little "dramas" confined within the limits of a few bars demand the same qualities as the most important theatrical works. But as the interpreter, when studying, has to accustom himself to taking, so to speak, "bird's eye views" of his subjects, this clearly becomes an easier task when the works in hand include a comparatively small number of events (peripeties). It being evident that the interest of composers is not separable from that of interpreters, it follows that the former would find it to their advantage to write such small pieces—complete in their brevity. I do not mean only that work of this kind

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would be useful to them for the composition of theatrical productions; it is evident that if they are willing, by the supply of small pieces, to assist in the formation of competent interpreters, they themselves will be the first gainers. I now leave my hearers to estimate the value of the remarks I have submitted, by the application of them which I am about to make.

YSAYE'S VIOLIN.

BY GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

The mysteries no poet sings
Lie mute along the waiting strings
Until an absolute control
Shall fling their meaning on the soul.
So things no man is learned in,
Speak from the Master's violin.
By his own music summoned, he
Tastes of his immortality;
For him the heavens opened are:
He looks beyond the farthest star;
Prophetic, knows himself to be
A native of infinity,
Destined forever to traverse
The music-haunted universe.
Along the strings he touches thrill
The intimations of his will;
They feel his soul, and at his nod,
Wake, and grow eloquent of God.

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DEPPE AND HIS PIANO METHOD.*

BY AMY FAY.

Having been requested to give an account of the Deppe method in piano playing, I take pleasure in once more calling attention to the artistic principles of that most original and wonderful teacher.

As I described the Deppe finger exercises in detail at our meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association in Saratoga three years ago, illustrating them by the playing of my pupil, Miss Laura Sanford, I think it would interest you more to-day if I should give an account of the man himself before proceeding to technical questions.

The first time I saw Deppe was at the Sing-Acadamie in Berlin, the time-honored concert hall, where so many great artists have appeared. In this hall I had listened to the concerts of Joachim, Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, Von Bülow, Tausig and many other musicians of the first rank. Here I heard Wagner conduct his Faust overture, and when I saw Deppe it was as the conductor of an orchestra also. I only remember one piece on the programme, the great overture (No. 3) in C, to Leonora, by Beethoven, and his conducting of it was one of those startling performances which first awaken one to a realization of a composition, and live forever in the memory.

The next time I heard of Deppe, when he was most distinctly brought to my inner consciousness, was through Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, the celebrated pianist. He rushed into my room one day and said: "Oh, I've just heard the most beautiful playing that ever I heard in my life!" I asked him who it was that had taken him so by storm, and he said it was a young English girl named Fannie Warburg, and that she was a pupil of Deppe's.

"Well, what is it about her that is so remarkable?" said I.

"Oh, everything! Execution, expression, style, touch, all are perfect! I never heard anything to equal her, and I feel as if I never wanted to touch the piano again!"

* Read before the M. T. N. A., New York, 1898.

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This was such strong language for Sherwood, who is generally very critical and anything but enthusiastic, that my interest was immediately excited. Some time afterward a party was given for Anna Mehlig, by an American gentleman living in Berlin, to which both Sherwood and I were invited, and, as it happened, Deppe was also present. I was listening to Mehlig play, when suddenly Sherwood stole up to me and said:

"Come into the next room and be introduced to Deppe."

At these magic words I started and immediately did as I was bid. I found Deppe in one corner, looking about him in an absent sort of way. He was a man of medium height, with a great big brain, keen blue eyes and delicate little mouth, and he had a most cheery and sunny expression. He gave me a delightfully cordial shake of the hand, and then we sat down and got into a most animated conversation, all about music. (He never talked anything else.) Soon after this I became his pupil, and Mr. Sherwood could not have rendered me a greater service than he did in presenting me to such a teacher as Deppe proved to be.

Deppe began his musical career by learning the violin, but he did not carry it to a great point of virtuosity. He gradually became an orchestral leader, and made his reputation as a conductor of oratorio in Hamburg. He was much interested in oratorio, and he used to say "that was one of the few fields in music where something might be done." ("Da wäre was zu machen.") He preferred to conduct oratorio to opera, but what he loved to do best, strange to say, was to teach piano. This was probably because he invented a new school of piano playing, and it interested him to work out his theories.

From Hamburg Deppe was called to Berlin, where he was offered the leadership of Stern's orchestra during the absence of Stern in Italy. He settled quietly down to his work and divided his time between his pupils and his concerts, going off once in a while to conduct a festival somewhere. He gave Mendelssohn's oratorio of "Elijah" once at a musical festival in Breslau, with an orchestra of one hundred and ten players, a chorus of five hundred singers and the Angels' Trio was sung by Etelka and Bertha Gerster, and by the beautiful Berlin

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contralto, Frl. Assmann. The performance was so extraordinary that Deppe said he "never wanted to give another of Elijah," as he felt he could not equal it again. He added that he "never could forget the incomparable manner in which the two Gersters and Frl. Assmann," who was a particular favorite of his, "sang the "Angels' Trio."

Like Theodore Thomas, Deppe was always working over his scores and "bowing" them over again, and other conductors were always trying to borrow them of him, such an authority was he regarded by his colleagues on oratorio.

When I was studying with him he was living in two simple rooms, and he had given up Stern's orchestra and was absorbed in teaching. Deppe was not in the least an ambitious man, and he loved music for its own sake. He never cared for fame or money, and it was quite the same to him whether his pupils paid him or not. Yet, without seeming to make the slightest effort to get it, he always had all the money he wanted. "Das bischen Geld was ich branche, komm't mir gar zu leicht" ("The little money I need I get far too easily"), he would laughingly say.

Deppe was incapable of giving a short lesson, and I usually spent two or three hours with him at the piano each time. How magically short they seemed, too, in his society! After I went to him he had several American pupils, all of whom have had distinguished success as pianists or teachers. These were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood, Mr. John Orth of Boston, Mr. Warren Locke of Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Harry B. Hatch of Elgin, Ill.; M. Walter Jones of Greencastle, Ind., and Miss Nora Smith of Tacoma, Wash. The Sherwoods, Mr. Orth and Mr. Locke studied with Deppe at the time I did; Mr. Hatch went to him by my recommendation, and Miss Nora Smith and Mr. Walter Jones were pupils of mine whom I also sent to Deppe. Miss Smith remained with him for five years.

My book, "Music Study in Germany," was translated into German by Liszt's request, to whom I had sent a copy, and was widely read in Germany. People began to be curious about Deppe, and to take lessons of him in the aristocratic circles of Berlin. Frl. von Puttkamer, a niece of Bismarck, studied with him, and Count Hochberg, the director of the

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Royal Opera, was another most devoted pupil and admirer of his, and finally he became the teacher of the present Empress of Germany, who was at that time the wife of the Crown Prince, and had not yet come to the throne. Deppe used to go to Potsdam, to the palace, to give her the lessons, and he told me that her son, the little four-year-old Crown Prince, would give him his hand and say, "Guten Tag." "He had a splendid hand, too, for the piano," added Deppe, who never forgot his profession, even amongst the royal family.

Under royal patronage Deppe speedily rose to the highest honors, and he became the conductor of the royal orchestral concerts, which correspond to our Philharmonic Society in New York and of the royal opera in Berlin.

He did not care anything about these exalted positions, did not want it spoken of that he was the teacher of the Empress, and it did not set him up in the least to be called "Court" Capellmeister Deppe. Plain "Herr" Deppe suited him just as well. After conducting the opera for two years he resigned both positions and returned to his simple mode of life and to his piano pupils. He said he "had never wanted to be an operatic conductor, anyway, or an orchestral leader, either. He might take an interest in oratorio, but he would prefer teaching the piano to anything else. Everybody has his fad, and my fad is to give lessons on the piano," said Deppe, "Es ist eine Marotte von mir."

When I last saw him, in 1885, he was living the old simple life, and was about to go to Pyrmont, near Hanover, a watering place where he spent the month of August every year. He died and was buried in Pyrmont in the autumn of 1890. To show the sensation it created in Berlin, when Deppe was made conductor of the Royal Opera, I translate from the German the criticism by Ehrlich, a well-known pianist and musical writer in Berlin, who is still living, and is now an old man of seventy-three.

"Wonders happen in our day! A musician who has suddenly been lifted from a comparatively obscure position to a brilliant one (to the disapprobation of all) and for whom a complete fiasco was predicted, has achieved success and forced recognition. Herr Deppe's appointment was received with general disapproval. Was there ever a man who entered upon

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an arduous office under more unfavorable prognostications on the part of the public than Deppe?

"He had lived for twenty years in Berlin, and had seldom experienced anything agreeable there. He had conducted the now deported Berlin Symphony Orchestra. He had devoted himself to teaching the piano, and for a while he was much talked of on account of a pamphlet he had written against the Berlin Hoch-Schule, the style of which was disapproved of by those who could not deny the truth of its contents. In latter years he became the teacher of Count Hochberg and by him was made conductor of the Silesian Musical Festival. But he had never conducted an opera in his life. Now the reader can have some idea of the astonishment of all circles as the fact leaked out that Count Hochberg had called Deppe to conduct the classic opera, and that the highly respected Radecke, the previous conductor, would have to take a back seat. There was neither tea table nor cultivated beer table at which the event was not discussed, and the great majority were against Deppe. When Radecke conducted for the last time he was greeted with thunders of applause, with trumpets and drums, and showered with laurel wreaths. The honest man could not keep back his tears.

"Ten days after this Deppe conducted his first symphony concert. He showed himself in Schubert's Symphony an excellent drillmaster, but people reserved their opinion till they saw how he would conduct an opera. He had chosen Beethoven's 'Fidelio' in which to make his début, and really it would have been hard to find a more hostile group of cultivated listeners than the one in which I sat. The public heartily applauded the great opening overture, but my group only said, 'That was a piece for orchestra, which, well studied and played by such important artists, would make a good effect under any one's conducting.' But after the first scene began a whispering and nodding of heads. 'The orchestra sounds well,' we said; 'this passage comes out beautifully,' etc. After the canon we called out, 'Bravo,' and after the first prisoners' chorus there was thundering applause. We said we had never heard 'Speak softer, they are listening,' rendered in such a telling manner, and out of our hostile little group was suddenly developed a claque! So it went on! The indescribably

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splendid instrumentation for the orchestra now first clearly appeared, and at the close of every act resounded cries of bravo and calls for Deppe! The entire press was most favorable, and all the judges were united in their opinion that a new and fresh spirit had permeated the performance. And so he who the day before had been scorned and hooted at became on a sudden the praised of all!"

You may imagine, ladies and gentlemen, how delighted I was with this tribute to Deppe, from such a distinguished authority as Ehrlich. I, who had known and had written about him in his humble days, when he was an unpretentious teacher of the piano, not yet famous.

I come now to his method, or, rather, to the "school" of piano playing which he founded, for he disliked extremely to be called the author of a "method," wishing his ideas to be taken in a much broader sense. "I have not written a method, I have founded a new school," he would say, "in the art of piano playing." And this is true, when we examine his mode of procedure. Instead of loading up the pupil with a great book of method, Deppe did for piano technic what Moses did for the moral law. He went to the bottom of the thing, and put it in a few words, condensed but clear. These principles once understood and fixed in the mind, one could no more practice wrongly than one could break a commandment and not be able to put one's finger on the particular commandment. They are contained in a few pages, and can be learned in two lessons.

Deppe began with elementary principles, with all his pupils, whether they were advanced or not. The first thing he did was "to get the hand in order," as he expressed it, before allowing them to take studies and pieces. He divided piano technic under the following heads:

1st. Hand position.
2d. Tone development.
3d. Trill.
4th. Scale.
5th. Drop notes.
6th. Chords and octaves.

He contended that the pupil must understand how to do these things before the farther complication of reading notes

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should be added. To this end Deppe gave thirteen exercises of the most extreme simplicity, with no technical difficulties in them whatever, to be practiced by each hand separately and by heart, so that the whole attention should be concentrated on every movement of each finger, in order that it should be done exactly right. He never even took the trouble to write out these exercises, but taught them by rote, carefully explaining the points of each one as he went along. I got so many letters making inquiries about them, however, that I finally edited them and they were published in Chicago, where they may be ordered from T. W. Straub, 245 State street.

I wish I could play these exercises and explain them to you now, ladies and gentlemen, but that would take too much time. Suffice it to say that Deppe, who was fully twenty-five years in advance of his time, is having a powerful influence on modern piano playing to-day.

The piano method which is being most prominently forced on our attention at present is that of Mr. A. K. Virgil. It is called "Foundation Exercises of Piano Playing." This method is simply a new presentation of Deppe's method, point for point. It is only necessary to compare the one with the other to see their correspondence in principle in nearly every particular. Mr. Virgil frequently employs several exercises to show what Deppe demonstrates in a single one, but the general plan of his book is the same.

In saying this I have no desire to disparage Mr. Virgil's work, which is very thorough and highly admirable; in fact, I often recommend it as a very good supplement to the Deppe method on account of the wood cuts in it, which illustrate perfectly Deppe's hand position and the faults which he pointed out should be avoided, particularly those of the thumb.

I have frequently been told by Mr. Virgil's disciples, to whom I have spoken of this similarity, that Mr. Virgil's aim was not originality, but to make a method which should contain the best of what was in every method. This is a good principle, but I think, all the same, that he ought to have quoted his authorities. Mr. Virgil made the journey from Peoria, Ill., where he was living seventeen years ago or more, to Chicago, where I was then living, for the express purpose

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of learning from me all about Deppe's method, and I taught it to him in the most exact and careful manner. I am highly delighted with the excellent use he has made of the instruction I gave him then, as evidenced by his book, but, in Deppe's defense, I must say, "Honor to whom honor is due." Mr. Virgil, like Deppe, begins with elementary principles and his description of hand position is almost verbatim that of Deppe.

Where did Mr. Virgil get his ideas of turning out the hand from the wrist, of holding the tip end joints of the fingers, which he calls the "third phalanx," perpendicular to the key? Of stretching from the thumb, of avoiding throwing out the elbow, of attacking from above, of sinking with the wrist in chords and octaves, of holding the hand high on the outside, of lifting the fingers and holding them in the air, which he calls "stroke position"? Of all these things, and many more, nobody ever spoke before Deppe. I should not express myself thus strongly had Mr. Virgil ever mentioned Deppe's name in his book, or given Deppe credit for Deppe's own inventions. It is one thing to originate new principles of art and it is quite another to make a clever and elaborate exposition of those already discovered.

If such a thing could be possible, that Mr. Virgil had invented a method identical in all sorts of little peculiarities with that of Deppe, and often couched in the very words in which I explained Deppe's ideas to him prior to the year 1881, which was the year my book was published, he must have pupils before that date, who can come forward and substantiate the claim, or printed exercises, or magazine articles; something incontrovertible to show that in the very heart of this continent an American piano teacher was simultaneously and independently developing, not even a similar, but actually in many respects, an identical piano method, with that of the great Deppe, the Delsarte of the piano.

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THE DEBT OF POETRY TO MUSIC.

BY JULIA B. CHAPMAN.

It has been said that if we would attempt the herculean task of eliminating all traces of the Christian religion from the world, it would be necessary not merely to close the churches, silence the clergy and destroy the Bible in all lands, but to remodel all laws, alter innumerable customs and traditions, revise the whole of the world's literature and even (if it were possible) to change radically the entire language and modes of thought of all peoples of the earth.

If this be true of Christianity, it can be said with almost equal truth of that "Serene Religion," music. So completely have musical phrases and musical ideas permeated our language, that even non-musical people make more constant use of them than they are aware of in ordinary speech. So that, if every musician were to perish off the face of the earth, and every instrument be silenced forever, the poets alone would keep alive the memory of the "Lost Art."

I am not referring now to poems on strictly musical subjects, such as "Enchanted Music" (Spenser), "Abt, Vogler" (Browning), "Solemn Music" (Milton), and many others by Shakespeare, Shelley, Wardsworth, etc.; nor to poems in praise of music like "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," by Dryden, and others that will readily suggest themselves; but to the habitual use of musical phraseology and musical metaphors to enrich and beautify thought.

Especially has this tendency been noticeable in poems of nature, for "Gentle pilgrim, if thou know the gamut old of Pan," thou wilt be very well assured that:

> **"Nature beats in perfect tune,**
> **And rounds with Rhyme her every Rune,"**

and will not be surprised that winds and waves, trees and rocks, should prove tuneful sources of inspiration.

Whittier's seekers after the waterfall were disappointed of the "Vision:"

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"But still the water sang the sweet
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet;
And found in rock and root the keys
Of its beguiling melodies."

While Tennyson's "Brook" carols blithely:

"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles."

There is an exhilarating swing, very suggestive of the sea and its mysterious cadences, in Tennyson's "Sea Fairies:"

"Oh, listen! listen! Your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp, clear twang of the Golden Chords
Runs up the ridged sea."

and in the same manner Allan Cunningham's lines,

"Hark the music! Mariners!
The Wind is piping loud."

suggest all manner of images of sails and cordage, tense and vibrant, giving out weird tones like gigantic drums and viols. And what infinite variety of "tone coloring" these same winds can produce in the ear of an appreciative listener! First, pianissimo:

"the low winds make
Such melodies as keep the woods awake
And listening all night long."

Again, a little stronger, but still "piano andante":

"Through woods and mountain passes
The Winds, like Anthems, roll."

Once more, and this time "forte, presto agitato:"

"The gathering winds in hoarse accord
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud."

The crescendo continues to gain power, for:

"The Brook sings on, though loud and high
The Cloudy Organs blow."

until the climax is reached in a tremendous "fortissimo" when "the Thunder shouts his battle song."

Trees and boughs add to "the untaught harmony of Spring," and, of all the trees, the pine seems to have commended itself to the poets as the most musical. Mrs. Browning writes:

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"And the Pine stood quivering
As the awful word went by,
Like a vibrant music string
Stretched from mountain peak to sky."

and of the same tree Emerson tells us:

"The countless leaves of the Pine are strings
Tuned to the lay the Wood-God sings."

The "Music of the Spheres" has been full of inspiration, and has found in no one a more devout admirer than Longfellow, whose "Occultation of Orion" rolls out its sonorous numbers like the tones of an organ.

"I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samians' great Aeolian Lyre
Rising through all its sevenfold bars
From Earth unto the fixed stars."

The musical simile seems to maintain its hold on him until he reaches a climax worthy of his subject:

"And like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the Angel cast
Upon the Heavenly Lyre its blast."

A little later he tells us how:

"majestic, mournful Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his Bass."

doubtless bearing his part in the:

"Solemn old Chorale of Night
With fullest chords of might,"

of which Miss Havergal writes.

Browning was surely hard put to it for a rhyme for rats when in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" he laments over their

"Drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats!"

What a wide range of tonics those rodents must have had, and what an advantage it must have given them over the merely human vocalist!

But it is when we leave the world of nature, and enter the

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realm of sentiment that we are met with "Symphonies of gladness, "Chords of the spirit," "Harmonies of thought," "Notes of sorrow," etc.

Hamlet had certainly a degree of rhythmic feeling when he assures his calm, unmoved queen-mother:

> "My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
> And makes as wholesome music,"

while Burns' good wishes to his friend display a knowledge of Tempo quite remarkable:

> "May still your life from day to day
> Nae 'Lente Largo' in the play
> But 'Allegretto, Forte' gay
> Harmonious flow."

Browning, always enigmatical, becomes positively incoherent when he comes to write of love and music, as:

"What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something! Those suspensions—those solutions—'must we die!'
Those commiserating sevenths—'life might last! we can but try!' "

"Then more kisses!—Did I stop them when a million seemed so few?"
"Hark! the Dominant's persistence till it must be answered to!
So! an octave struck the answer," etc., etc.

but what he means I know no more than I do in the "Lovers' Quarrel:"

> "We shall have the word
> In a minor third
> There's none but the Cuckoo knows."

In striking contrast is the simplicity of the little song by Burns:

> "My Luve's like the melodie
> That's sweetly played in tune."

Locksley Hall is the lover's poem, and every lover's heart vibrates in unison with Tennyson's passionate words:

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might;
"Smote the chord of Self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

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But, alas! all is not love and friendship in the world! The peace and harmony of nature are often rudely broken by man's fierce passions, and the "low, sweet tones of Nature's Lyre" are drowned in the thunder of "War's Great Organ." Yet Longfellow finds music even in the "Diapason of the Cannonade," and writes of the Arsenal at Springfield:

"from floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ rose the burnished arms.
But from those silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms."

"Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament, and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies."

Whether it is a foretaste of what is popularly supposed to be the sole occupation of the blessed in Heaven that inspires so many musical figures in sacred poetry, I do not know, but certain it is that hymnologists of all ages are particularly given to this class of metaphor. Among the very modern, we are not wont to look to Ella Wheeler Wilcox for religious poetry, yet what can be more beautifully devout than her poem on luck:

"Luck is the tuning of our inmost thought
To chord with God's great plan."

"with the soul's fine ear
Attune thyself to harmonies divine!
All, all are written in the key of love;
Keep the score, and thou hast naught to fear."

Miss Havergal finds comfort for the mysterious chances and changes of this mortal life in the thought:

"That in the grandest Harmonies
The strangest discords rise."

and in her serene, abiding faith that:

"The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand revolveth
In richest harmony."

Dear old Keble, saint and poet, had his times of depression because, alas!

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"The music of our hearts is faint and low,
Fear, doubt and sin make dissonance within!"

Therefore his prayer, "Tune for thyself the music of my days," shows the need he felt of direction and guidance. The same idea of the discord made by man's evil doing is finely expressed by Milton, thus:

"sin
Jarred against Nature's Chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason."

And so we may go on, back, and still further back through the centuries, till we come to the royal poet—musician of Israel—with his constant reference to harps, psalteries and cymbals, and his perpetual exhortation to sing and make melody, and even to "make a cheerful noise unto the Lord" (I wonder if King David evolved that phrase out of his experience with the Levites, or whether he had a prophetic vision of the modern boy choir?), until the climax is reached in the grand chorus:

Praise Him in the sound of the Trumpet,
Praise Him upon the Lute and Harp,
Praise Him upon the strings and Pipe,
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!

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MUSIC IN SHAKESPEARE.

BY IRA GALE TOMKINS.

(Concluded from page 88, May, 1897.)

MUSIC OF THE VOICE AND TONGUE.

How angel-like he sings!
—Cymbeline, iv. 2.

She sings like one immortal,
Deep clerks she dumbs;
—Pericles, v. gomer.

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale,
—Taming of the Shrew, ii. 4.

when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
—Pericles, iv. gr.

for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute,
—1st Henry IV., iii. 6.

Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet,
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
—Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1.

An admirable musician;
O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear;
of so high and plenteous wit and invention.
—Othello, iv. 1.

for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music.
—Twelfth Night, i. 2.

When you speak, sweet,
I'ld have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'ld have you buy and sell, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too.
—Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

My tongue shall catch your tongue's sweet melody.
—Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1.

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.
—Love's Labor Lost, iv. 3.

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Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken.

—Henry V., v. 1.

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.

—Love's Labor Lost, i. 1.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

—Sonnets.

MUSIC OF THE VOICE.

A CHIME.

and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending.

—Troilus and Cres., i. 3.

A MELLIFLUOUS VOICE.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

—Twelfth Night, i. 5.

CORDELIA'S VOICE GENTLE AND LOW.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

—King Lear, v. 3.

CHANGE OF VOICE.

And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice.

—Merchant of Venice, iii. 3.

thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound.

—Twelfth Night, i. 5.

CHILDISH TREBLE.

and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

—As You Like It, ii. 7.

BOTTOM'S VOICE.

Aparagon. He has the best wit and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say "paragon;" a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

—Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 2.

ROARING LIKE A NIGHTINGALE.

I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

—Ibi. 2.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE LUTE.

Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

—Pass. Pilg.

STOPS.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

—Much Ado, iii. 2.

CASE OF LUTE.

Hero. When I like your favor; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

—Ib., ii. 1.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them.

—Titus Andronicus, ii. 3.

VIOL-DE-GAMBOY.

He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

—Twelfth Night, i. 3.

The oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke.

—Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3.

A' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: a' was the very genius of famine.

TREBLE HAUTBOY.

For you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him.

—2d pt. Henry IV., iii. 2.

TABOR BAG PIPE.

I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe.

—Much Ado, iii. 2.

SINGS IN THE NOSE.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

When the bagpipe sings i' the nose.

—Merchant of Venice, iv. 1.

And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,

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Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

—Richard II., i. 3.

SINGING AND FINGERING.

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practice by myself.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable words to it: and then let her consider.

VICE IN HER EARS.

If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

—Cymbeline, ii. 3.

In illustrations of his many sided subjects—as has been said—our poet draws upon all things in the realm of nature and art, and among others music comes in for a large share in pointing a moral and adorning a theme.

DECEPTION.

FALSE STRAINS.

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!

—As You Like It, iv. 3.

In the following significant scene between Hamlet and his sycophantic courtiers our poet cites a striking object lesson, besides affording a signal evidence of the wonderful wisdom and profound and subtle thought and philosophy that pervades this marvelous masterpiece of human genius:—

PLAYING UPON AN INSTRUMENT AND UPON A MAN.

O, the recorders! let me see one.
Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

FROM LOWEST NOTE TO TOP OF COMPASS.

Guil. My lord, I cannot. I know no touch of it, my lord.
Tho' you fret me, you can not play upon me.

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Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

—Hamlet, iii. 2.

A SOUND NOT IN GOVERNMENT.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

—Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1.

Martial Music.—Nothing more strongly appeals to that melodious divinity within us than martial music; and when the blast of war blows in our ears what is more inspiring to the emotions than are the strains of "the ear-piercing fife" and the sound of the "soul-stirring drum?" It rouses up a man's patriotism as nothing else does, and under its inspiriting influence he is ready to march to victory or death.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace.

—1st pt. Henry IV., v. 2.

DRUM—FIFE.

I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe.

—Much Ado.

KETTLE-DRUM.

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!

—Othello.

TRUMPET.

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

—Hamlet, i. 4.

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And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
—Ib., v. 2.

Lock up my doors, when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife.
—Merchant of Venice, ii. 3.

Why wry-neck'd fife?

This phrase, like those quoted in comment above, exhibits our poet's infinite felicity in the use of epithets, metaphors and qualifying terms. In this the subjective may be said to be transferred to the objective, and the qualifying adjective changed from the performer to the instrument performed upon. In playing the fife the musician twists his neck in order to bring his lips in contact with the mouth of the instrument, giving it the appearance of being awry—hence the phrase.

Such terse and expressive phrases and figures—like "the lightning in the collied night"—convey a vivid and instantaneous impression upon the retina of the mind's eye, and we grasp the forceful thought or conception instantly. Here follows references to other military musical instruments:—

Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray.
—Richard II., i. 3.

TRUMPET—RATTLING TAMBOURINE.

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
—Macbeth, v. 6.

Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear:
Make mingle with our rattling taborines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.
—Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 8.

SACKBUT, PSALTERY, FIFE, CYMBAL.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!
—Coriolanus, v. 4.

TUCKET SONANCE.

Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount.
—Henry V., iv. 2.

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Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
—Troilus and Cres., iv. 5.

TRUMPET CHALLENGE.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for Hector.
—Troilus and Cres., i. 6.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS MENTIONED BY SHAKESPEARE.

While the harp the lyre and the psaltery are the oldest musical instruments known, the instrument most frequently mentioned by Shakespeare is the lute.

This was a melon-shaped instrument, very much resembling in form the modern mandolin. It consisted of four parts —the table, or front; the body, having nine or ten ribs or sides, arranged like the divisions of a melon, the neck having the same number of frets; and the head, in which were the screws for turning the strings, it being played upon in the same manner as the mandolin or guitar. It would seem to conform more to "the golden shell" of the ancients than either the lyre or harp.

The Tabor was a kind of lute or guitar, or small drum, used as an accompaniment to pipe or fife, and played by the same person.

The Hautboy, more modernly called oboe, was a wind instrument sounded through a double reed, and in shape much resembled the modern clarionet, but with thinner tone. It was so called on account of the high penetrating, pastoral quality of its tone, and hence we have the word haughty.

The Pipe, or Bag-pipe, most of us are familiar with as peculiarly a Scotch instrument.

Shakespeare speaks of "the bag pipe singing in the nose," and in the play, Merchant of Venice, Shylock, in the Court scene, in speaking of natural antipathies, refers to the peculiar physiogosychological effect of the sound of this instrument on

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certain people or temperaments, but which it would be out of place to quote here.

The Recorder was a pipe or wind instrument much resembling the modern "flageolet."

The Sackbut was the ancient trombone, and used in a similar manner to its modern prototype.

The Viol de Gamboy probably corresponded to our modern violin and bass viol.

The Psaltery is so very ancient that the exact form of it is not now known. It was an instrument much used by the Jews, and we have in the Psalms this reference: "Praise the lord with the harp; sing unto him with the psaltery and with an instrument of ten strings."

The other instruments mentioned by our poet—the fife, drum, kettle-drum, flute, tamborine and trumpet—are probably generally well known and need no description here.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

As poetry and music bear an intimate relation to each other, so does music and dancing, and one who is sensitive to the concord of sweet sounds, and the charms of a lively melody, sometimes finds it difficult to refrain from keeping involuntary time to the music with the motion of his feet.

He is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering.

—Merchant of Venice, i. 2.

CANARY TO IT WITH YOUR FEET.

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humor it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away.

—Love's Labor Lost, ii. 1.

MEASURE IN EVERY THING.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer.

Music is a medicine
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion.

—All's Well, i. 3.

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WOOING, WEDDING AND REPENTING.

For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure and a cinque pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

—Much Ado, ii. 1.

Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as turn round but in a sink-a-pace.

—Twelfth Night, i. 5.

DANCING BILLOWS.

When you do dance, I wish
You a wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function.

—Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

In approaching the conclusion of our exhaustive theme, it would perhaps be in consonance with the subject to make its ending in harmonious accord with the last scenes in man's pilgrimage, "here upon this bank and shoal of time."

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends:
Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

—2d pt. Henry IV., iv. 5.

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

—Henry VIII., iv. 2.

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.

—King John, v. 6.

Range that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

—Ib.

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death.

—Romeo and Juliet, v. 3.

In addition to the psychological phenomena here referred to —an established fact—this is also illustrative of the truth of the ruling passion being strong in death.

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It is recorded of the renowned composer, Mozart, that he died singing the alto part of his "Requiem," while friends took up the air and the bass.

In corroboration of this phenomena the writer would state as an incident of his own personal experience that an aged relative on his bed of death sang an old familiar church hymn, and affirmed at the same time that an old friend of his own, who had been dead, or, rather, who had been living in spirit life some thirty odd years, accompanied him in the song.

All this goes to show that there are more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in our philosophy.

In literature, the mythical tradition that the swan sings only at the moment of death, when its notes are most melodious and inspiring, Shakespeare has made frequent use of in illustration of this phase of this grave and solemn subject:—

"DEFUNCTIVE" MUSIC.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

—Phoenix and Turtle.

"THE DEATH-DIVINING SWAN."

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.

—Rape Lucrece.

A SWAN-LIKE END.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice:
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.

—Merchant of Venice, iii. 2.

THE WILLOW.

THE "DIVINE DESDEMONA'S" DEATH.

A BODING SONG.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. (Singing) Willow, willow.

—Othello, v. 1.

"POOR OPHELIA."

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Pulled from her melodious lay to muddy death.
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke;

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When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

—Hamlet, iv. 7.

The above for rare descriptive, picturesque and pathetic beauty, it would be difficult to parallel even in Shakespeare.

MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.

HARMONY IN IMMORTAL SOULS.

Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

From discordant, obtuse and muddy mortality to pellucid and melodious immortality is a great transition. But that is the theme of the above text wherein is voiced two of the grandest and most sublime ideal conceptions of the poet. The first part refers to the music and harmony of the spheres:—

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine"—

and the latter part to the melody and harmony in immortal souls, when freed from this "muddy vesture of decay."

The logical and lyrical force of Shakespeare's epithets are frequently noted for contrast, as the word muddy applied to death in the two last quotations; the last especially indicating the striking contraries between the mortal and the immortal, when, as Byron says: "Reft of its carnal life the mind shall be all free from what it loathes in this degenerate form." And Milton also:

"Then all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall forever sit
Triumphing over death, and chance, and time."

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FUNERAL MUSIC.

And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.
—Venus and Adon.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung, "Non nobis" and "Te Deum;"
The dead with charity enclosed in clay.
—Henry V.

"TE DEUM" CHOIR MUSIC.

The choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung "Te Deum."
—Henry VIII.

REQUIEMS AND DIRGES FOR THE DEAD.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change.
—Romeo and Juliet.

MELANCHOLY BELLS.

No longer mourn for me which I am dead
Than you shall bear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
—Sonnets, 71.

It may not be out of place in connection with this phase of our theme to mention a beautiful custom the Moravians have in announcing the demise of one of their number who has crossed stygean river:

the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual light.
—Richard III., i. 4.

A trombone band is stationed in the belfry of the church and its first peculiar notes announce the sex and age of the deceased. Then follows at first, slow and solemn strains of music, but gradually changing toward the end and finally culminating in notes of gladness, hope and triumph, as indicating "the resurrection and the life immortal."

LAST SCENES AND NOTES IN MAN'S "STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORY."

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

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MUSIC'S ENDING.

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
—Richard II., ii. 1.

A SOLEMN, FULL AND NATURAL CLOSE.

Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
—Henry V., i. 1.

EPILOGUE.

If music were blotted from the earth, probably a very large percentage of man's happiness, goodness and religion would be extinguished with it.

The ministry of music is heard and felt in the thousand voices of nature and art. In nature it is softly heard in a minor key in the gentle rustle of the summer breeze playing its Aeolean harp upon the branches of the balmy trees, conveying melody and "stealing odor." In the sound of the babbling brook, "making sweet music with the enameled stones," and especialy is it heard and felt in the delightful minstrelsy of the birds in wood and grove. In a louder key it is heard in the music of the "multitudinous seas" which

"Like the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other with surge upon surge."

And louder still, in the deeper diapason of grand old ocean, "when the ruffian Boreas enrages the gentle Thetis, and twixt the green sea and azured vault sets roaring war;" and again in the detonating music of "heaven's artillery," when the electrical elements in meeting, with "thundering shock tear the cloudy cheeks of heaven."

In the ascending scale of being we realize its power in the "lullabys" of mothers sounding through all the centuries. In the old familiar hymns sung in log meeting houses, and in the deep, vibrating organ notes of vast cathedrals, where

"Through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults,
The peeling anthems sound the notes of praise;"

singing of "the resurrection and the life," that will never let Handel, Hayden, Mozart or Beethoven die, but will send their names and notes echoing along the corridors of the ages, and reverberating on the eternal shores to the last syllable of re-

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corded time. We also feel the power of melody in a minor key in the sweep of the bow across the strings of violin and base viol; in the strumming of harps, in the exquisite notes of the piano, in the trumpet's resounding bray and the bugle's awakening blast, with the many other instruments that administer to our delight. Especially do we realize its power when all instruments are united as in one, and move in sweet accord, as in the music of great orchestras.

The ethical and educational effects of music are greatly realized in the songs of children in day schools and Sabbath schools, pouring forth their many voices in sweet and tender, "childish treble." Also in church choirs and congregations in their resounding doxologies,

"Praising God from whom all blessings flow;"

and again in the sweet chimes of Sabbath bells:

"Where each its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air
As soft as song, as pure as prayer."

And last, though not least, the controlling and uplifting power of music is supremely felt in our national songs and anthems, which will continue to enthuse and inspire with the love of country and patriotic devotion all hearts which, like John Brown's, will continue forever marching on to such inspiriting strains as

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
To thee I sing."

Music is immortal because its spring is love. Therefore let all sing—and if you can't sing, play.

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MUSIC IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

BY RAVANASTRON.

Perhaps few of those who come to Washington and visit the new Congressional Library building get a complete idea of the value and scope of the scheme embraced in the work of this beautiful marble palace of art and literature. Of course, the building is pre-eminently a place for the preservation and utilization of printed knowledge, with its vast store of books, pamphlets, periodicals and newspapers. But besides these there are other educators there, such as dramatical and musical compositions, maps, charts, engravings, cuts, prints, lithographs, photographs, designs and chromos.

The copyright law, which is continually bringing to the Library large amounts of the material mentioned, has, according to the librarian's reports—which give the deposits up to 1896—brought to this place 6,026 dramatical and 289,617 musical compositions. But as every copyright entry was not accompanied by a deposit of the article thus protected, the latter now in the library does not agree with the above figures. As an illustration of this we cite the number of musical publications now on hand, which is 187,178.

With these things which so nearly concern the singer and actor, there are in the Library nearly 40,000 photographs dealing with almost every phase of life. They are kept in a large room at the top of the southeast part of the building, where the whole collection is arranged in labeled piles according to class, thus forming a valuable lot of picture data, at the service of any one who desires information in this line.

Among the photographs are those of about 400 different actresses and 344 actors and singers. One photographer had copyrighted 300 different photographs of Lillian Russell. Of course the taking of so many pictures of one person extended over a period of several years. Lillian Russell is largely in the majority in photographic representations in the Library's collection; no one, either male or female, approaches her in this

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respect. The copyrighted pictured forms and faces of other actresses and singers, from one to a dozen in number, are here seen in all variety of pose and costume; and, strange to say, the charming face of the great Patti is represented among them by only two photographs. This, of course, is not because the divine singer has failed to pose before the camera; the small showing is due to the fact that her photographers paid but little attention to copyright law.

If, upon leaving the photograph collection room (which is not visited by the sight-seer), and coming down the winding stairs leading therefrom, we turn abruptly to the left, the hall of music opens before us. This is a large room 135 feet long by 35 feet wide, having a lofty ceiling. On the west wall are hanging, attached to each other, several rows of photographs of celebrated singers and instrumentalists, while at one side, and also near the center of the room, are tables on which are arranged photographs of other musical notables.

It is the plan of the music department of the Library to place upon these tables photographs of the principal singers and instrumental musicians who come to Washington, and to change the display from time to time as these important personages come and go. It is also intended—as the writer was informed by Mr. Walter R. Whittlesey, superintendent of the music department, who kindly furnished information concerning his valuable and interesting charge—to display in the hall, for public benefit, programs in advance of coming musical entertainments, just before the companies, or individual musicians, arrive in Washington. Thus will the recipients of this attention be "billed" in the most beautiful palace of collected thought in all the world, and their names and faces will form a part of the attraction of the thousands who walk in wondering admiration through the enchanting halls.

Although the music room will eventually be the repository of all the musical publications possessed by the Library, at present there are only 17,000 pieces there. These are kept in wooden cases, about eighteen feet long by ten feet high, which are divided into small compartments somewhat larger than an ordinary sheet of music. Here it is easily gotten at by the superintendent, whose experienced assistance is of much value

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to those who go to the musical department to study, copy scores or otherwise avail themselves of the advantages of the place. A copy of all copyrighted music finds its way to the music room, where it comes at the rate of from thirty to forty pieces each day. The receipts for 1898 amount to something over 5,900 productions. The arrangement perhaps can be best described by quoting from the librarian's report for 1897. He says in this:

"We are now arranging the music under three general heads —namely, vocal, instrumental and mechanical. Vocal music is understood to embrace sacred, solos, duets, trios, quartettes, quintettes, chorus and grand chorus. There are subdivisions of ballad, comic lullabys, Ethiopian and pathetic songs. Under the head of "instrumental" the piano is given a complete division, including solos, four hands, eight hands, classic concertos, with orchestra or military band accompaniment. The church organ has a similar division. The violin is subdivided into solos, duets, etc. The clarionet, cornet, flute and other music for band and orchestral instruments are similarly arranged. There are divisions for orchestral and mechanical music. The collection of mechanical devices is large and interesting. There is a double card index for music. The first card shows the title of the composition, the instrument for which it is intended, the arrangement for voices, the publisher, and where published. The second card indicates the name of the composer, title of the music, and the arrangement for voices and instruments. This means a double check upon each composition filed, making it easy of access when required."

The musical department embraces everything that pertains to printed music, and includes in its collection musical charts for schools and kindergarten mechanical instructors, which consist of sheets of cardboard to which are attached movable notes.

Another valuable and atttractive feature, which not long after opening this department of the Library, was added to it, is the music-practicing hall, where the student, after selecting such music as he desires to play, retires and sits down to a grand piano. If he so desires he can let out his voice to its full capacity, for, as the music-practicing hall is shut in by thick walls far from the reading rooms and the business parts

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of the building, no one can be disturbed. Here he can play and sing ad lib., for as yet the student has not been given any specified time in which to enjoy the benefits of the place. If he wishes to copy scores, tables and chairs in the hall are at his disposal, and when tired, or waiting for someone to leave the piano, rest can be found upon a comfortable lounge.

It would seem that with the many advantages offered the student of music at the Library's musical department, the latter would have more visitors than could be accommodated. But that such is not the case is owing to the fact that the large majority of musical people in Washington are not aware of the facilities for study offered them. This is especially so concerning the piano feature, which has not been established long enough to draw to any considerable extent the attention of the musical public.

There may be, however, some objection to the music-practicing hall on account of its present acoustic properties. It has a great deal too much vibration, but this defect can be in a great measure prevented by putting matting on the floor and adding more furniture.

It is safe to assume that this department of the Library will, in the not distant future, have a goodly share of the student's attention, and that as time goes on the educational advantages of the place will be largely increased. As a place of research among musical compositions it is of immense value, a value that is growing by the steady inflowing of publications from this and other countries.

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Taking the world of music as it stands in this country there are two aspects which as yet are not satisfactory. Music-study is something very different from what it was a generation ago in America, and its aims vastly more serious and its ordering more intelligent. The standard of taste and of execution in performance have advanced prodigiously and the countless amateur clubs, of which almost every middle-sized town has one or more, show an appetite for musical improvement as universal as it is encouraging to those who believe this form of art to be at once the most universal in its appeal and the most suited to the state of society as it now exists.

There are, however, two points in which a marked advance needs to be made. The first, strange as the reader will at first think it, is the habit of attending first-class musical performances, and particularly first-class recitals by artists—singers or players. To many it will at first appear strange that indifference to recitals can be charged in communities which gave Paderewski such magnificent support. But Paderewski is not the whole of art. His personality and the charm of his sentiment, together with unique and highly skillful application of printer's ink, raised his concerts for a time to the rank of a fad. There is no other Paderewski, and it is very doubtful whether even he will again be able to duplicate his former popular successes. Besides Paderewski played in only a few places and in most of these only once. To have heard this singular artist is indeed to have had a valuable musical privilege, the memory of which will be highly prized. But it is not of Paderewski that we are now speaking.

Among the players of last season were such highly esteemed artists as Siloti, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Mr. Godowsky, Sherwood, Joseffy, etc. Now Siloti has a high European repu-

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tation, yet his recitals were a failure, despite (or perhaps in consequence of) the novelty of his programmes, in which the later Russian school was numerously represented. True, Siloti is not a virtuoso of phenomenal powers, but he is a graceful and fluent player with a lovely tone quality. Everything that he played sounded musical, even if sometimes amateurish in its reading. But these qualities did not serve to gather to his recitals paying audiences. Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler plays but a few recitals a year, and these are distributed all over the world. Yet it is no secret to the well-informed that she is one of the first lady pianists of the present time; some think the very first. Why is it not possible for her to fill one of the largest Chicago halls six times a year with recital audiences? Simply because the musical public is too indifferent. I mention this case because, so far as I know, nobody disputes the quality of her art. Everybody concedes her technic, the originality and personal vigor of her readings, and her cosmopolitan quality.

Or if the art of Bloomfield-Zeisler is too well balanced for our jaded appetites, what is the matter with that sterling pianist, Mr. William H. Sherwood, the foremost of peculiarly American pianists, although it might not be easy to show wherein Sherwood is more an American pianist than Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler or Mme. Carreno, since all alike were born in America and had the most of their education here, and all alike have studied seriously in Europe and made successes there. Mr. Sherwood, whom no one can accuse of not taking his art seriously, plays indeed a large number of recitals in a year; but in the large cities, where there are so many music pupils, and where so very few artists are heard in any season of like excellence with himself, he plays very little—and rarely to pecuniary profit.

There is also that lovely player, Mme. Julia Rive-King, who has been one of the great educators of the American public in piano playing; her name is at the very head. Yet how often do we hear of her appearing in public? Nevertheless, everybody says here technic is beautifully finished and her interpretations ripe and musical.

Other excellent pianists there are also, who play well enough to give pleasure to anybody, yet they can only be brought for-

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ward to small audiences or else at a loss to the piano house backing them. No doubt the playing of Emil Sauer will for a moment seem to give the lie to these observations. But then Mr. Sauer has still his American reputation to make; when he has done this it will be time enough to consider how he is going to keep it. It is also the same with Rosenthal. He appeals to the smaller musical public and the financial result of his season is matter of doubt.

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Nor is it to pianists alone that this indifference exists. How is it with singers? Supposing such a song singer as Mr. David Bispham were to be advertised all over the country in a series of song-recitals to the number of fifty, could they be adequately supported? It is very doubtful. With violinists it is the same. The late interesting personality and great artist, Mr. Edouard Remenyi, went into vaudeville, where he appeared before audiences able to recognize him merely as another "fiddler," because concert appearances no longer paid. And there is Mme. Camilla Urso about to enter the same evil-smelling garden of art—Camilla Urso, who has always been so true to art and a high standard.

Yet of all the thousands of music students the three provinces of piano, song and violin, comprise at least nineteen-twentieths; and in all of them it is true that a recital by an artist is more than a first-class lesson. Indeed it is the only first-class lesson. The way to understand art is to study it and to observe it as interpreted by the greatest artists. The advanced player or singer has no other way of arriving at a complete understanding of the possibilities of the master works he studies. And for the younger student, the work of first-class artists is at once an education and a stimulation which shortens the course and steadies the aim at perfection.

This is true for students in every grade above the very beginning. Think what it is to the young student of singing to hear an artist like Melba, with tone so pure, breathing so easy, and phrasing so charming. It is at once a charm and a training. And for the violinist what more useful than to hear a César Thomson, an Ysaye, or any other great master?

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Nor is this deadly apathy confined to recitals and to students. It pervades the profession and extends to all classes of would-be musical amateurs, even as regards chamber music and symphony. It is true that we are now having in America some six or eight fully fledged symphony orchestras which maintain long series of concerts every season; and in Boston and Chicago bodies of players who are kept together and play under no other conductor the entire season than the conductor of the symphony concerts. But these experiments are very costly and entail heavy subventions from private sources. The public as yet has not fully awakened to their importance and meaning.

In chamber music, as might be feared, it is even worse. How many musical amateurs are there in Chicago who could name upon hearing any one of the six principal quartettes of Beethoven? How many would recognize the best of Haydn or Schubert? And how is it with duos and trios? It is true that the veteran Carl Wolfsohn maintained for several years series of trio concerts here in which all the great masterworks in that department were produced. But how many piano teachers would be able to identify an unannounced work of this class upon hearing? Very few indeed. And of duos perhaps the variations of the Kreutzer sonota might be recognized, but the chances are that the line would be drawn right there. In short, while we have some hundreds of teachers of music in any city, and many thousands of students and many other thousands who have been students and still profess to love music, there are not enough to give a paying support to any kind of high art performance.

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What is the reason of all this? Why is it that the votaries of the most enthusiastic form of art known to men should be so curiously apathetic to everything but pedagogic or popular appeal? This is one of those questions which are more easily asked than answered. Some say, and I understand Mr. Liebling to be among them, that the reason an artist cannot draw a paying house in any American city is because of the flood of school concerts and church entertainments, to which people can go free or are forced into buying tickets by over-solici-

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tation. Meanwhile art concerts cannot depend upon this work of personal proselytism and they therefore perish. But here the question arises why a profusion of concerts by small artists or would-be artists should not eventually awaken an appetite for something better. Why not? Why does not all this advertising of an art of music, and all these many public performances, to which hundreds come who really know nothing about the matter, kindle a desire to know what this art may be in its higher manifestations? It cannot be said that the reason is because the local artist lacks prestige. On the contrary, whose names are we continually seeing in the musical columns of our daily papers but those of local artists? I know it is a favorite idea of theirs that the foreign artist absorbs public attention; but this is the attention of press agents. In the papers of every city the names of local artists figure ten times for once where a foreign artist is mentioned—and this simply because the local artist having nothing else to do furnishes a more numerous variety of news items.

No, it is not because local players are not good artists, nor yet because they are mentioned in the local press. But simply because the musical profession, and particularly the teaching body, is without high ideals. These people are not teaching music so much as they are conducting businesses in which music is an incident. The real thing they are after is giving lessons and collecting tuitions. If they were seeking to turn out cultivated pupils they would necessarily be forced to urge the students to hear music wherever possible. To hear school concerts when they could, but hear artists every time possible. In no other manner can they acquire an acquaintance with any considerable range of masterworks, and in no other way can they be educated to high ideals in music. Artists are the prophets of the musical gospel, and their verdict concerning it is the final one. It is from them that the world learns and must learn; and it is from artists that teachers must learn whatever they acquire of interpretation and the inner meaning of art.

* * *

Closely allied with this apathy on the side of hearing music is that of reading about music. I concede without question that music is not an art which can be made to "go" by talk. On

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the contrary it must go as art—as playing or singing; more, as interpretation, yet more by artistic interpretation. But music is an art of high ideals and of enthusiasm beyond all other arts. And it is one of the conditions of awakening and maintaining an enthusiasm that the fires be duly fanned. This kind of ship goes by a forced draft and not purely by the accidental blowing of the stray winds of heaven.

Artists indeed do read a great deal about art. They have to. An artist is first of all one who takes his mission seriously. As soon as he begins to realize within himself something of this mysterious gift of art, he turns to the work of artists to find out whether his ideas are like theirs; and to the writings of serious critics and estheticians to discover whether his ideas are like theirs, and to get on track of the highest ideals possible. For what good is it to have an ambition to be a great artist if one is not willing to take the trouble to find out what kind of work great artists are doing and have done, and in what manner they think of their art? This is the very first thing a young artist does. It is only the cranks and fools who begin by announcing themselves the harbingers of a new gospel, and as Schopenhauer in one place says of preceding philosophers—"so have all philosophers before me gone." And the truer the artist and the more original and the more gifted in insight, the more he remains sympathetic to the ideals of other serious artists and the more anxious to discover where he stands as compared with other artists.

But the teacher is under no such compulsion. Disciple of a reputable master, who has "marked" his copies of masterworks, he desires nothing more than to remain true to the traditions in which he has been brought up; and any artist dotting an "i" or crossing a "t" where his master had failed, is forthwith written down an usurper and an ass. But this is not art, nor is it upon the road along which art may arrive.

* * *

It is one of the gratifying incidents of the multiplicity of musical clubs that an appetite for musical biography and history is being awakened upon a very wide scale. Too often it is an appetite for information about music and about musicians rather than for matter helpful for defining the stand-

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point of musical art and of the individual great masters. Still it is something that the musical amateur has discovered that there are more things in the musical heavens and earth than his philosophy had previously taught him. Later it will gradually appear that accessory information about music is one thing, and a very good one so far as it goes; and that real feeling for music is another; and that the ideals and the standpoint of the creative musician are also worth knowing something about. In this manner all the elements of a true musical culture will eventually arrive, and we will have a musical training and experience truly appreciative. And then artists will be recognized at their real value, their concerts will be supported and sought for.

* * *

All this good time coming might be greatly promoted if the habit of musical reading could be awakened among teachers and students. Undoubtedly good musical reading is one of the most valuable sources of musical inspiration for students and teachers. How many times an editor gets a letter from some out of the way place, saying: "I highly prize your magazine and it has been of great service to me; but I do not get time to read it properly and have concluded to do without it for the present. Later I hope to renew my relation to it." Very likely if the letter had been a little longer the confiding writer would have added: "I do not even get time to think; and as for ideals, they do not thrive in this climate."

As our readers know, it has been a favorite idea of the editor of MUSIC to present in these columns impressions of music as artists see it and as good thinkers think about it. Naturally such an undertaking appears somewhat elusive to the materialistic reader, or even "queer," as to our eminent New York collaborator, Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel; and others will say that even if such a conception could be realized there would "be nothing in it." Perhaps not in a commercial sense. But surely for the young reader it is by no means without influence to follow the best musical thinkers in their thought, to be brought into frequent contact with impressions concerning great masters, and to learn particulars of works and writers. As for the casual element of "news" this also has its val-

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ue. But one might be chock full of musical news without being musical. I forbear to quote examples.

And so I come around again to the practical question, Why every teacher should not encourage among his students musical reading? And why he does not see that it would help his work and confirm his influence more than almost any other instrumentality outside of his own active and pervasive personality.

This argument is as sound for the country as for the city, and for the city as sound as for the country. The neglect of artists and of artistic performances and of musical reading is as pronounced in the city as in the country—and alike fatal in both places. The cultivated future will have a different story to tell, some of the elements in which will be like those I have mentioned. Think it over.

* * *

Mention has been made in these columns formerly of the compositions of Mr. Leopold Godowsky, as being original, very musical and most distinguished workmanship, but unfortunately as yet unpublished. Students of advanced technique will be glad to know that several of the Chopin studies rewritten for the left hand, a number of Mr. Godowsky's own original studies and other compositions, to the number of twenty or more, are taken in hand and will shortly appear from one of the foremost publishing houses in America. The verdict of the professional readers to whom some of these compositions were submitted was favorable in the highest degree, saying that while their great difficulty might restrict their use, they undoubtedly had an important future. These works are very original from a harmonic point of view, very refined and demand a peculiarly musical quality in the treatment of the voices. Perhaps the best illustration of the latter point is found in his study No. 2, which is written for five voices and in highly troublesome combinations of rhythm. When well played it is delightfully elusive, yet expressive and musical; but it is very difficult.

Among the new pieces will be several combined into a suite all in a more or less modern-antique manner. These are short and charming in the extreme, but at the same time by no

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means easy. Among the smaller compositions in the list is a waltz which is very delicate and happy. Another is his concert paraphrase of the Chopin waltz in E flat, which is a curious enlargement of Chopin's idea, a very difficult and effective concert number.

* * *

The Chicago Manuscript Society is about starting out for a year of industrious work and renewed allegiance to the high ideals which have marked its former efforts. In the nature of the case a society of this kind has to struggle along for several years before it reaches full self-consciousness. The immediate use of such an organization is to furnish composers a sort of social field of meeting wherein they can compare ideals, hear one another's work and learn how their own ideas strike musical hearers. This kind of appreciative environment is of as much use to the most advanced composers as to the poorest—perhaps even more. Consider the peculiarly ungrateful experience of an American composer of high ideals, who works for year after year upon elaborate works, such as operas, symphonies, and the like, and after ten or twenty years of work is still unable to find publishers or adequate public performance. Such has been the experience of Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason, for instance, and of many other good musicians in this and other American cities. There are also many young composers well trained technically, but as yet unknown to the public. If some kind of adequate encouragement can be provided for these, the chances are that at least a few of them will persevere through the elementary writing, by which every pen artist must gain technique, and finally reach a real originality and a free and finished style, and so, eventually, a public. The good qualities of these young writers will be recognized in a society of this kind, and their weaknesses pointed out; and so they will receive in somewhat judicious measure at once encouragement and a needed restriction of undue eccentricity.

Moreover, such a society appeals of a large outside public of thinking musical amateurs, who are willing to pay a certain yearly due for an associate membership in the society, for the sake of hearing the new works and of taking a hand in

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the encouragement of struggling genius. Even the most gifted composers work under great disadvantage. For instance, I have mentioned above the proximate publication of some twenty compositions of Mr. Leopold Godowsky, compositions distinguished in equal measure for elegance and refinement of style, strong originality of harmony and delicate and deep musical sensitiveness, no less than for illustrating a more advanced technique than most of the existing works for piano demand. This young artist wrote most of these pieces while still in Paris, studying with Saint-Saens; others were composed seven or eight years ago in New York. But through the discouraging effect of having no public for his works, he has for the last three years composed scarcely more than a half dozen pieces of all kinds, and only by repeated requests from intimate friends was induced to play any of his own pieces in his recitals.

It is a good promise for the Chicago Manuscript Society that at the head of the committee for passing the test compositions of candidates for membership in the society Mr. Godowsky will act this year. The presence of such an artist in such a place cannot but tend to bring in still other strong musicians who have hitherto held aloof, under the impression that this was a sort of American trades union against the foreigner (which it is not in the slightest) and to encourage young musicians to bring out the best and strongest works in confidence that their merits will be recognized by a master eye.

It is the ambition of the society to give several private concerts during the year, and as soon as possible (though perhaps not this year) to give a concert with full orchestra, producing the best work of the strongest members of the society.

* * *

In another part of this issue is reprinted from the program book of Mr. Victor Maurel a very valuable article upon the nature of musical interpretation and the manner in which the art of interpretation is to be acquired, especially from the standpoint of the theater or lyric stage. His distinction between the composer who created the work and the artist who interprets it is unusually well done, and deserves the careful attention of players and singers universally.

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Another point in his work which is especially worthy of attention is the theory that in order to interpret the serious and strong music one must "understand life," and especially nice is the manner in which he derives everything from the interior life to its effect in the outer life. Still another point particularly valuable is the demand that the artist should be able in a room, without the aid of costume, or any kind of accessory assistance, to throw himself into a role with such earnestness and vigor of imagination as actually to bring to realization the conception of the poet or composer. This, it will be observed, is a very different thing from being simply able to sing a role correctly.

Another point in this essay worthy attention of students is that in the second chapter, where he explains the reason for employing at first very strongly marked selections; and the proper way of progressing from short compositions to longer ones. Also noteworthy are his directions in regard to study, as, for instance, getting a complete conception before proceeding to details.

* * *

It is thoroughly characteristic of that splendid artist, Mr. David Bispham, to forward to this office the program book of Mr. Maurel's recitals from which the foregoing was taken. Mr. Bispham himself, as all our readers well know, is one of the most serious artists now upon the stage, and a gentleman of wide and varied accomplishments and an interpreter of very high rank. So for this reason the valuable and clever observations of Mr. Maurel appeal to him with the power and force so thoroughly characteristic of the man, and he seeks to give the matter a wider currency.

All those who have seen Mr. Maurel in any of his popular roles, and especially as Iago in "Othello," will remember the finish and subtlety of his dramatic work and the beautiful artistic finish of his singing, and it is a pleasure to discover that these qualities are so fully ingrained in the nature of the artist.

* * *

The leading Chicago music schools have opened unusually well as to attendance and spirit. The Musical College looks forward to the most prosperous year in its history, and the

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same is true of the American Conservatory and the Chicago Conservatory, and probably of the Sherwood and the Kelso schools.

The plans for chamber concerts for the coming year give promise of experiences in this line of a quality the city has not before known. Perhaps the best outlook of all is at the Chicago Conservatory, where the fortunate combination of the Spiering quartette and Mr. Godowsky as pianist enables the production of a half dozen ensemble programs of distinguished quality. Besides these, Mr. Spiering and Mr. Godowsky will give several evenings of duos for piano and violin. As Mr. Spiering is a very sincere artist as well as a talented violinist of the highest ideals, something of public value may be looked for.

The concerts of the Chicago Orchestra will be resumed late this month, but as yet no particulars have reached this office. It is likely that the early programs will be rather conventional, awaiting the better condition of the players after a few weeks' rehearsals, before introducing anything new or important.

* * *

German readers of musical theory will be interested in Dr. Hugo Riemann's "Geschichte der Musiktheorie im IX—XIX Jahrhundert." Leipsic, Max Hesse; price, 10 marks. Notice in next issue. W. S. B. M.

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MISS MAUDE PECK.

The protrait herewith will serve to recall to the reader the name and charming personality of Miss Maude Peck, a delightful young artist, who after many years of preparation under some of the first masters of the present time, is now available for recitals and concert work. Miss Peck was last of all, as well as earlier, a pupil of Barth of Berlin. Gifted with a sympathetic touch, more than ordinary technique and plenty of sentiment and lofty ideality, her work should appeal to musical clubs, societies and the like, for she is better in an entire program than in a single number. In the good time of the future every middle-sized city will have young artists with qualifications of this kind; but at present they are lacking, and in place of home work artists from abroad must be brought in for the necessary inspiration of amateurs and students.

MISS AMANDA VIERHELLER.

Miss Vierheller is a talented and promising young singer and musician of Pittsburgh, a pupil mainly of that excellent artist, Mr. Ad. M. Foerster. Miss Vierheller is credited with a fine, full dramatic soprano voice, and, to judge from her press notices in many parts of the country, she sings with unusual taste and refinement. She has made a special study of the songs of Robert Franz, Franz Liszt and the other best German lieder. In addition to which she has gained many laurels by her lovely interpretations of the musical songs of her teacher, Mr. Foerster. Miss Vierheller is understood to be available for song recitals as well as concerts.

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MISS MAUDE PECK.

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MR. HENRY EAMES.

The conservatory of music of the Nebraska University is fortunate in adding to its faculty the young pianist and teacher, Mr. Henry Eames. Mr. Eames belongs to the class of

MISS AMANDA VIERHELLER.

young musicians who in addition to long studies at home and in Europe have enjoyed the accessory advantage of university training. In his case this preparation went further, embrac-

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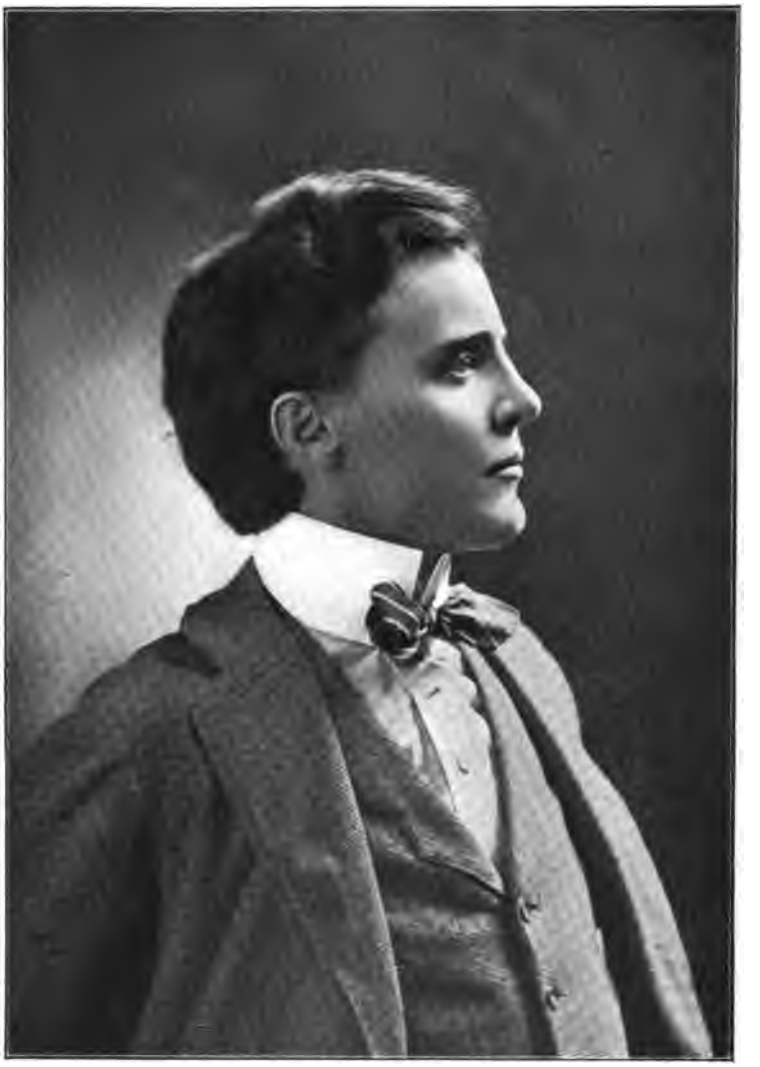
ing the law, and he was admitted to the Chicago bar. Nevertheless his lifelong ardor for music could not be resisted, and



MR. HENRY EAMES.

so he enters upon his career as teacher, concert pianist and lecturer with a training and knowledge of the world which will

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necessarily add much to his influence and usefulness. It is particularly encouraging that Mr. Eames is able to see his way to go so far away from a great musical center, in spite of the fact that his opening and connections in Chicago were of a highly flattering nature. The country needs young artists of this class in all the university towns and smaller cities, and MUSIC believes that they will not only add to the local appreciation of music in its finer sense, but also build up for themselves careers of profit as well as of usefulness.

MR. WALTER SPRY.

Among the younger pianists and teachers of Illinois there are few more competent than the subject of this sketch, Mr. Walter Spry, director of the Quincy Conservatory of Music. Mr. Spry was born in Chicago in 1868, and after studying music here went to Berlin, where he acquitted himself with distinction. Still later he made very serious studies in Paris. in this way acquiring a thorough musical equipment as composer of cosmopolitan value. Returning to Chicago, he became a member of the Chicago Manuscript Society and appeared in chamber concert with the Spiering quartette, with encouraging success. Then the field at Quincy being pressed upon his attention, he accepted the place at the head of the Conservatory, and during the past year made a very encouraging record for the school.

The location of so sound a musician as Mr. Spry in Quincy and so well trained a pianist and composer, who has his record still to make, is a most fortunate event for the musical life of the city. It is unfortunate that too many of the older teachers in these smaller cities find themselves after some years of ill-appreciated work discouraged and disheartened. From the first rank as an art music has sunken in their estimation to the position of a merely commercial department of gaining a living. The younger men are better educated than most of the older and have seen more of the world. They know better what position a musician of high character ought to hold, and believing in evolution, they know that well-continued effort will eventually bring them the desired recognition and standing in the community. Moreover, they have the advantage of the pioneer work which the older men have done, but have

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not known how to finish to blossoming and fruit. The future of such a musician as Mr. Spry in any city rests entirely with himself. If he preserves his ideals, does continually something advanced in the line of composition and produces high class works enjoyably in his recitals, he will surely reap as he sows. Meanwhile, that the public recognition upon a wide

MR. WALTER SPRY.

scale is tardy in coming, it will be his lot to strengthen himself by strengthening his students and keeping them up to the same kind of ideals which have made his own studies as restful and inspiring as Jacob found his years of service while waiting for Rachel.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

THE GREAT ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

Through the kindness of Mr. David Bispham programs of the Leeds and Gloucester festivals are at hand.

The Gloucester Festival was held September 11 to 16, the range of programs being substantially the following: The festival opened with a service on Sunday afternoon in the cathedral, in which were given a new Festival overture by Mr. Charles H. Lloyd, a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by C. Lee Williams, and Psalm XCVIII, "O Sing Unto the Lord a New Song," by Mr. A. Herbert Brewer. All these were written for the festival and conducted by their authors.

On Tuesday morning was the oratorio of "Elijah," beginning at 11:30. The solo artists were Messrs. Watkin Mills and Ben Davies, Mmes. Albani and Giulia Ravogli. Tuesday evening Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and the first part of Haydn's "Creation." The solo artists were Mme. Ella Russel, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Hirwen Jones and Mr. David Bispham.

On Wednesday morning a concert in the cathedral, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and several instrumental selections, together with the sacred pieces lately brought out in Paris from the pen of Verdi. The latter were given by the solo artists. Wednesday evening, at the shire hall, Choral Ballade for tenors and basses, by Rosalind F. Ellicott; an Orchestral Ballade in A minor, written for this occasion by Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor, and Sullivan's "Golden Legend"; solo artists the same as in the first program.

Thursday morning, "A Song of Darkness and Light," composed for this occasion by Mr. C. H. H. Parry; Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, and Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." Solo artists, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mme. Ella Russel, and Messrs. Hirwen Jones and David Bispham. Thursday evening, "Inclina Domine," by Basil Harwood. Psalm in five numbers, Mozart's symphony in G minor and Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," the title role in the latter by Mr. David Bispham.

Friday morning, "The Messiah," Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Watkin Mills. All the new works were conducted by the composers, respectively.

This program deserves careful attention from our American con-

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ductors of large festivals. It occupied a time perhaps unduly long, but the time was well filled. In addition to seven choral masterworks of the highest reputation, there were no less than five ambitious works by living English composers, and two more of already established reputation (the double chorus of Wesley and Sullivan's "Golden Legend"). What would we think in America to hear a great festival with five important American works upon the program? What would we think if there were even a beggarly two? Ask our German directors.

The Leeds Festival takes place October 5, 6, 7 and 8, and the following standard works are to be given: "Elijah," Mass in B minor, Bach; Handel's "Alexander's Feast"; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Also the following new works written for the festival and conducted by the composers: "Caractacus," a cantata by Mr. Ed. Elgar; "Te Deum," by C. Villiers Stanford; ode, "A Song of Redemption," by Mr. Allan Gray; "Ode to the Passions," by Cowen; besides which a new "Scene Mythologique," "The Birth of Venus," by Gabriel Faure, is given. The solo artists at Leeds consisted of Mme. Albani, Mme. Medora Henson, Miss Marie Brema, Edward Lloyd, Ben Davies, David Bispham, Plunket Greene, and others.

SHERWOOD AT CHAUTAUQUA.

During his recent season at Chautauqua, Mr. Sherwood played in eight recitals, covering a fairly wide range of styles and authors. In several he was assisted by the violinist, Mr. Sol Marcosson. The sonatas of the series were the following: Beethoven's "Appassionata," for piano and violin; the Kreuptzer, No. 5, in F, op. 24; Handel, in A minor; Grieg, sonata in G; Ries Suite in G major; Rubinstein in G. Mr. Marcosson also played the Mendelssohn violin sonata, and Mr. Sherwood played the Schumann Etudes Symphoniques. There was a numerous representation of American composers in smaller works, among which one notes Mr. Ad. Foerster's "Exultation," MacDowell's "Witches' Dance" (rather a trying selection for the reputation of the distinguished Columbian professor, in place of the "Tragic" and "Heroic" sonatas—perhaps too heroic and tragic for the occasion), Arthur Foote's Toccata, etc. Liszt, curiously enough, had very little show in these recitals, the only pieces bearing his name being the concert study in D flat, the arrangement from the "Tannhaueser" march, "Waldesrauchen," Liebestraueme, Polonaise in E and Tarantelle from "Venice and Naples." On the whole these must have been interesting and enjoyable recitals.

CHOPIN AS PIANIST AND TEACHER.

The following excerpts are from recent recollections of Chopin from the pen of Georges Mathias, who studied with the composer in

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Paris for five years. The translation is by Kathleen C. Thorp, for our monthly contemporary the "Record":

What shall I say of Chopin as a pianist and teacher? As a pianist? All those who ever listened to Chopin's playing can testify that they never heard anything even approaching it! His playing was like his music, and what mastery, what strength! The latter, it is true, for only a few bars. What inspiration! What entrancing magic! The whole soul of the artist seemed to live in the instrument, and every hearer was filled with a sort of solemn awe. The instrument on which Chopin played has never given forth such sounds again! I know but one artist whose poetry, expression, and quality of tone remind me of Chopin. But I shall not mention his name.

In the presence of women, Chopin surpassed himself, and if they possessed a title, that was no disadvantage; on the contrary! He was positively infatuated with the aristocracy, and who would wish to blame him? This predilection was a consequence of his thoroughly refined, thoroughly gentle, and loving nature: he esteemed elegantly dressed women, white hands, and rosy fingers! There could scarcely be anything more beautiful than this circle of aristocratic women for whom Chopin played. A veritable Decameron which he rendered immortal through his dedications. The artist and his hearers were of equal birth.

This gifted artist interpreted Mozart and Beethoven with the soul of a Chopin, and that was glorious, wonderful! He did not belong to the historical critical race of pianists, though by this one does not mean to infer that the latter are wrong. Taste, knowledge and technic are in themselves much; but geniuses are unusual phenomena!

Touching his rubato, I must beg to be excused if I linger somewhat longer on the subject. Rubato is a sign which was already used by the old masters—Bach and others—and which, by means of altering the tempo, is one of the two factors that lead to music expression. Alternation in tone and tempo is as necessary as when in rhetoric the orator raises or lowers his voice according to the feeling with which he is inspired, accelerating or restraining the flow of expression. Rubato is then a shading of the tempo. It embraces acceleration and retardation of the speed as well as impetuosity and tranquillity; but great moderation is required in the exercise of this mode of playing which is only too often misused. When listening to the interpretation of Chopin's music, one is constantly annoyed by the exaggerated use of the rubato. This is the fault of most dilettante, and, alas, also of many artists!

Who is not familiar with the grotesque mirror which reflects an image so distorted that one can scarcely refrain from laughter! The exaggerated rubato gives me exactly the same impression!

Chopin, as Madame Camille Dubois so rightly remarked, express-

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ly required that the accompaniment for the left hand should be played strictly according to time, while the right hand with cantabile part glided smoothly on over the bar with all freedom of expression. And that is easy to attain. One accelerates in advance, and again slackens the speed, the apparent irregularity of both hands being equalized in ensemble. This mode of playing Chopin advised, more especially for Weber's music. It seems to me as if I heard him today; not alone for his own music has he often recommended me such a mode of execution, but also for Weber's compositions, as for example: The Sonata in A flat major, and also for the passage in A flat major, in the Concerto.

We shall now speak for a moment about Chopin as a teacher. I can still hear his "Excellent, my angel!" if anything went well, and can still see how he ran his fingers through his hair if anything did not go according to his mind. On one occasion, he dashed a chair to pieces before me! It is true, it was only a wretched straw-bottomed, chair, such as might still be seen with artists at that time.

But what magnificent penetration into the spirit of the composition! What wonderful mastery in his power of elucidation, and of rendering the composition intelligible! As a means of expressing the poetry that was inherent in him, Chopin's language was as eloquent as his music. It was poetical as that of a poet! At one passage, for instance, in Weber's above-mentioned sonata in A flat major, I well remember his saying to me: "At this moment an angel flew through the heavens!"

I became acquainted with Chopin in the year 1840. He lived at No. 38, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in a house which has since then been pulled down to make way for some alterations in the rue Lafayette.

On my first visit—I was fourteen years old then—I played to him a composition of my former master, Kalkbrenner: "Une pensée de Bellini"; Chopin listened to this abominable music with the greatest composure, without even a contortion of his eyebrows. He accepted me as his pupil, and directed me to take as preliminary studies, the A minor concerto of Hummel and Moschelle's Studies. (Chopin played the third study of second book with wonderful mastery.)

Once, when Chopin was ill, we were received by his pupil, Fontana, who played to us the master's first Ballade which my father—who was an excellent musician—and I scarcely understood. Chopin's music, in those days, was looked upon as the Music of the Future, which will certainly seem strange to the young people of 1897.

I remember the first Impromptu, opus 29 (Schlesinger), the Sonata with the Funeral March, the second Impromptu, the two Nocturnes, opus 37, the second Ballade, etc., which in 1840, at the time of the differences between Chopin and Schlesinger, appeared at Troupnas,

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in the rue Vivienne. But there was no sale for all these, and they remained on the shelves of the publisher!

Another time, when Chopin was ill and likewise confined to bed, he was kind enough to receive us. On the table by his bedside, I remarked the "Carnival," of Schumann, in Breitkopf and Härtel's first edition with an illustrated title page. My father asked Chopin what he thought of it; the latter answered with exraordinary coldness, and as if he scarcely knew the composition. That was in the year of 1840; the "Carnival" was published in 1834, but, as we have already said, Chopin not only outwardly conveyed the impression that he knew nothing of the opus 9 of Schumann, but did not evince the smallest desire to become acquainted with it. He was as classical in feeling and sentiment as he was romantic in phantasy, or rather, he was nothing of all this, he was simply a great genius!

In the highest and fullest sense of the term, Chopin was a simple man; not by any means simple in mind, but simple as regards criticism and literature. He was neither so widely read nor possessed of the many-sided interests of a Liszt or a Berlioz. He was Soul itself and not Psychology: the psychologists anatomize all the individual motives of a soul, but possess none themselves; they are but skillful surgeons.

Notwithstanding his friendship with George Sand, Chopin remained a stranger to all literary movement. He read little with the exception of the Polish poets, as for instance: Mickiewicz, a book of whose poems I always remarked on a little table in the salon, "Marya Pan Tadeusz." For Chopin was a zealous patriot, and all his money found its way into the pockets of Polish emigrants.

Often I have had in my hands Chopin's manuscript of his second book of studies which he dedicated to Comtesse d'Agoult, mother of Frau Cosima Wagner. A small, neat, delicate, and very pretty musical handwriting. As Chopin often received his friends during the lessons, I once heard Monsier de Parthius, Adjutant to Louis Philippe, say to him: "Why do you not write us an opera?" and Chopin answered: "Ah, Monsieur le Comte, let me keep to my pianoforte music, that is all I can accomplish!"

Chopin possessed an exceedingly small foot and loved to enclose it in sleek leather boots. I have never seen such glossy boots since! His coat, ever cut according to the latest fashion, was always buttoned closely to the chin. He carried himself with extreme elegance, and one was compelled to think on each occasion that he wore a perfectly new suit of clothes!

"WHICH SYSTEM OF HARMONY?"

The article under the above title in MUSIC for August, suggests the following reflections: No satisfactory system of harmony has as yet been formulated and published. The purpose of instruction in

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harmony, as I conceive it, is to enable the student to think music as the composer thinks it. This purpose can be effected only by following the method suggested by the action of the composer's mind. But the books on harmony conspicuously fail to give us any hint of the composer's mental processes. Judging from the books, one would suppose that the composer had at his elbow a box of assorted chords, and that he took out these chords one by one, fitting each to those previously strung together, very much as one matches dominoes. Any one who has written ten measures of real music knows that nothing could be further from the truth. The process of composition might more justly be likened to weaving. Every piece of music of firm texture is the result of an interlacing of threads of melody. The connection of the simplest and commonest chords, the tonic and dominant triads, cannot be fully understood except through an appreciation of the melodies of the separate voices. Still more does the comprehension of the more intricate harmonies, such as the so-called "altered chords," depend upon the recognition of melodic influences. The understanding of the structure of a passage given by chords analysis of the usual sort is about as complete as the idea of an arm of a leg one would gain from a series of cross-sections. The essential matters, the course and the action of muscles, veins and nerves, would be almost entirely overlooked.

Every well-schooled composer knows that his effective training began with counterpoint, the handling of simultaneous melodies. In the great majority of cases the chords are the result of the leading of independent melodies, each with a definite end in view, rather than the reverse. The elementary instruction book ought to treat of the inter-relations of melody and harmony. It should deal with actual music rather than abstract formulae. And it should lead the pupil to recognize that in the composer's mind the phrase is a whole, the end foreseen from the beginning. In no other way can the book be made an effective tool for the teacher's use.

BERTRAM C. HENRY.

SAN FRANCISCO NOTES.

Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins delivered a highly interesting lecture on "Music, Its Nature and Influences."

During his visit here he is organizing choral classes and will close with a grand concert. Choral works from the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" will be studied.

The grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House is drawing large houses. The company is far in advance of former ones, and though all are well liked, the baritone, De Vries, seems to be the public favorite. "Lohengrin" was produced with great success and in a highly creditable manner. Max Hirshfeld is musical director and wins great praise by his intelligent and conscientious work.

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Another star has risen in the firmament of child pianists who promises to excel even Josef Hoffman. It is little Paloma Schramm, an artiste of nine years whose marvelous talent has won the praise of the entire California musical world.

This child plays the most difficult works of Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, or Liszt, with a technique delicate and exact, phrasing perfect and with thought and meaning which is only the product of great genius. She was born in San Francisco, but has resided in Los Angeles since she was two years old. She is to some extent self-taught and her ingenuity of execution is a revelation.

With tiny hands not large enough to strike the octave, she manages the most complicated fingering with a finish worthy of a master. She has rare abilities as a composer and her improvisations are wonders of beauty and color.

When Paderewski was in Los Angeles she had the opportunity of performing for him, and he immediately pronounced her a genius of great promise.

Her temperament is highly artistic, with a disposition sweet and charmingly simple, despite the praise and attention she has received.

I think she is about to appear in the East, where I feel confident that her past successes will be repeated.

Henri Marteau, the French violinist, has published, in his impressions of his American tour, some very caustic and unjust remarks about San Francisco music, etc.

He says: "If one sets about musically educating a city of the importance of San Francisco" (which he says is "hardly beyond the A B C of music"), "and has at his disposal the most primitive means. he should produce some masterpieces and modern novelties and by all means lay aside such mediocrities as Goetz's Symphony in F."

Mr. Marteau makes a very sweeping statement. He surely is not acquainted with the repertoire of the Symphony Society; or, if he is, his knowledge of music must be very deficient, for during the last season the following symphonies were successfully performed: Dvorak's "New World," Raff's "Im Walde," Beethoven's Fifth, Tschaikowsky's Sixth "Pathetique," Schumann's D minor, Beethoven's Ninth, with chorus and soloists complete, and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy." Also a great variety of old and new composers, notably Grieg. If these be mediocrities, then, what, in Mr. Marteau's estimation, is good music?

H. E. M.

RULES FOR A MIXED CHOIR.

In an English contemporary I find the following rules for a mixed choir, which are quoted from Mr. Merry, an organist in London. They certainly have a very merry ring:

The practice shall commence at half-past seven, or at such late-

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time when a sufficient number of members shall be gathered together. Members are usually thought more of if they arrive late.

Copies of the music in rehearsal may be had in either the sol-fa or staff notation. Those who understand neither should be very particular to get copies in the staff. Why they should do so is not known; but this is usually made a great point of.

The conductor is always pleased to receive advice from individual members of the choir whenever they have any that they find no use for themselves. He likes to receive hints as to choir management, suggestions as to tempo and expression, and is glad to be instructed in the elements of musical grammar. If you think that he has made a mistake, do not hesitate to tell him so.

The choir are expected to provide their own voice lozenges and other sweetmeats, and to pass them round during the singing. The conductor never minds half the choir leaving off—if he knows that they are sucking acid drops or brandy balls.

MEMORY IN ITS RELATION TO PIANO PLAYING.

In an English contemporary Mr. Alfred Veit has an article upon this subject, from which the following extracts are taken:

In its special application to pianoforte playing memory includes:

I. Faculty of tactile perception (touch).

II. Faculty of pitch (hearing).

III. Faculty of perception of the position of notes on the printed page (sight).

IV. Musical analysis.

The faculty of touch is probably the most important to the pianist. It enables the performer to strike the right key at the right time, depending upon a certain sensibility of the nerves in the tips of the fingers. It furnishes the blind pianist with the capacity for finding the correct notes on the piano, and enables even the deaf to perform to some extent (Beethoven). In laying particular stress upon the faculty of touch as the most important essential to memory in the pianist, I am cognizant of the fact that in some exceptional cases that faculty does not enter into play at all. It is well known that the prince of musical mnemonicians, Hans von Bülow, could memorize a whole concerto without touching the keyboard. In the case of Von Bülow, the faculty of pitch, combined with musical analysis, sufficiently explains this seemingly impossible feat. The story of Beethoven transposing his C-major Concerto to C-sharp at a rehearsal, as well as the transposition of the "Kreutzer Sonata" by Brahms, into another key, can be explained on the same principle. The average amateur, whose faculty of pitch is defective, like the immortal Trilby, depends almost exclusively upon the faculty of touch when trying to memorize.

After hearing a talented pianist perform the "Tarantelle," by

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Chopin, in a satisfactory manner, I incidentally mentioned the fact that Hans von Bülow had published the same composition transposed to B-major. Bülow declares that it shows to greater advantage in that key, and appears more brilliant than in the original. The pianist I allude to was highly gifted, an excellent musician, combining, therefore, all the essentials mentioned above. He immediately tried to play the "Tarantelle" in a new key, but discontinued after several unsuccessful attempts. The facts were evidently these: Although possessing II, III, IV, the faculty of touch in this instance had, for the time being, proved inadequate to accomplish the task of playing the composition in another key. In other words, the piece had to be practiced all over again, like a new piece. Besides, the memorizing had to be modified entirely, in order to suit the new demands called forth by the new combinations on the keyboard. In the memorizing of pieces upon mute instruments the faculty of touch enters exclusively. The fingers are trained to go through the mechanical evolutions demanded by the figures of the composition. The impressions thus received are photographed upon the retina of the memory, and reproduced when required. Pianists, no doubt, will have often observed that compositions thoroughly familiar to them somehow would not go as well upon a strange piano as upon the "old piano at home." The cause is simply this: The faculty of touch must adapt the fingers of the pianist to the new conditions —no two pianos being exactly alike. When once accustomed to the demands of the new keyboard, the results will be the same.

The importance of the faculty of tactile perception as an aid to memory is often demonstrated in the following fashion: Ask a pupil to name the notes of a melody—say the opening melody of D-flat Nocturne by Chopin. It will be observed in many cases that the fingers will unconsciously perform the movement of playing the notes on the piano, or the subject experimented upon will suddenly exclaim: "Let me play it on the piano first!" The touching of the keys in this case is simultaneous with the revival of the impression desired by the memory.

I once asked Antoine de Kontski, of leonine fame, what he did when his memory forsook him during the performance of a piece in public. "I think of nothing at all, and the fingers run on of their own accord," he replied. A similar remark is attributed to Saint-Saëns, showing that both artists depended upon the faculty of touch exclusively during temporary loss of memory. The most important essential to memory, as applied to pianoforte playing, in the case of artist and pupil alike, seems, therefore, to be the faculty of touch, which does not seem to require any high degree of talent. This explains the fact that even pupils without any particular talent, or, to quote Shakespeare inaccurately. "Sans ear, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," are enabled to memorize their pieces fairly well—sometimes astonishingly well.

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Leschetizky, in speaking of memory, once remarked that in striking notes upon the piano it is safer to know them by name than by pitch. Upon another occasion he observed that although the faculty of pitch is of practical advantage to the musician, he did not consider it of the highest importance as an aid to memory. It is undoubtedly true that the faculty of pitch is developed to an extraordinary degree in some musicians. (Mozart and the "Miserere" by Allegri.) Most players of string instruments acquire it, whereas most pianists lack it.

Of far greater advantage to the average pianist seems to be what Dr. Edridge Green in his book on "Memory and its Cultivation," calls the faculty of perception of position. This faculty enables the pianist to see the printed page as in a mental picture. Thus he knows exactly where each note is to be found. Try the following experiment: After memorizing a composition in a certain edition—say a Chopin Ballade in the Klindworth Edition—endeavor to play it from the Scholtz Edition. It will be seen that, owing to the difference in the arrangements of the notes on the printed page and the difference in the general appearance of the page it will prove rather confusing, although the music itself is exactly the same. It is, therefore, advisable to use the same edition when restudying a certain composition after having dropped it for some time.

It goes without saying that the pianist musician finds musical analysis another powerful aid to memory. By means of this process a composition is laid on the dissecting table, as it were, and thoroughly separated into its constituent parts. The intellectual scalpel used during the operation comprises harmony, counterpoint, form, with the various modifications. As a case in point, I would mention the following fact told me by Leschetitzky himself. During the summer of 1885, Mme. Essipoff prepared for a concert tour, and desiring to add the great Sonata, Op. 106, by Beethoven, to her repertory, she studied that composition with the composer Fuchs in all its minutest details. (Since then Busoni published an analysis of the fugue in his excellent edition of "The Well-Tempered Clavichord.")

It would be absurd to underestimate the value of musical memory and its cultivation in connection with our musical education. We may all admire the beauty of a watch and delight in the intricacies of its movement, but unless we know how the different wheels, springs and other details are adjusted and fitted together, we really cannot judge of the merits of its construction. Similarly, we have no adequate conception of the workings of a composition until we separate it into its component parts; in other words, until we memorize it. The memorizing process will bring out certain points that have, until then, remained obscure and indistinct. Every experienced pianist knows this. Also, that the mere playing over of a piece or even the analysis of it does not acquaint him with its

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manifold details until he has committed it to memory. Just as an author lives and breathes with his characters, shares their joys and sorrows, should the pianist identify himself with the composition he is trying to play. It is therefore absolutely necessary that he should memorize it in order to do so. However, between the process of memorizing a piece and playing it from memory in public is a vast difference. The former is a duty we owe ourselves as conscientious students; the latter is not an absolute necessity. After all, is the hydra-headed monster called public not composed of creatures of habit? Why should a pianist play the piano part in the Schumann Concerto without notes, and use them in playing the quartet by the same composer? "Because the quartet is simply accompaniment, whereas the spontaneity and freedom in the delivery of the concerto would suffer by the mere fact of turning the leaves, thus preventing it from being a 'continuous performance,'" answers the choir invisible. "Custom," say I.

RELATIVE POPULARITY OF OPERAS.

"Le Journal Musical" gives the repertory of the grand opera in Paris during the month of June, with the receipts of each representation, as follows:

1.	Le Prophète	22,285
3.	Faust	20,569
4.	Le Prophète	17,145
6.	Le Prophète	17,829
8.	La Cloche du Rhin, l'Etoile	13,160
10.	Le Prophète	22,089
13.	La Cloche du Rhin, la Maladetta	15,115
15.	Le Prophète	21,208
17.	La Cloche du Rhin, la Maladetta	16,242
20.	Le Prophète	18,769
22.	La Cloche du Rhin, la Maladetta	13,332
24.	Le Prophète	20,128
27.	La Cloche du Rhin	13,739
29.	Le Prophète	17,747

The "Bell of the Rhine" is a lyric drama in three acts, words by Georges Montorguel and P. B. Gheusi, music by Samuel Rousseau. It was represented for the first time, June 8, with success. Artists: M. Vaguet (Konrad), Mlle. Akté (Hervine), M. Noté (Hermann), M. Bartet (Hatto), Mlle. Héglon (Liba). Director, M. Mangin.

At the Opera Comique the operas and receipts were as follows:

1.	Manon	$ 3,553
2.	Fervaal	5,214
3.	Carmen	3,410
4.	Lakmé, le Nouveau Seigneur du village	4,631
5.	Le Chalet, la Dame blanche	2,973
6.	Fervaal	1,883
7.	Mignon	3,353

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8.	Sapho	2,356
9.	Fervaal	4,065
10.	Carmen	3,301
11.	Manon	4,050
12.	En matinée: Fervaal	3,817
12.	Galathée le Pré aux Clercs	2,797
13.	La Vie de Bohême (1re représ.)	1,873
14.	Sapho	2,090
15.	La Vie de Bohême	3,931
16.	La Navarraise, Lakmé	3,724
17.	Fervaal	2,165
18.	La Vie de Bohême	8,000
19.	En matinée: Manon	1,530
19.	Mignon	2,982
20.	La Vie de Bohême	5,685
21.	Fervaal	1,947
22.	Sapho	1,175
23.	La Vie de Bohême	7,682
24.	Carmen	3,796
25.	La Vie de Bohême	7,916
26.	En matinée: Les Amoureux de Catherine, Mignon	2,818
26.	Galathée, Mireille	4,106
27.	La Vie de Bohême	5,831
28.	Fervaal	4,345
29.	La Vie de Bohême	7,710
30.	La Vie de Bohême	7,318

Dividing the above figures by five, in order to reduce francs to dollars, it appears that Meyerbeer's "Prophete" showed most popularity—a circumstance probably due to the strength of the cast. Next to this the new work, and as these two alternated most of the time, the latter represented what we call "off nights." The highest receipts, it will be noticed, were a trifle over four thousand dollars, while the lowest of the Opera Comique amounted to only $217.

LADY COMPOSERS IN THE NETHERLANDS.

A writer in "La Guide Musicale" says that during the exposition of female labor at the Hague there were two concerts a week devoted to productions of lady composers. Here the Netherlandish Chaminades and von Bronsarts, not content with having composed and orchestrated their own works, undertook their actual direction, vieing with Richter, Mottl and the like. Naturally this exercise lacked occasionally in the matters of charm and grace. Among the feminine composers brought out in these concerts the correspondent gives the palm to Miss Catherine van Rennes. She knows what she wants, writes well for the voice, and has the great merit of not striking too high for her resources. Her songs for children have a great popularity in Holland, which is well merited. Another capable composer is Miss van Tussenbroecke, who has written the words and music of an operetta for girls and children. "Three Little Lute-

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Players," a charming work which has been represented three times at the Grand Theater with great success. The most celebrated of all these lady composers is Miss Cornelia van Oosterzee, who is afraid of nothing. She composes symphonic poems for orchestra, cantatas, promises of symphony, and has already been decorated with the order of Orange-Nassau, a proof that her work is appreciated in high places.

THE PASSING OF JOHN HOWARD.

The collapse of John Howard is one of the greatest tragedies in the American vocal profession. The collapse of William Courtney was another.

John Howard was unusually gifted, was Yale educated, and had had the advantage of European study, yet all of his talents, all of his acquirements, all of his experience, are dissipated away, and he ends his career in a madhouse! We can not say if strong drink was the primary or the secondary cause of his downfall. For a number of years, however, he seemed to be habitually under the influence of liquor.

He was the Great American Vocal Experimenter. Very many of his so-called lessons were simply experiments. The pupil would often be directed to do something at one lesson, then directed to do something directly opposite at the next lesson. It seemed as if Mr. Howard had changed his mind over night and had "discovered" some new "law." This change of exercises kept many a pupil in constant confusion and in discouragement. Yet Mr. Howard had satisfied and enthusiastic pupils, and pupils that made progress. We do not know of any pupils, however, that have won great success by reason of the "Howard Method."

Mr. Howard was a knocker-down of vocal idols. He smashed every idol, even his own idols. Like many other iconoclasts, he failed to put idols back into the places of those he knocked down. In our opinion, his chief good consists in that he showed many vocal writers how very little they knew about the science of voice-production, but we are not aware that he himself made any positive contribution to vocal science.

In the smashing of idols John Howard was to the vocal profession what Alfred Ayres is to the elocutionary profession. If the theories of such men could be carried out to their logical end, the beauty and the content-giving qualities of art would be swept away, and we should have only its rattling dry bones left.

"That's not the way to teach singing," cries Mr. Howard, but he does not tell what the right way is.

"That's not good reading," cries Mr. Ayres, but he does not show what good reading is.

Such specialists are like the man who starts out to make a shoe,

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but who never gets beyond the uppers. He might make uppers all of his life, but unless he makes the soles and joins them to the uppers, he never will make a shoe. Likewise a person may make groans, hisses and grunts (important factors in the "Howard Method") for years, but they alone will never turn him into a good singer. Neither can a person ever become a good reader by confining himself to emphases, the getting of which is the chief part of Mr. Ayres' teaching. Art is a complex synthesis of many thoughts and of many emotions, and the use of every avenue both to the head and to the heart is indispensable.

The passing of John Howard calls attention to the status of vocal science. The vocal profession is suffering from dry rot. This is proved by the reception given to Emil Sutro's "The Basic Law of Vocal Utterance." Here is a book giving the results of years of experiments of a man who asserts that he has made wonderful discoveries, yet professional workers in voice pay no attention either to the author or to his book. They do not take the trouble to read it, much less to attempt to refute his statements.

Before the day of John Howard vocal teaching rested, and today it still rests, on empiricism. There have been, and there still are, good teachers of singing. But none of them can tell how they reach results. Their methods are gropings guided by their ear. The laryngoscope, for instance, is an idle toy in their hands. Some have experimented faithfully enough with this and with other instruments only at last to throw them down in disgust and to return to their old empirical ways. They make singers, but they can not tell how they do it.

It would seem that knowledge comes in waves. Now comes a wave of progress linked with some great man like Helmholtz, or Tyndall, and the world makes a step forward. Then the whole world seems to settle down, remaining stationary, until the wave has ebbed and returns laden with new knowledge and with another discoverer. Sometimes these periods of ebb and flow seem very long, and men get tired of waiting. Vocal science is in its ebb condition just now. Dr. Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke's book, "Voice, Song and Speech," marked the high-water mark of the Helmholtz-Tyndall epoch. But the problems were not fully solved by these men. We are still in the dark about the basic laws of voice and speech. We can not tell, for instance,

Whether the ligaments under the tongue are a voice-producing apparatus;

Whether voice is produced by ingoing as well as by outcoming air;

Whether cavities other than the lungs (like the stomach, for instance) furnish air for vocal and speech purposes;

Whether that disturbance of speech known as stammering or stuttering is not mainly a condition caused by the putting out of

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gear one air-chamber in its relationship to other air-chambers, whereby the air-pressures during the speech-act are at war with one another, resulting in the well-known manifestations.

But there is no use to extend the list of the things not known We are still on the threshold of vocal science. When its problems are solved then will be solved also many of the problems of life. Attention should be paid to the experiments and the theories of such men as Emil Sutro and Dr. Frank E. Miller. These men must be answered. They will not subside; they will keep on until they refute or are refuted.

John Howard was noted for his "lessons by mail." So far as we know, he did not claim that written instruction could take the place of oral instruction. He was violently attacked because of his mail lessons, yet why can not a person teach as well by written as by printed instruction? Some of his most bitter assailants were those who had published books for self-instruction. Of the two forms of instruction—written and printed—written instruction should be and is the safer and the best, for every pupil can be individualized and special exercises and explanations can be given to suit his particular needs, whereas a book goes forth like a patent medicine prescribed for all vocal ills, no matter what the intelligence and condition of its reader-pupils may be. It may do harm, not because it itself is wrong, but because it is misunderstood, or because it has not provided for the peculiar conditions of the peculiar individual.

The account given below tallies with what we know of Mr. Howard, and is a friendly outline of the career of a most remarkable figure in the American vocal world.—Werner's Magazine.

JOHN HOWARD INSANE.

Hundreds, yes, thousands, of singers and public speakers and voice-students will read with regret the pitiful story of John Howard's mental wreck. For the well-known voice-specialist has gone mad, and has been sent to Bloomingdale. Sitting on the side of his couch, Howard sings from morning till night in a rich baritone voice, enunciated with the grace of infinite practice. It is believed to have been a policeman who shattered the singer's brain. Several weeks ago he returned to his home at 459 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, with two great wounds on his head. In a rambling way he told of being arrested and clubbed.

Certainly no other writer on voice-topics has created so much discussion as the man whose end is thus cruelly told. His theories were so novel, almost startling, that the arguments for and against them grew until at one time most of the voice-teachers were arrayed either as warm partisans of the "Howard Method" or in antagonism to it. The basis of Mr. Howard's method, which he proclaimed as a discovery, is that by certain defined muscular movements voice-

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production can be controlled and naturally weak tones strengthened and errors of enunciation corrected. He formulated a fixed set of rules by which, with aid of a hand-mirror, the student may produce the desired results. It was a physiologic system and entailed an elementary knowledge, at least, of the vocal organs.

The success of the "Howard Method" was remarkable, singers and speakers coming to him from all parts of the world. But it was his specialty of giving lessons "by mail" that proved most profitable and won for Mr. Howard his wide reputation. His pupils included many who have won distinction; and, notwithstanding that he had many bitter opponents among the voice-teachers in New York, he had also the endorsement of others equally prominent, among them being Mr. Frederic W. Root who, while failing to agree in all of Mr. Howard's formulas, regarded his method as presenting many valuable features from a scientific standpoint.

Another strong point in Mr. Howard's favor was his marvelous facility of expression. As a writer on voice-topics he was invincible. His use of the English language was limitless in its elegance of diction and at times keenness of satire. If he felt that a foe had passed the limit of proper discussion he would put into action a Gatling-gun of ridicule so withering that the most experienced antagonist would flee before it. This was equally so in public debate, as all who have listened to Mr. Howard's repartee at the music teachers' associations will witness.

Personally Mr. Howard was so eccentric that the announcement of his great misfortune must, on second thought, seem but a natural termination of his never-ceasing activity. Anecdotes without end could be cited. He used to himself tell how in his boyhood days he would ride horseback from his home to the village in Vermont, and would pass his parents' farm and keep on to the next town before awaking to a consciousness of his whereabouts. It was his habit to read or write at all times, whether in his office, in the cars or walking along the street. He was very near-sighted and it was common to see him rushing along Fourteenth street, in New York, with a scratch-pad close to his face writing rapidly with a fountain-pen as he moved hurriedly along the street.

Some ten years ago Mr. Howard was a heavy advertiser, his "Howard Method" finding a place in hundreds of the newspapers. This brought him a great correspondence and much money. He was, however, a very poor financier and his money went as fast as it came. In the days of his prosperity his upper vest pockets served for his bank and it was seldom that he was seen without a big roll of bills and postal orders carelessly rolled together and stuffed away there. His total self-forgetfulness was always apparent. He would never go to a meal unless reminded to do so, and his pupils counted themselves lucky if they found him at an appointed time. An incident which came near costing him his life will illustrate. One win-

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ter's night after disrobing himself in his office, where he slept on the sofa as often as he did at his home, Mr. Howard stood with his back to the open-grate reading, as was his habit. The fire reached up and caught his robe de nuit and crept well up his back before he discovered it. Then without dropping his book the professor rushed down the stairs and into the street. He was caught by an officer and, after subduing the fire, taken to the hospital where at first it was feared the burns would prove fatal. The building in which his office was located was damaged to the extent of several thousands of dollars.

John Howard was also a good musician. He has written many songs of decided merit, one of the best being "O, Sweet Wild Rose," which has been sung by public artists. As a writer his numerous pamphlets tell of his skill, and a large volume on voice-production remains to bear witness to the serious character of his work and usefulness."—The Presto.

FORMER MUSICAL JOURNALS.

I wonder how many publications on music there have been in this country? I mean how many musical journals and periodicals. The first which ever attained important influence was "Dwight's Journal of Music," which was established in 1852 by J. S. Dwight in Boston, and continued until 1880. Mr. Dwight had been a member of the "Brook Farm" community. He contributed musical notes to the "Dial" and performed many literary services of a semi-musical kind.

The immediate design in the publication of "Dwight's Journal" was that of agitating the claims of certain composers who at that time were almost entirely unknown in this country, especially Chopin and Schumann; Mendelssohn was already held in high esteem and many of his works were known, but Chopin and Schumann were unknown personalities in art.

Another idea of Mr. Dwight's undoubtedly was to counteract to some extent the influence of the musical convention leaders who were then at the height of their power. Dr. Lowell Mason, A. N. Johnson, W. B. Bradbury and George F. Root and others of the same class stood in the minds of most Americans as the most authoritative representatives of musical art. The influence of these men was by no means of equal merit; Dr. Lowell Mason, indeed, became a prolific author of psalm books, but his personal teachings and influence were always in favor of high ideals in art. Unless I am very much mistaken he regarded his own work as the preparatory school for something better. This conception of the convention leaders, however, probably weakened in Dr. Mason himself in later years in consequence of the pecuniary profit of his work and the efforts of other writers to divide the field with him. Still in all his published teaching there is a very distinct influence in favor of the highest ideals.

With many of the other convention leaders this was by no means

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the case; Dr. G. F. Root, for instance, considered that there was an antagonism between classical music and what he called simple music, his position being that the great bulk of mankind were so constituted that they never would become able to enjoy the higher kinds of music and that the pieces which he himself composed were sufficiently good for all practical purposes.

Against this personal standard, which was the spirit of very much of the work of the more prominent American musicians at that time, "Dwight's Journal" came as a voice from a better world. The songs of Schubert and Franz, the instrumental works of all the great composers and the idealistic writing of the best German critics formed the standard toward which Mr. Dwight steadily worked. One of the most interesting contributors of the early issues was Alexander W. Thayer, the celebrated biographer of Beethoven, lately deceased. Thayer wrote for many years for "Dwight's Journal" under the signature of "The Diarist," and in this way a vast amount of interesting musical matter came to expression from his forcible pen. One of the most curious things connected with "Dwight's Journal" was the influence it had in spite of the circulation, which at the present time would be considered too small to be of consequence; probably the largest circulation enjoyed during the management of Mr. Dwight was less than one thousand copies per issue, yet so great was the influence of this journal that it made or marred professional reputations perhaps more decidedly than it is in the power of any existing periodical to do.

Throughout the course of this journal Mr. Dwight's standpoint remained the same, and in the concluding number, in his valedictory, he states practically that the claims of these new composers, Chopin and Schumann, having then been substantially conceded on all hands, and no new composers of like importance coming on to press for recognition, there was nothing to do but to lay down his pen.

I wonder how many have ever seen a copy of the "Musical Reporter," a monthly periodical published in Boston in the year 1841. I happened to pick up a volume in a second-hand store in Boston, containing the numbers from June to September, 1841. There is no title page and no index and no place of publication is given, nor name of editor. The matter is mostly reprint or translations, very few notices of concerts given, but personalities are almost entirely wanting; every number contains one or more compositions of music generally from the English.

I should like to know who was the editor of this periodical, how long it was published, and so far I have not been able to find any account of it.

In the olden times the publication of musical books was not by any means confined to the cities. I have here a copy of an "Essay on Musical Harmony, by Augustus F. C. Kollman, organist of His Majesty's German chapel at St. James," a treatise which includes

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both simple and double counterpoint, extending to 289 pages. This first American edition was published at Utica, N. Y., in 1817; the appendix contains the names of eighty-six subscribers, of whom fifteen are residents in Utica, two copies are subscribed for by the musical department of the Harvard Theological Seminary and fourteen individual subscribers are recorded from the same source. The Boston Handel and Haydn Societies also contributed sixteen subscribers.

Considering the time when this work was published, only two years after the founding of the Handel-Haydn Society, and the range of the work (double counterpoint, etc.), this seems to me one of the most remarkable illustrations of American enterprise I have ever come across.

EGBERT SWAYNE.

MINOR MENTION.

The Aeolian Quarterly will be found very interesting reading, wholly aside from the information it gives about the peculiar work and the new additions to the aeolian repertory.

* * *

In his lecture on music in Des Moines lately Dr. M. L. Bartlett said a number of good things, as, for instance, this:

"Classic music is that which has been tried and not found wanting; that has lived from generation to generation and that will be eternal as life. The term is outrageously misunderstood and misconceived and its indiscriminate use has come to be the especial mark of ignorance of the real meaning of music in its highest and best sense. The speaker said that music, like love, is indefinable. It submerges expression and outstrips language. We feel music and we cannot describe the feeling. It satisfies, exhilarates, uplifts man. It is the dome under which all the ennobling arts find their shelter and their field of activity. Music begins where words leave off. So words are a small part of music. They cut small figure. They are a peg on which we hang real music."

* * *

Mr. George Hamlin announces a recital of songs by Richard Strauss at the Grand Opera House in Chicago, October 11, at 3 p. m. This will probably be the first time a succession of songs by this queer genius have been publicly given in this country. Mr. Bruno Steindel will play at this concert, for the first time in America, the 'cello sonata in F major by the same author.

* * *

Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" has been produced by the stock opera company at San Francisco, and, according to a correspondent, the

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principal roles were well sustained. Highly appreciative mention is made of the 'cello playing and the piano solo work by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lent. Mrs. Lent, in particular, is credited with great fire and musical spirit as well as a fine technique.

* * *

At the opening of the second year of the Faelten Piano School in Boston, Mr. Wm. Dietrich Strong played a piano recital, his program including a wide representation of classical and modern composers. The most important pieces were the Chopin sonata in B minor and the Raff concerto in C minor, the latter with second piano accompaniment. Mr. Emil Paur has written Mr. Faelten a very cordial and appreciative letter regarding the merits of his system, which he praises because it seems to him to produce good results in a short time and to "prevent meaningless drumming." Both these are nice things to have in any school—and so Mr. Faelten seems to be finding it.

* * *

Messrs. H. Kleber & Brother of Pittsburg have issued in pamphlet form the "Essays on Art," written for the Pittsburg Dispatch, during the two months of the competitive exhibition of 1897 at the Carnegie Art Galleries. While not systematic, the essays contain many valuable suggestions and much interesting comment upon individual pictures in the competition.

* * *

"THE PRESTO" EXPORT EDITION.

"The Presto" (Monon building, Chicago), always most highly esteemed by the music trade, has lately surpassed itself in its export edition of September 15, 1898. It is a large quarto of 168 pages, containing many pages in the Spanish language for Mexican and South American reading, besides a very large amount of illustrated reading matter in English, mostly relating to the opportunity furnished American manufacturers for selling goods in the South American countries. The number is interesting, imposing, and apparently will be worth money to its hosts of advertisers. It is a good piece of work. Mr. Frank D. Abbott, who has developed his field from a small beginning fifteen years ago, has managed to gain and hold the confidence and esteem of the music trade to a degree which makes him the envy of many of his competitors. The "export" number is simply another stone added to his imposing building.

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THE SONG VOICE.

BY WILLIAM L. TOMLINS.

(Address delivered at the Normal College, New York, May 3, 1898.—Reported for Werner's Magazine.)

Music is something that comes from within. When you hear the sung note, that is not the beginning. It is only the "borning," when a real note is sung with the song-voice, something is born which had preciously been got ready, matured. But before that maturing, there was a concept. Let me illustrate. Take a paper bag such as you get biscuits from the baker's in. Blow into it. It opens. Shut off the mouth tight and explode it—bang! The explosion is conditioned upon the expansion of the bag, and that, in turn, is conditioned upon the imprisonment of the air. Without that the blow on the bag would make nothing. So, in the individual something set apart and down in the center of each one of you is that which, when touched by the spark of a concept, flames out into a great expansion.

There is a tendency to pay too much attention to the matter of "borning" the note, instead of going back of the maturing to the very concept. Now, there is an outer and an inner side to all our senses and faculties. Take my eyes. They can be used for selfish purposes—or rather self-service. Suppose I am expecting someone. I watch this door and the other one. I can become very smart in the quick use of my eyes. But not so dreadfully smart either, not half so smart as a terrier. He could watch those two doors a great deal better than I. Yet even I could develop exceeding alertness in using my eyes to inform myself. Then there is the inner movement of the eyes, which the terrier knows nothing about. My eyes not only keep me informed when I cross Broadway, to inform me as to you, but they also enable me to reveal myself to you. Through them you look down into my soul. There you can see tenderness and melting compassion; they flash with fire or blaze with high purpose. Mark this, that the two services can not coexist without conflict. One must give way to the other. The terrier smartness and the tenderness of the soul can not get along together. If we are crossing Broadway and need to be on the alert dodging cars and

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wagons, if I begin to tell you something that calls for melting emotion, some surly carter will yell at us: "What have you got eyes for if not to look where you're going?"

Now, the voice has its outer side, and the outer voice is made by extrinsic muscles. Physical alertness will give to a boy the same terrier smartness of voice, but it can not coexist with that inner voice that reveals and expresses the soul. Do not think too much about beautiful voices. My face is not very beautiful, but with it I can look with more good-fellowship and encouragement and congratulation and welcome than if I had a doll face. You can have a doll voice, too, but a beautiful voice is not that. It is what you can say with your voice—suffused with affection, ringing with determination, passionate with love, and at the highest praising God.

You can get this sort of beauty from all voices, even from the "monotones," as they call the children that growl on one note. But you must get down to the center and at the center you will find not only beauty and harmony but strength.

I want to give you some hints as to how this beauty can be promoted. I can not tell you all about it, but there are one or two impediments I can show you how to remove.

I am aware that in so great a system of schools as you have in this imperial city, there must be discipline; but freedom must be permitted if we are to get at the center of the child. There is something that can not be imprisoned or crushed or shut out, something that can not be controlled, no matter if you succeed in making them keep utterly still with your "Don't do this" and "Don't do that," till you turn the poor little beggars into soldiers. You must rouse this inner spirit to self-freedom and then to self-mastery. Don't think I mean license. Freedom is use; license is abuse. In a city so large, where there are so many nationalities, where so many of your scholars cannot speak English, it is necessary that there be exercises to bring them all into the American spirit that makes for unity. They must stand straight and march, and all that sort of thing. That is all well in its way. But that is the way you train dogs, and your task is to educate children. In this freedom of the song-voice you will be able to balance the tendency to become absolutely mechanical.

Something is demanded of song that can not be given in any other way. If you think, speech is the language of thought; but at the outset of song it must express something that words cannot convey. Deny words, deny tune. Let us have only rhythm such as sets the heels to jingling and one note do. Let us have a welcome of that kind. Don't you think it could say: "Dear teacher, we are glad to see you this morning. We hope you are well," just as effectively as words? Suppose one were so stricken of God as to have only one note, no sounds but do; gesturing if you like, but no articulate sounds. In a month the child would have developed the great-

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est skill with that one tone. We could tell if he wanted something or was pleased and contented with it; he could express love, hate, joy, fear. How that one note would be enriched by feelings that could not get themselves all said in speech.

Now, I am feeling wretched; I have a cold. You could express in your voice sympathy for my illness; encouragement that though I am hoarse Tuesday, the cold will pass away by Thursday—you let a ray of sunshine in; help, for we will take you home and dose you with medicine; and chiding because I was so careless as to stand bareheaded in a draught. All these you could put into a song. There is not a piece of classic music that has not such a combination. Take one illustration out of hundreds. Mendelssohn represents Elijah on the mountain, where he has challenged the priests of Baal. They built their altars and put on their sacrifices and are crying to Baal to send down fire from heaven on it. They cry: "Baal, hear us!" for page after page. They lash themselves and shriek aloud. Elijah taunts them. "Louder!" he sneers. "Perhaps he sleeps or is gone on a journey." They go on for pages, and at last they give it up. Then Elijah sings: "Come near, all ye people." He prays: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, this day let it be known that Thou art God and that I am Thy servant." He stands there with eyes uplifted to God. To Him he is humility. At the same moment, to the idolaters he is the vicegerent of the God over all—magnificent. There are the two forces, humility toward God, majesty toward the idolaters, whom the next minute he is to sentence to death.

(Mr. Tomlins sang, without accompaniment, the phrase to illustrate the combined meaning obtainable.)

Take another illustration. You all have heard that chorus in "The Messiah," "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." There is the Mother sitting with the Christ babe in her arms, cooing and playing with Him and tossing Him in the air. Don't you see it? (Illustrates.) Buoyant with the gladness of a mother, she announces that a child is born, a son is given. It is a child of her own "and the government shall be upon his shoulder." Upon the Virgin Mother dawns the greatness of the mission of that son of hers and it goes on: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God!" Her Son and her Maker! This double emotion! Is it any wonder that this chorus has lived from 1741 until now—150 years and more? This is the highest art, to express emotion, to get at the center of the boy, and you must do it in your first class before you have taught them to sing re. Choose no song that has not two or even more emotions.

What is there that we must avoid at the very outset? Sin is in living self. God is love, selfishness is the very devil. There is no sin but is rooted in some form of selfishness. Sin in art is self-consciousness. It is a wrong attitude, which regards manhood

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rather than brotherhood. Expression goes outward. To hold on to self is the curse of art.

The song must express the individual. But what is individuality? It is not difference. A five-legged cow is not an individuality; it is a freak. There are those that pride themselves on being different from everybody else. So much the worse for them. Individuality is the universal powers manifesting themselves through us. These are inborn in the race. There is everything in every boy. Now there is a trinity of universals in music—rhythm, melody, and harmony—and these have come to the race and taken up their abode. There is not a savage tribe existing without a sense of rhythm, if it is no more than an imitation of the clattering of the hoofs of the animals they take charge of. Not a specimen of savagery was at the World's Fair in the Midway Plaisance that had not rhythm. Even if they had not a drum, they hammered a log with wooden mallets. But the instrument of rhythm is the drum. The instrument of melody is the flute or the pipe, and that of harmony is the lyre, with its two or three strings that are struck together. Rhythm means the will, melody the mind, and harmony the heart—the center of the boy at which it is our business to get.

How shall we do so? By the breath. You may say: "That boy Tomlins isn't going to sing." (Illustrating by slackness of pose.) Then I become all alive and alert. But still you can see I am not going to sing. But I breathe in through my nostrils and you know I am going to sing. To the center the breath comes, bringing the universe and the universe dwells there. That is inspirationally true. The kingdom of Heaven is within you. No microscope can spy out where the soul is, but the heart can find it. It is touched by the breath when it rushes in. Man was all created and ready, but not until God breathed into his nostrils the breaths of life did man become a living soul.

I look out of the window and I see something that arouses me. It may be a child in the grasp of some brute.

(Mr. Tomlins gave snatches of melody expressive of indignation, sadness and joy.)

Before you heard these strains, I felt them. They matured in the center, and when the spark came—the breath—they flamed out. The breath of the universe is always through the nostrils. That is the breath for others. The breath of self-regard is through the mouth. You read the newspaper report of the speech of some great orator who moves an audience by the power of his might. Scattered here and there are "Cheers" and "Applause." Presently we find another word, "Sensation." That does not represent the noisy and boisterous enthusiasm. It was neither laughter nor tears. It was m—h! (The speaker inhaled a long breath through his nostrils.) There is a case where the orator touches the center, the soul.

Breath taken through the mouth is always self-regardful. You

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have your party and I come not because I want to join in your little games. I do not like to play with girls. But I hear there is to be something good to eat. I look around and look around, and finally through a crevice in the sliding doors I see the servants setting out the cake and the ice-cream and the oranges and I draw in my breath through my mouth. (Imitating the "sloop" of a boy gloating over prospective goodies.) This breath thus drawn in through the mouth possesses the self, the I, and suffuses the entire system. If it goes out with a sweep, it controls the flesh and harmonizes it. But self-consciousness is the devil of it, the "cussedness" of it. The flesh says: "No, we shall control. We're boss," and art flies out of the window. There is a case where the fight is, whether God's universal breath shall control you or yourself. If self does, then art flies away. An artist plays the violin. As he does so, the bow scrapes over the catgut. You hear those sounds but you do not recognize them because the violin resounds so. One that does not resound is but a fiddle and you can buy a fiddle for a couple of dollars. A violin that resounds is worth $5,000 and more. Violin strings are worth twenty-five cents each, and the best in the world can be had for seventy-five cents, but the best strings will not make a fiddle sound like a violin. You will always hear the scrape. It is this fiddle, fiddle that we hate. It is self controlling the breath. We hear the fiddle and not till the breath harmonizes the flesh do we get the violin tone.

(Mr. Tomlins sang a line of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" in the fiddle style.)

We take in breath for the sake of development. If I were to try to lift a piano, I should first take a deep breath to vitalize myself. But besides breathing to get my living, I can breathe to enthuse you, to make you joyful or tender. I must feel the spark and draw out of the atmosphere what I need, just as the rose and the lily and the cabbage draw from the same air what each respectively needs. That is why in the original Hebrew it is plural. "God breathed into Adam's nostrils the breath of life." It is in the selection of the right things that the artist differs from the cabbage.

Having taken breath, we must let it go again either by graciousness or in selfishness. Can you distinguish which? (Illustrates.) Suppose we take no pitch at all to begin with. There is the sound sh, which mothers use to soothe their babies. When it goes out with a sweep, it is unselfish, lulls and comforts. But the hired nurse, selfish and provoked because the wakeful child interrupts her reading of a cheap novel, says: "Hush! Hush!" sharply; the flesh dominates the breath. (Illustrates by Sullivan's "Oh, hush thee, my baby."). Trust me that tells the whole story. The body must hold itself in the right attitude to the breath. It must say: "Thy will be done." If it struts and asserts itself, the tone is hard and arrogant. Our religious teachers tell us that even God's grace can

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not do anything for us unless we put ourselves in the right attitude. The air is ambient, all-pervading. There are all sorts of wheels in the voice. Do you suppose that there is one piece of flesh that acts as a foreman, or that there is a sort of committee meeting in which one vocal muscle says: "I'll do this if you'll do that?" No, it is all done by the harmony of the breath.

Now, imagine my hand was a fine fluffy feather and you were to blow it across the room. As it went further away, you would have to blow harder with a continued sweep. Let us be children now. Do not let us have any dignity. Imagine when you inhale the breath that it is refreshing smelling-salts. Very good. Now that it is violets. That is good. The color is coming into your cheeks. Now that you have just returned from a long, hungry bicycle ride and that you smell beef soup. Ah! That is good. Now let us mix them all together. An awful mess in reality it would be, wouldn't it? Now surge it out. (Illustrates.) Do not forget to bring out the intensity. Beautiful tone is not all goody-good tone. Let the children have freedom in this.

Now, sh was only an effort of the breath. There was no vocalized tone. When I say sh, you can not tell whether I am going to sing "shall" (illustrating by a ridiculously high note) or "shall" (illustrating by a very low note). But before we go further, let me say this: Do not lean back to sing. That accentuates the self. Lean forward a little as if to toss a ball. Have you not seen prima donnas when they are playing with those top-loftical fireworks of high notes, arch their necks and dip their heads a little forward and laugh out the notes? Put your hands on your waist, thumbs back and fingers sprayed out on your floating ribs. If the effort is all at the waist, the throat is free. Now this shall be our problem: To change sh into zh, which has pitch. See how the tendency is to check the current with the change. Let it go free. (Illustrating.)

Now, I am going to show you how to take, without physical effort, higher notes than this monotone. The change to a higher note offers an opportunity to the self-consciousness to step in and spoil things. But we always laugh up the scale. You hear the children chattering out in the hall in all sorts of ways and presently something funny is seen by all of them and their voices all climb the scale. It is a mistake to lift the voice. Let it lift itself. Let us study the laugh. I do not laugh very well artificially, but notice that my voice gets higher till my lungs are empty and I get black in the face. Then I stop laughing, and am perfectly serious, while I draw my breath. I tell a pretty good story and I tell one very well. Sometimes when it is my bad fortune to tell a story to a thickhead, and I want to let him know when the time comes to laugh, when I get to where the boy said so-and-so to the man, my voice rises, borne up by the laugh. It proves contagious and excites a laugh in the hearer. If the imbecile does not laugh, then I mentally mark him: "No time

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to be wasted on this man again." The prima donna laughs out the high notes without physical effort. A friend of mine told me that his little daughter, eleven to twelve years old, could not sing above C on the third space. I got her laughing and had her hold the high note. It was the top C, an octave higher. Let the tone bound like a ball on the floor. (Illustrates.) Just laugh the tone up. Better begin with the interval of the fifth or the octave. You will find the voice going up to top G and top A in the first lesson. I have had experience with 40,000 children, some of them taken from the slums of Chicago, and forty-nine out of fifty of them could take B flat, B natural, and C, just by smiling the note.

EXAMINATIONS FOR GRADE TEACHERS OF MUSIC AND SUPERVISORS.

To give an idea of the kind of work demanded in the New School of Methods, the following questions are quoted from the examinations set in 1897. Those for the present year have not been received. While by no means exhaustive, they are at least suggestive and to answer them decently off-hand implies a certain amount of intelligence:

VOCAL CULTURE IN CHILDREN.

1. What do you mean by the compass of the voice? By voice register?

2. What register ordinarily exist in children's voices? Which should be used in singing?

3. Why should the early cultivation of the voice be from above down?

4. What do you mean by mutation or change of voice? When does this ordinarily occur? Should children sing during this period?

ELEMENTARY PRESENTATION.

1. State briefly how you would begin music lessons in the lowest grade, giving:—

   (a) Your directions for the regular teacher.
   (b) The preliminary investigations you would make.
   (c) First thing you would teach as a part of regular musical instruction.

2. How would you proceed to do this?

ELEMENTARY PEDAGOGY.

1. State specifically the benefits of action songs in kindergarten classes.

2. How does music effect the powers of attention and concentration in small children?

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3. State some mental and physical benefits arising from the practice of sight singing in school.

4. With what studies in the school course is music most closely correlated?

KNOWLEDGE OF THE NATURAL COURSE.

1. Of what material does the natural course in music consist, and for what year in school is each chart and book intended?

2. In what year in school is the divided beat introduced? The dotted quarter and eighth note? The dotted eighth and sixteenth?

3. Show by a little exercise how you would present the dotted quarter and eighth notes in combination, showing the value of the dot.

4. In teaching the tones of the scale would you depend upon chord relations or scale relations? Why?

ROTE SONGS AND ROTE SINGING.

1. State relation of Rote singing to Note singing.

2. What is the object of teaching Rote songs?

3. What principles and limitations would govern you in selecting rote songs for the first year in school?

4. State briefly the manner of presenting a rote song.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE NATURAL COURSE AND ELEMENTARY PRESENTATION.

1. What knowledge should the class gain from page 1, Chart Series A? What power should one have before leaving it?

2. In what chart is the melodic minor scale first given and by what device is the upper tetrachord taught?

3. State for what year in school each chart and Book of the Natural Course is intended.

4. What should you accomplish with the lowest grade before presenting Chart A?

5. State how you would assign a lesson for the grade teacher, and how you would test the class on it.

(For grade teachers only:)

ELEMENTARY THEORY AND MELODY.

1. Write scales of Ab major.

E pure minor.
F harmonic minor.
G melodic minor.

2. What is the signature of each of the following keys: Ab F minor, D, E minor, F sharp minor, C♭ major.

3. Write as many varieties of meter as you know.

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4. a Write a 4m melody without skips or divided beats.

b Write a 4m melody, employing five, sharp four, five.
c Write a 4m melody employing flat seven.
(For Supervisors only:)

FORM AND HISTORY.

1. State what is meant by the "Three part Song Form."

2. Define phrase, period, cadence.

3. What is a sequence?

4. Name three German song writers of the present century.

5. Who is said to have invented note-signs? Give approximate date.

6. Place the following names in chronological order: Palestrina, Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Handel, Brahms.

7. Who wrote the following works: Messiah, Seasons, Redemption, Choral Symphony, Elijah, Christmas Oratorio.

HARMONY AND MELODY.

1. Write an 8 measure melody for two voices (soprano and alto).

2. Write a 4 measure melody for three voices (two sopranos and alto).

3. Name the following intervals:

4. Harmonize this melody for four voices, choral form (example given):

5. Modulate in four measures from C to A minor; four parts.

Besides these formal tests there were oral demands in (a) Sight reading, (b) Dictation, intervals, melodies and rhythms, (c) Presentation of rote songs, (d) Presentation of lesson, the two latter before the entire school, (e) Evidence of power to sing or to play in a manner adequate to carrying out supervisor and grade work, (f) a Thesis of 500 or more words, on a practical point observed in the candidate's work as student or teacher.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A COURSE FOR STUDY ALONE.

"I am much interested in music, but have not the means just at this time to take a college course. I have studied vocal music and know a little about harmony, but do not know much about instrumental music. I have taken only one term in instrumental music, and have plenty of time to practice at home.

"Will you please map out a year's course on the piano or organ for me to practice and study at home. I will commence as one who has never taken lessons. I believe I can take the book and work out a good deal myself. Must I practice all the major and minor scales, five-finger exercises, chords and arpeggios?"

It is impossible to describe a course which you can work out completely by yourself. If, however, you have patience you can pursue a course something like the following:

For exercises take the arpeggio book of Mason, Vol. III of the "Touch and Technic" (which will cost you sixty cents), and carry out the first seven chords in all the forms indicated on the first five pages of the practical part of the book; then carry out the same course in similar forms in "reverse direction"; then play in "rotation" the seven chords both direct and reverse; after this take "two-hand positions." These exercises taken for half an hour a day will occupy you for four or five months, perhaps more. In connection with this take any good selection of studies, such as course two, three and four of my "Graded Materials," published by the John Church Company, or the "Standard Grades," and play each of the exercises and studies until you can play them well, and learn by heart all the pieces, that is, all the melodious studies and all the difficult studies; everything in the fourth grade should be learned by heart and played until you can play it nicely. If you will take twenty minutes a day for the two-finger exercises (Mason); this also will be useful and you will have two hours work a day and these books of studies contain a number of very musical pieces which you will enjoy playing.

I think you can carry out this course with a great deal of satisfaction and I advise you to do it. As to your bad habits, try to avoid them as much as you can.

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CUTTING THE ACCESSORY TENDONS.

"Would you be so kind as to answer a few questions for me? I keep the 'Etude' and last April it contained an article on cutting the accessory tendons on each side of the ring finger. Surgeon Forbes of Philadelphia, who has a national reputation, has operated on about five hundred people with nothing but the best results; now do you know of anyone who has had them cut, and with what results?

"As far as I am able to find out it does not weaken the hand at all, as those slips have no muscles of their own at all. In many people these slips do not occur, but their hands are all right, the index finger has none and is strong, the outside of the hand is weaker anyway and must be strengthened. Now, if the cutting of these should weaken it a little (which has not been proved), why wouldn't exercises strengthen it again?

"The ring finger is stronger than the little finger, but is bound the worst. These and many other questions suggest themselves. What has been your experience with the matter?

"I know there are exercises that stretch these tendons. I have studied in Europe and use the technicon, dactylion and the Virgil practice clavier, and use them judiciously and correctly, but wish your advice upon the cutting question, and thank you much in advance for it."

This matter of cutting the accessory tendon comes up very often. I have never had an acquaintance who had them cut except Mr. Johannes Wolfram of Cleveland, Ohio, and one little girl who came to me from Indiana, whose fingers were unusually webbed. I understand that the work was of assistance in both cases.

From your letter I infer that you devote too much attention to machine work. If your hands are so badly formed that you cannot use them on a musical instrument it will do them very little musical good to exercise them on a machine. Machines are one thing, and music is another. In particular the Dactylion is practically useless, the technicon of very moderate value, the Virgil clavier useful to a moderate extent. If you are thinking of giving an exhibition on either of these instruments, I would advise your devoting yourself to that one and developing it according to its nature; but if you wish to learn to play music I am inclined to think that you will find a musical instrument better. However, that is not the point in question.

MUSIC OF SPAIN AND THE NETHERLANDS.

"The Woman's Club of this city has planned a course of study for the coming year embracing the art-history and literature of Spain and the Netherlands. As I am chairman of the music committee, I would like some information in regard to preparing one program each of the music of these two countries."—M. E. W.

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The problem of your committee will be rather difficult, for two reasons: In the case of Spain there is very little music. You can get some of the characteristic songs and a few easy instrumental pieces, but there is very little art-music in Spain other than church music, and you will find it very difficult to obtain copies of this. There is a history of music in Spain, or rather some "Notes on Early Spanish Music," by Juan F. Riano, published in English by Bernard Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, London (1887), which will give you a good deal of information. But this mostly relates to church music. The little book contains some nice lithographic reproductions of bits of old manuscripts, neumes, etc., and is, therefore, a handy book to have in the club library. I picked up my copy for a small amount at a second-hand store in Boston. You could probably order it through B. F. Stevens & Co., 4 Trafalgar Square, London. I would advise this as the best foundation available for your essay. As to practical music for performance I guess the house of A. P. Schmitt, or Schirmer, could give you some titles of desirable current music.

The case of the Netherlands is even more troublesome, although, thanks to the activity of music in that country at present, you will have no trouble in making up a very nice program. But the distinguishing fact in the musical history of the Netherlands lies in its having taken up the art of counterpoint where the early French musicians of Notre Dame cathedral, at Paris, left it, about the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Thenceforward for about two centuries the Netherlands led, and it was from that country that those two remarkable geniuses, Adrian Willaert and Orlando Lassus, went forth to revive music, the one at Venice and the other at Munich, in the early part of the sixteenth century. Later the Netherlands were so harried by Spain in their long and devastating wars that the art of music decayed somewhat; in our own day, however, Belgium and Holland have taken a new hold and are among the first musical nations of the world. You can find music of every sort.

As for the elaborate counterpoint of Netherlandish work during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, I doubt whether you will find anything likely to do you much use. If you could use church pieces sung by a choir of say twenty voices, or perhaps less, I think Signor Tebaldini, director of the Conservatory of Parma, in Italy, could direct you to the most desirable pieces and those most easily to be had in cheap modern copies. You could write to him in Italian, French or German—for he speaks and writes all. He does not know English. Mr. Tebaldini is one of the most learned musicians in Italy upon the Netherlandish church music of the class now in question, and under auspices of various Catholic societies many of the best have been published. One of the pretty things available is the "Ave Maria," by Arcadelt, which Liszt transcribed for piano and for organ. I would prefer the vocal form. This is not very elaborate. There is a lovely madrigal by Lassus, available in English dress; "Matona, Lovely Maiden," which can easily be sung by a small choir. It will please very much. Perhaps these suggestions will be of some value.

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